

LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE
OF
POPULAR LITERATURE AND SCIENCE.

FEBRUARY, 1879.

HUNGARIAN TYPES AND AUSTRIAN PICTURES.

TWO PAPERS.—I.



VIEW OF WAITZEN.

AN old gentleman whom I had known in other climes, and when he was seeing better days, accompanied me through the darkened streets of Pesth to a garden in the suburbs, and, seating me before a green table under a mass of vines, he knocked loudly and cried out, "Now I am going to show you something very curious."

A sleepy-looking waiter shuffled in and took the venerable gentleman's order for a flask of the very best red wine. At that moment a little curtain amid the

foliage rolled up, and a dashing young fellow, with a sinister look about the eyes, came forward to the smoking foot-lights of a tiny stage and began to sing a song.

"That's it!" cried my friend. "He always sings the brigand ballad at this hour. You shall be delighted. Listen!"

I did. It was the most remarkable song that I ever heard. In it the brigand of the steppes related the savage joys of his adventurous life—the peril, the assault, the battles with herdsmen and

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travellers, as well as his rustic love. The Hungarian language sounded extremely poetic as this stage-brigand sang it. In the music there was the wild wail, the intense passionate earnestness, the rude poetry which you can understand when you have heard Remenyi play upon his violin or Liszt upon his piano. What is this wonderful, this fascinating echo in a minor key which is heard in the music throughout South-eastern Europe? Whence comes it?

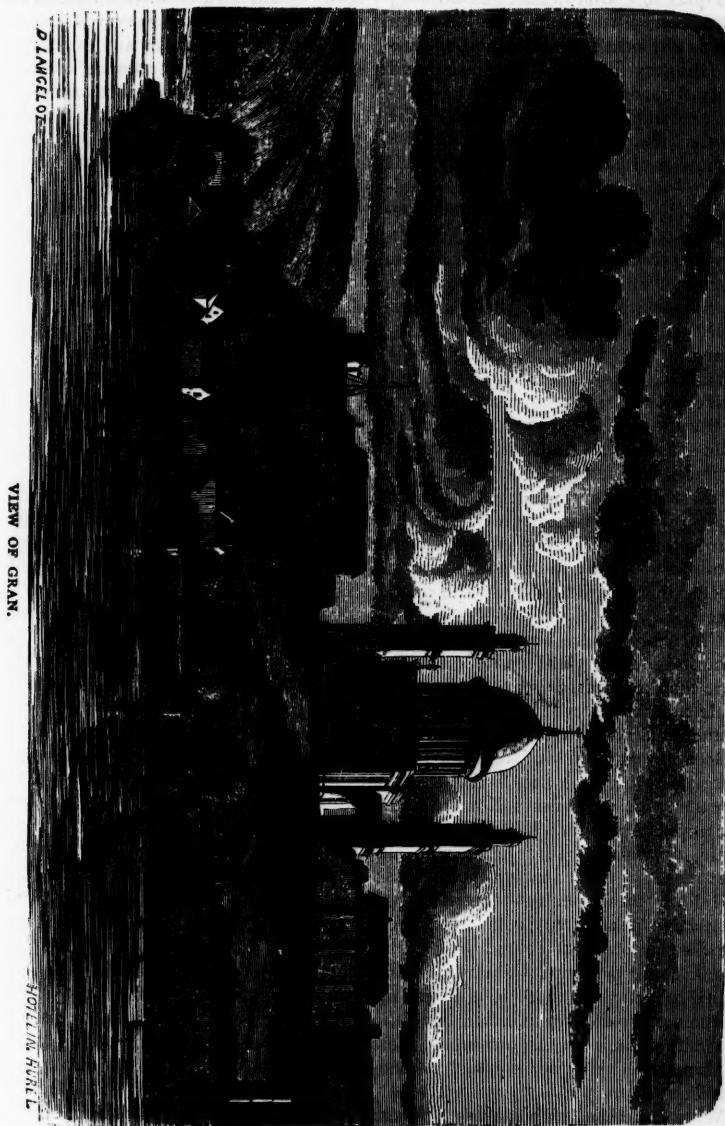
Brigands still flourish in some parts of Hungary, but when caught they are so severely dealt with that many are abandoning the career for the safer ones of shepherds or nomadic fortune-tellers and tinkers. The peasantry have a dangerous tendency to make popular heroes of them. Among these brigands have now and then appeared adorable types of beauty, of exquisite manly grace, which made many fair ladies' hearts ache. In a few years the last brigand will have vanished, in company with the remaining bits of costume to which certain people in Hungary still fondly cling. Let the artist who would catch the picturesque aspects of peasant-life in this country hasten, for the young generation is getting into the hideous black clothes, slouch hats and sombre petticoats that offend the eye in Northern Germany. Munkacsy has painted a few bits from sketches made among the lower classes of his fellow-countrymen: how fresh, original and sympathetic they are! And what a noble head the artist himself has! It is a real Hungarian type, symmetrical, strong, framed in handsome beard and crowned with finely-colored hair. When Munkacsy walks on the Paris boulevards passers who do not know him turn to stare at him. "If he is not something exceptional, he ought to be," they say to themselves. One sees dozens of striking faces in the course of a day's walk in Pesth. Sometimes they are deceptive, and the lad whom one takes for an incipient poet is only a vulgar schoolboy, with few ideas above his dinner and his geography, or the man of noble and stately port is a waiter in a restaurant. Beauty has been

lavished on many people without respect to class or fortune. Yet the ugly types are so hideous that I doubt if they can be equalled elsewhere. The gypsies at the Kaiserbad and around the other "oven"-like heated grounds from which *Ofen* takes its name are as fantastic as the beggars in Doré's illustrations to Balzac's *Contes Drolâtiques*. The old peasant-women who beg on the fine bridge over the Danube are such wrecks of humanity that one vainly endeavors to discover in them any remnants of past grace or beauty.

The Esterhazy Gallery is so well known that I will only mention the extreme pride which the Hungarians take in it—a pride heightened, perhaps, by the fact that the beautiful collection was ceded by Vienna to Pesth. There are Hungarians who would willingly take the Grand Opera-house, the Belvidere, the Votive Church and the Palace of Schönbrunn from Vienna if they could, although they have an admirable opera of their own, and palaces enough to house the memories of all their kings. The Hungarians are good Wagnerites, and bestow much attention upon the music of the erratic and immortal Richard.

Up river, toward Vienna, the intelligent traveller who will not be dictated to by Murray or Baedeker, and who scorns haste, can find dozens of interesting excursions. He will not think the Hungarian village very impressive, especially if he happens into it on a rainy day. The streets have no sidewalks, and are speedily transformed into mud-puddles under the furious rains which now and then beat across hill and plain. The houses are low, blessed with but few windows, and the doors are narrow. The inn has some wooden benches in front of its principal entrance, and there waggoners sit and drink, even in the rain. Solemn processions of geese promenade the muddy ways, now and then indulging in sinister cries rather more discordant than any accents to be heard in the human dialects thereabouts. Bare-limbed peasant-girls stare at the strangers and laugh at them. Even an Austrian excites their attention and their critical remarks.

The extensive fleet of Danube steamers is built at Old Ofen, but a short distance above the newer and principal town of that name. Old Ofen is charmingly situated among vineyards, and the activity of the fresh-water dockyards and the beauty of the vine-clad slopes are only made more striking by contrast with many ugly and tumbling hovels in which a rabble of low Jews herd to-



ingly situated among vineyards, and the activity of the fresh-water dockyards and the beauty of the vine-clad slopes are only made more striking by contrast with many ugly and tumbling hovels in which a rabble of low Jews herd to-

gether. The Jews have been so ambitious to build a fine synagogue that they have quite forgotten decency in housing themselves. Their church at Alt Ofen exceeds any other of its religion in Austria-Hungary in grace of design and beauty of decoration. Hundreds of workmen are employed in the yards of the Danube Steam Navigation Company, for the number of barges, towboats, rafts and express steamers required for the commerce of the great stream is legion. Destruction of property is rare, but the company has found it necessary to increase its stock steadily for many years, and in the winter harbor at Pesth there is a veritable flotilla when ice has formed on the stream.

Waitzen, Gros-Maros, Wissegrad and Gran are all so unlike any towns in Middle Europe that the traveller whose æsthetic sense has been dulled by too much sameness in France and Belgium and Northern Germany will feel his heart leap up with a sense of gratitude when he sees them. Waitzen is full of quaint monuments left by the Romans or constructed in the Middle Ages; and in the episcopal palace especially—for it is the seat of a see—there are great numbers of curious relics. The cathedral is not more than a hundred years old, but is a noble monument, resembling its mighty brother at Gran above. Perhaps the most noticeable peculiarity of Waitzen is the manner in which the town is divided into quarters. In one lives a Roman Catholic population, which has little or nothing to do with the Protestants, who are ensconced in a section by themselves; and both these peoples consider that they have a right to look down upon the Servians, who of course profess the Greek Protestant rite. Waitzen is like many other towns in Austria-Hungary in the variety of its populations and the diversity of their beliefs, but unlike most of them in the manner in which its peoples keep apart.

Wissegrad (the "high fortress"), where Matthias Corvinus built many a pleasant château and embellished numerous gardens, is a monument to the stupid mania for destruction which characterized the

Turks' entry into Europe. In the eleventh century Hungarian kings had already established themselves there, and the peasants in the vineyards can tell the lingering pedestrian any quantity of legends, more or less authentic, but all, to their thinking, solidly founded on the eternal rock. The old walls of the fortress, twice dismantled—once by the Turks, and once by the emperor Leopold—are bathed by the smoothly-flowing Danube, which here is exquisitely beautiful. A lofty ruined tower, the most conspicuous object at Wissegrad, was once a state prison, and many a victim of royal caprice languished here for long years, hearing no cheerful sound save the gurgling of the Danube when a storm came, or an occasional shout from a passing boatman. The rocks rise in the wildest fashion on every side, and the brilliant southern sun beats fiercely upon their peaks of porphyry and limestone.

Raab is a town which merits attention, and, turning aside from the high road of travel, the visitor may speedily reach it by a fascinating route. It was there that Francis Joseph gave evidence of his thorough pluck during the siege in 1849, when he signified his determination to lead the assault on the insurgents in Raab in person. It was with difficulty that General Schlick dissuaded the emperor from the hazardous adventure. Raab has a handsome twelfth-century cathedral, and the guides also show strangers some horrible dungeons into which the Turks, when they were there, used to throw their prisoners.

Gran is one of the most ancient towns in Hungary. The Hungarians call it *Esztergom*, and a hundred ballads sing its praises. Its cathedral has a huge dome, which the pious folk of the locality are fond of likening to that of St. Peter's at Rome; and one can scarcely summon up courage to undeceive them. An altarpiece in the cathedral represents the baptism of St. Stephen, the first Christian king of Hungary and founder of the bishopric at Gran nearly nine centuries ago. The Turks have left their marks on the sacred edifices here. It provokes a smile to wander through Hungary, not-

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ing this evidence of Turkish barbarism and rage, and at the same time hearing everywhere from Hungarian lips most enthusiastic praise of the invading Mussulman.

From Pesth to Presburg the journey

up the Danube by river or by the railroad, which keeps close to the stream's bank, is charming. The mountains are with you, grave, majestic: from Presburg the view of the far-away chain of hills is ravishing. You are in a land of



WOMEN GARDENING IN THE ENVIRONS OF PESTH.

sunshine and song, where blood runs quickly, yet is so hot that it almost burns the veins; where faces are swart and limbs are round and eyes sparkle; where the vines in the lusty autumn are loaded with millions of clusters of exquisite

grapes; where the plains are rich in a hundred colors; where legend has consecrated every stone; where men talk in heroic terms, and every fellow, even though he be but a sorry one, may boast of the glorious deeds of his ancestors.

This is the land of Strauss's "Danube:" this is the country whence comes the bewitching, maddening music which has affected us all. Here the venerable towns, half hidden under moss and vines, seem to protest against the tooting horn of the railway-porter and the shriek of the locomotive: they appear to frown upon the present, or to pray it to pass them by as gently and with as little ostentation as possible. Here and there, however, the present has given an added interest to the glories of the past, as at Komorn—ancient Komorn—at the junction of the Waag with the Danube. Under Matthias Corvinus the fortifications of Komorn sprang into existence, and they were, even in his day, one of the glories of Hungary. At the beginning of this century they were immensely enlarged and strengthened, and the Austrians little dreamed that they would be used to sustain an Hungarian army against Austrians during the bloody and perturbed hours of 1849. Komorn made a successful defence at that time, and might perhaps do so again. If the noble Magyars should have no other means of defeating an Austrian army in any future complications, they could send out to the besiegers a few wagon-loads of the potent wine of Neszmely, which grows on the hills near by, and that would have the desired effect. Your Austrian cannot drink wine moderately, as your delicate Southern Hungarian does: he must guzzle it in large quantities, and the effect is disastrous to his sobriety.

On many a peak of mountain or slope of hill one sees rich abbeys surrounded by carefully-tilled lands, and also great castles, reminding one that the feudal epoch has not yet entirely passed away in Hungary. The friar and the master of the manor are still important figures there. The servile peasant does not realize his condition here, although in some sections of the country he has begun to think. But he is not oppressed. If it were not for the spectre of military service, he might with justice consider his lot enviable by comparison with that of the peasantry in certain lands less favored by Nature than his own. He

is devout, and would not like to see the clergy or nobility deprived of their privileges, no matter how they obtained them. I do not mean to have it understood that landlords have legally any of the old-fashioned feudal control over their tenants. The legislation of 1848 abolished all *droits du seigneur*, which had already lasted longer in Hungary than in most European countries; and the "lords of the soil" were indemnified for any losses which they might incur, by funds taken from the state revenues. But there has never been any such great and general redistribution of land in Hungary as came in France after the great Revolution, and as must some day come in England. The lawmakers of 1848 hoped for more radical results than have been achieved. The peasant has not made the best use of his opportunities. Small farmers are still the exception, and one sees the vast estates tilled by a humble tenantry that seems curiously unconscious of its emancipation. The Slavs and the two millions of Roumanians in Hungary are jealous of their rights, but the peasant born on the soil does not share their jealousy. He sows his summer and winter wheat, his grass-seed and his tobacco, contentedly; cultivates the vine; tends the hive of the industrious bee; raises cattle and horses; toils in the forest right manfully, and accepts the wages dictated. His policy is that of his employer and of his village priest.

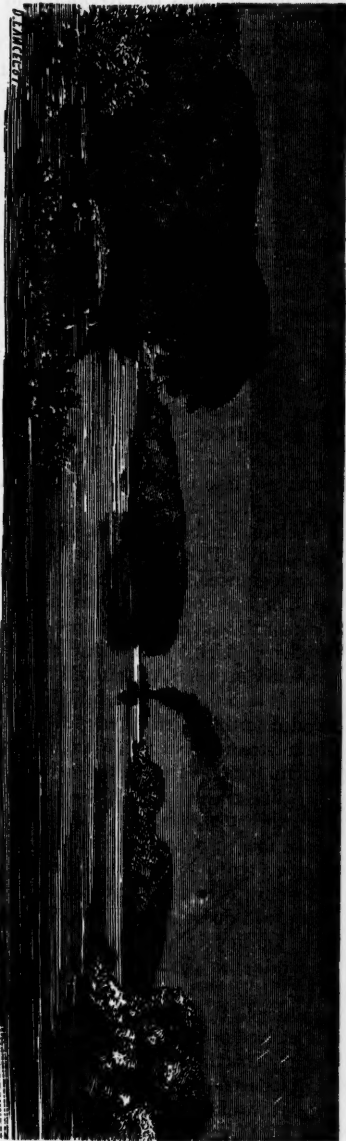
The train which brings one to Presburg whirls along the edges of steep banks which are crowded with fat vineyards. In autumn the spectacle is amazing. As far as the eye can reach in every direction except the site of the town a sea of vines salutes the view. Presburg people are fond of their own wines, as the traveller speedily discovers by a short sojourn among them. They talk as glibly of the virtues of some special vintage as of the proud days when the Hungarian monarchs came to be crowned in the town. The ancient capital has a somewhat neglected air: the citadel, on an imposing hill, is partially ruined, and the royal palace, which looked down

on the Danube from a high plateau, was burned about fifty years ago. This palace was in a beautiful spot. Climbing up through the crooked and ill-smelling Judengasse, and passing under a massive gateway, one gets from various vantage-grounds among the ruins a superb outlook over the fertile plains and the old city lying calm and silent at one's feet; over the villages scattered along the slopes of the Little Carpathians; and over many a rustic merrymaking in pleasant grove or inn-yard, for the Hungarians have as many fête-days as the French, and make quite as liberal use of them. It is a trial to one's nerves to wander through the Judengasse, for the amiable Hebrew of the lower classes seems determined in Presburg, as in many other cities in the dual empire, to pay as little attention as possible to cleanliness in his dwelling. Sunshine does not penetrate his haunts: it makes one shudder to peer into the black holes in which he lives, and then to gaze up out of the vile lane at the luminous sky, and to remember the vineyards, the river, the orchards, the perfumed thickets, from which the children of Abraham seem voluntarily to have shut themselves out.

Presburg is not far from Vienna, and the cookery at one of its inns is so renowned that hundreds of excursions yearly go out from the Austrian capital to dine on pheasants and to drink the ruddy wine in the old town. Then the lanes and the pleasant roads by the riverside resound with the uproarious merriment of the Austrian who has dined well, and some of the graver of the inhabitants sneer at his antics, for they do not like him, even when he is sober. Two American friends informed me that, having once sent a telegraphic order from Vienna for a dinner at the inn in Presburg—kept by a landlord rejoicing in the classic name of Paluygay—they found such a gorgeous repast awaiting them that they began to feel some misgivings about the size of the bill. But when it was brought they were agreeably surprised to discover that it amounted to but six gulden, or a dollar and a half

apiece! Pheasant and white wines would have cost a trifle more than that in America, England or France.

THE DANUBE NEAR RAAB.



The sights of Presburg are not numerous. There is a beautiful Gothic

church over which various architects toiled for four hundred years. Therein the kings were crowned; and not far from the river was the *Krönungshügel*, like that now in Pesth—the mound of earth whence the king brandished his sword against the four quarters of the globe, menacing all humankind with destruction if it dared to scowl at Hungary. The museums, the old seat of the imperial diets, the lines of the bulwarks, now converted into handsome promenades, arrest the attention for a day or two only. There is many a finely-wooded hill in the neighborhood dotted with monasteries, some of which are in ruins, others still prosperous and tenanted; and he who understands Hungarian may amuse himself well by wandering among the rustics and the monks. The peasantry is hospitable in the highest degree, and extremely civil, and the local authorities are the same, if they do not take it into their heads to fancy that you are a Russian spy.

Theben, on the left bank of the Danube, above Presburg, is very striking in appearance. The Hungarians often speak of it as the gateway to their kingdom. It is at the point where the Morava River, which forms a kind of natural boundary between Austria and Hungary, empties into the Danube, and there once stood a fortified work near the junction of the streams, but the French destroyed it in 1809. The castle, of wild and straggling architecture, still exists. Who knows what sanguinary battles may not yet be fought near Theben? History, it is said, repeats itself, but the present Habsburg dynasty doubtless disbelieves that it will do so in the case of Theben. The journey to Vienna by boat is far preferable to that by rail from Presburg, for on the river one has a chance to observe the famous "Hat Hill," near the church of St. John, at Deutsch Altenberg. This hat hill is a mound sixty feet high, constructed, it is said, with hatsful of earth which the worthy burghers contributed to celebrate their joy at the expulsion of the Turks. The boat also passes near Lobau Island, and one can see the villages of Aspern, Essling and

Wagram, after the last two of which the French, when they were flushed with victory, named two of the elegant avenues of new Paris, without even taking the trouble to consult the Austrians' feelings on the subject. Near Lobau the Danube flows swiftly, and its current is rough and boisterous. It seems hastening away from the scene of national humiliation to more smiling and peaceful scenes below. Napoleon I. once had his head-quarters on the low, narrow wooded islet, and for four days sent forth those terrible orders which resulted in frightful carnage at the battle of Wagram and in the signing of peace by the Austrians shortly afterward. There are still some traces of fortifications on the Lobau, and every year thousands of curious visitors go to see them and to trace the battle-ground according to the legends of the oldest inhabitants. It is needless to say that in the immediate vicinity of Essling and Wagram the French visitor is not looked upon with friendly eyes, although throughout Austria generally Frenchmen receive plenty of that sympathy which springs from the common hatred that two unfortunate nations feel for successful Prussia and her victorious armies.

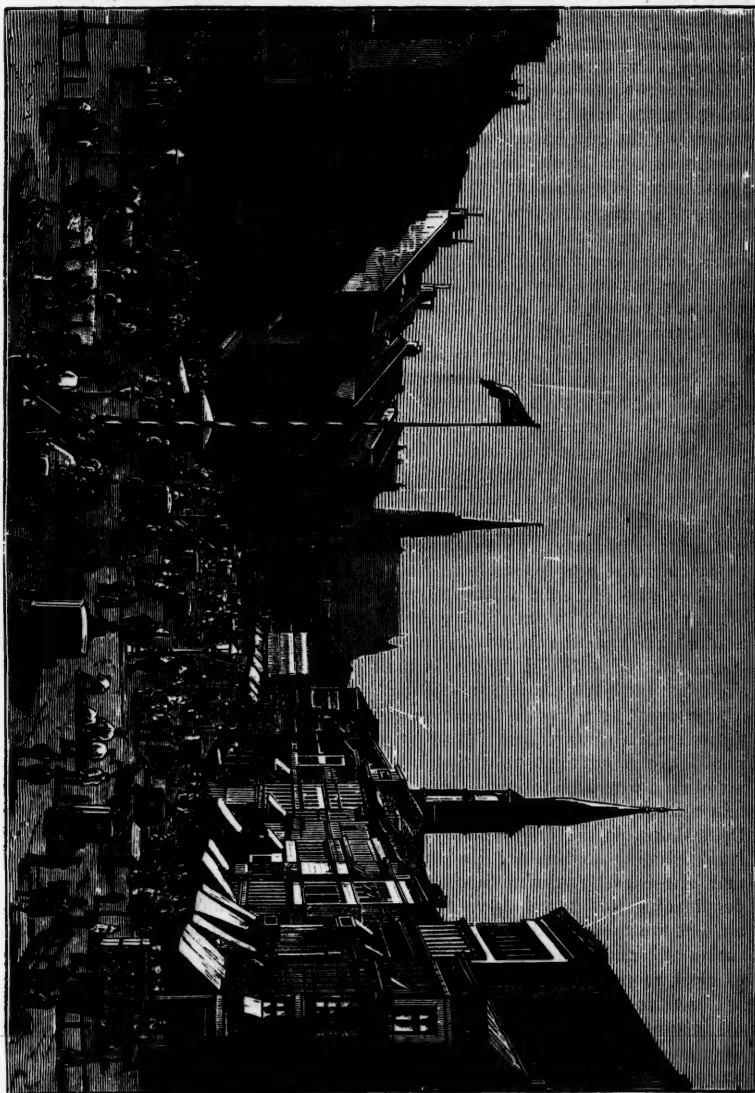
The largest Danube steamers—those which descend as far as Galatz and the Black Sea—do not go nearer Vienna than a point just above Lobau Island. Travellers are brought up in small and swiftly-running steamboats under the great bridges into the "Danube Canal," and are allowed to disembark only a few minutes' ride from the heart of the "Kaiserstadt," as the Austrians fondly like to call their beautiful capital.

Vienna is a city of delights, and one never regrets a sojourn in it; but this does not appear at first sight to the newcomer. The older portions of the town have a stern and almost forbidding aspect. There are great numbers of narrow streets, mysterious passage-ways, which bring you face to face with low, sombre buildings, black with age, and so dreary that you fancy them prisons. The iron bars or gratings at all the windows of the lower stories do not aid in dispelling this illusion. Just as you

are beginning to fancy that you must retire and seek out a new route, you see a road leading under an arch or beneath

a house, and, boldly pushing forward, find yourself perhaps in a main avenue, perhaps in a public square, or possibly

THE PRATER-STRASSE, VIENNA.



in a new labyrinth. Surprises await you on every hand. The Prater-Strasse, wide, well paved, with horse-railroads traversing it in all directions, and with

houses of brick or brownstone or immense stuccoed mansions, reminds you of the better portions of Fourth or Sixth avenue in New York. A glimpse of the

magnificent "Ring," as the circular street running around the whole of the old city is called, is a forcible reminder of the Paris boulevards. A peep into the Judengasse recalls to you the slums of Frankfort-on-the-Main, as well as those of Pesth. The Graben, a smart promenade in a central section, gives you a queer sensation of being on the border-line of the Orient, because of the odd statues which adorn it—statues such as one sees in smaller towns near the frontier of Turkey-in-Europe. The splendor of a goodly number of the principal edifices astonishes you: here is new Europe springing into life close beside the old and decaying Europe. Vienna is so rich in exterior sights, the out-of-door life is so abundant and variegated, there is such a never-ending procession of interesting figures in every street and alley, that you speedily become fascinated, although your first walk of an hour or two disappointed and, mayhap, vexed you. If you arrive in autumn, you are almost certain of finding a cold wind abroad to worry you, and to explain why it is that so many of the cafés and beer-houses have double windows, and why such a small number of people sit out of doors. It may be remarked here that the Austrians, and especially the Viennese, share the German prejudice against fresh air, and exclude it whenever and wherever they can. To throw open a window in a horse-car or in a public room, even on a moderately warm day, would be to encounter a certain torrent of reproaches. The Grand Opera-house is the only properly ventilated building in Vienna. In summer and in the early autumn thousands of people dine and sup daily in the open air, but the moment that there is a suspicion of rawness in the breeze they fly to close rooms.

I left the huge building which serves as an office for the Danube Steamboat Company one summer evening just as the swarms of workers were beginning to leave their shops and get home to their suppers, and wandered carelessly until I came to the venerable cathedral known as St. Stephen's. In the information-office of the steamboat company

I had had an excellent opportunity to judge of the cosmopolitan nature of the populations. Each notice was printed in Polish, Slavic, German, Servian and Italian. The dialects of the Slavic language are so essentially different from each other that several versions in this lively tongue were printed and affixed to the wall. Interpreters stood ready at hand in the cabinet of the chief businessman. I fancied that the odd mixture of peoples which I saw there was observable only in the currents of travel, and that I should find Vienna solidly German in appearance. Nothing of the sort; and that which was still more striking was that the Vienna speech did not seem at all like the harsh and guttural language of Northern Germany, where German only was spoken. I strolled along the bank of the Danube Canal, whose current flowed impetuously past low and ancient-looking houses, gray in color, on one bank, and on the other past the splendid edifices which ornament the new "Ring." Fences separate the bank of the canal from the streets, and on the sloping green sward there was a motley gathering. The humble folk from the back streets had come out to repose there and to watch the current, dangerously near which any number of small bald-headed babies were playing. The mothers, stretched at full length on the grass, gossiped in loud, shrill voices, and seemed to take no heed for their darlings. Great hulking men sat here and there, smoking pipes and eating bits of bread and meat alternately. Your true Viennese of the lower order cannot refrain from smoking for a long time: he grudges the moments of sleep, for they deprive him of his favorite pipe. A few of the loungers on the canal's shores were evidently regular visitors there for professional purposes. Among them was a very old woman with purple face and bulbous eyes, whose livelihood was laboriously gained by washing poodles and shearing them. The spectacle of this old creature plunging the cringing and whining animals into the water, then drawing them out and scrubbing them with a coarse towel, was comical in the

extreme. Another "professional" was the toy-seller, a bushy-haired youth in a leathern jerkin and very dilapidated hose, with a frowzy fur cap placed on his locks and a basket filled with cheap wooden toys on one arm. A few *commissionaires* in red caps were beating carpets in a lazy way under an arch of one of the bridges. A little group of vagabonds, dirty and disconsolate, was crouched not far from this

bridge, and seemed to shrink into the shade whenever the imperious policeman, with his hand on his broad sabre, stalked near them.

Crossing the Ring-Strasse—of which more anon—I plunged into the side streets, and speedily found myself confronted by a huge flight of steps leading up among houses which appeared to have been on a prolonged drinking-



THE "GRABEN."

bout, and were tipsily endeavoring to keep their equilibrium. Serving-maids, with hats set upon the extreme verge of topknots of straw-colored hair, and wearing red gowns, dark gaiters and yellow basques, tripped down by me, impudently grinning as they passed. Gretchen, Netti and Katti are fond of a joke, especially if it be at the expense of a stranger. I would I could speak well of their taste in dress, but I cannot. Candor compels me to state, however, that among these toiling women of the people there are some wonderful types of beauty. Are the most beauti-

ful German, Slavic or Hungarian? I know not. They are all witty, light-headed, ignorant, and the real Vienna serving-girl thinks that the world is bounded by the Kahlenberg, a high mountain-peak which looks down upon the lofty tower of St. Stephen's. Their merry laughter is heard in every street, and they always seem to be going somewhere in great haste, much to the delight of soldiers and loungers in general.

Once at the top of the stairs, I found my way without much difficulty to the cathedral. I passed through many an ill-smelling alley, and was not a little

amazed at the absence of the animation usual in a large city. In some of the sunless and dreary avenues not a soul was to be seen, unless, perchance, a fluffy face emerged from a beer-cellar: in others people sat silently—looking, as I chose to fancy, rather morose—in their shops. Had I gone back to the canal or into any of the principal parks, as it happened to be a very warm and sunshiny day, I should have found the people whom I looked for in vain in their homes. Presently I came to the dark and gloomy avenue monopolized by the sons of Abraham, who sell old and new clothes and clocks, watches, bones and rubbish. It had the appearance of a miniature exchange. The Jews, nearly all dressed in extravagantly long coats which came down to their heels, and in flat caps which only set off to great advantage the ugliness of their faces, and their abundant hair combed in front of their ears in uncouth fashion, were chaffering with each other, and now and then their voices rose into that pleading shriek which signifies that the Hebrew has said his last word in a bargain. As I came in they all looked at me as if I were an intruder, and one of them, laying a skinny hand upon my arm, endeavored to arrest my course as well as my attention. Anxious to see the interior of his shop, I pretended to be persuaded, and looked in among the extraordinary specimens of cheap clothing which garnished the doorway. The stench of stale sewage, of beer and food, was revolting. I doubt if a ray of health-giving sun or a breath of anything like pure air had been known in that infected avenue for fifty years. All the men were frightfully dirty, but seemed sweetly unconscious of their degraded appearance. It is in the morning that the Jews congregate most numerously in front of their houses for the purposes of traffic, and I came after the business of the day was over. Still, I have a most lively recollection of the manner in which I was tormented to purchase articles to which I would have given house-room on no condition whatsoever. I suppose that dozens of the wretched-looking objects whom I passed were millionaires,

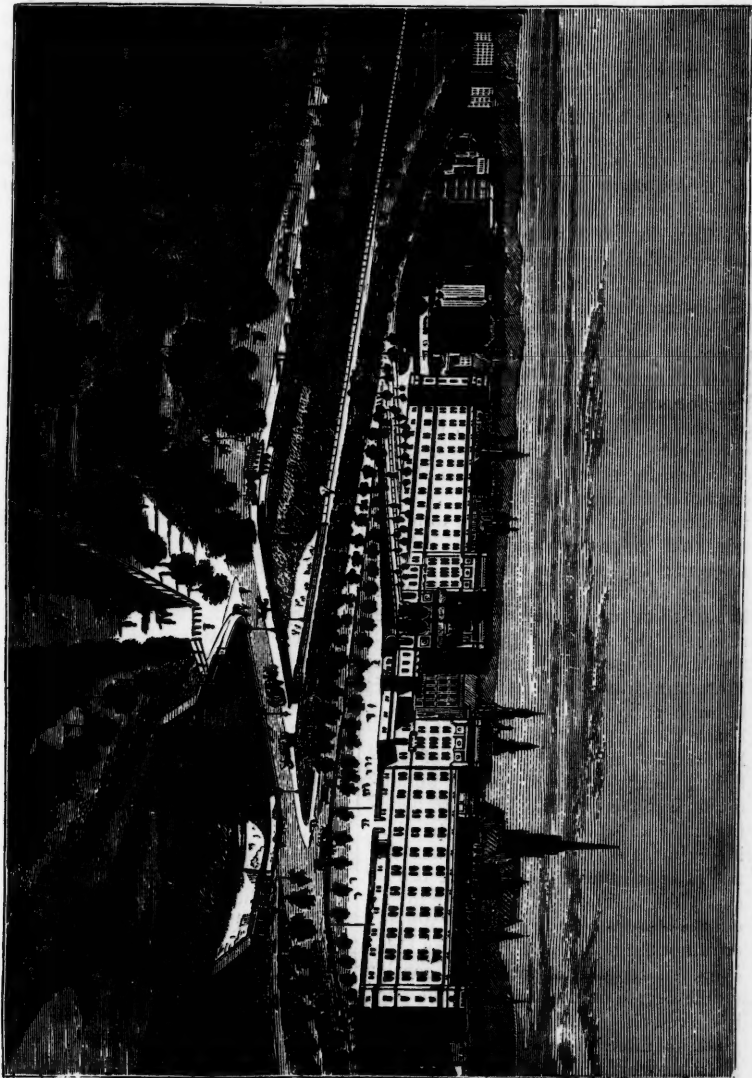
but they seemed fit for a chorus to the *Beggars' Opera*. All is grist that comes to their mill: it may be a brass watch, or a servant's livery, or a silk dress, or clothes stripped from a drowned person: they buy for little and sell for a great deal. They are harmless creatures, but I defy any stranger to find himself suddenly surrounded by them, to gaze upon their haggard and unwashed and unshaven faces, and to feel them nervously pulling him this way and that, without for a few moments experiencing strange misgivings which he is afterward at a loss to account for to himself. And it is but a step from such forbidding places as this to the brightness, the cheerful elegance, of some principal street, where never an unkempt Jew shows his face! Heaven bless the Hebrews! They are, after all, the most influential folk in Vienna, and it is no discredit to them that a certain number of their race will not wash their faces and have a resistless passion for dealing in rubbish. The Jews own the finest palaces in Vienna; they manage and dictate the policy of the Vienna press; they control the Viennese banking business; and they could crumple up in a day, if they were not too kind and considerate to do so, two-thirds of the members of the Austrian, Hungarian and Galician nobility, who in society pretend to be infinitely their superiors. As for the Jews engaged in high finance and in the liberal professions, they are as dandyish as their brethren of the lower classes are negligent. Paris and London tailors have nothing which is too good or too costly for them. The Hebrew who now and then confiscates the goods and chattels of some wealthy Christian must feel a grim satisfaction when he remembers that up to 1856 his race had almost no privileges in Vienna, and that in 1849 no Jew could remain in the city over night without a passport, which he was obliged to have renewed every fifteen days. Four hundred and fifty years ago five-score Jews were burned alive in the Austrian capital because the rumor ran that some son of Israel had purchased a consecrated wafer, and had

made use of it in parodying the forms of the Catholic high mass.

It was refreshing to get out of the Ju-

dengasse into decent air, and at last to find myself before the old cathedral, around which the busy life of commer-

THE RING-STRASSE, VIENNA.



cial Vienna flowed and roared as a noisy stream breaks at the base of a majestic rock. St. Stephen's cathedral is entitled to the traveller's keenest admiration.

Legend and history and poetry have done their utmost to make it interesting, and its beautiful proportions at once enlist one's sympathies. The Viennese

have a positive affection for it, and stop in the midst of their morning hurry to look lovingly upon it. The old southern tower of the noble limestone edifice dates from 1359, and it was nearly a century before it was completed. From that tower the weary Austrians saw the glitter of the spears and helmets of the Christian army approaching to deliver them from the besieging Turks in those dread days when the Burg bastion was already in the hands of the infidel, and when it seemed certain that he would be able to pillage the town; and from the same tower, with sinking hearts, Viennese high in power watched the progress of the battle between French and Austrians at Essling when this century was young. The thorough restoration which the church has undergone in the last fifteen years has detracted no whit from its picturesque. The Giant's Door, opened only when some great religious festival demands the use of every portion of the cathedral, is extremely imposing. It is not the custom of the Viennese to mention that the tower has been entirely restored; but such is the fact, as the ancient one had become so shaky that it had twice undergone very extensive repairs. The common people in Austria are exceedingly devout, and the Protestant traveller feels almost as if he were guilty of indelicacy in stalking before the rows of worshippers who may be found at nearly every hour of daylight kneeling at the shrines or thumbing their prayer-books or loudly responding to the intonations of the priests. The lovely faces of the adoring women are not raised as their shoulders are brushed by the heretic who has come to spy out the wonders of the church. Whether or not the religion be more than skin-deep, it is certainly apparent to a considerable degree on the surface. The richly-carved choir-stalls, the ornate stained glasses of fifteenth-century workmanship, the stone which closes the entrance to the old vault in which the sovereigns of Austria were long buried (the present receptacle of dead royalty is in the church of the Capuchins), the altar representing the stoning of Stephen, the Adlerthor and the

Bischofsthor, the groined vaulting supported by eighteen massive pillars,—are all worth many hours of careful study. So are the beggars, deputies from the under-strata of all Austria's nationalities, who lay in wait for me—and I dare say will for you when you go to Vienna—both within and without the sacred edifice. Old women, importunate as witches, heap imprecations in the *Wiener* dialect upon the luckless wight who does not drop a kreutzer-piece into their trembling hands.

High up in the tower swings a noble and melodious bell called "Josephine," cast in the reign of Joseph I., and rung for the first time when Charles VI. fastened the imperial crown upon his brows at Frankfort. Black days have come to Austria since that time: the house of the Habsburgs—noteworthy because it has been so full of almost blameless princes—has seen bitter humiliation, and profound discouragement has knocked at the doors of the "Burg," as the Viennese call the monarch's palace. But steady toil at reconstruction has done good both to men's spirits and to their prospects, and some day Josephine's mighty tongue will clamorously announce a great victory. The peasants in the far-away Styrian Mountains sometimes stop suddenly in their work, and calling to each other, say, "Do you hear Josephine in Vienna? What can have happened?" The bell is of immense power. An ingenious fire-alarm is also managed from the belfry in which Josephine is housed. St. Stephen's is so central that the numbers of the streets are reckoned from it.

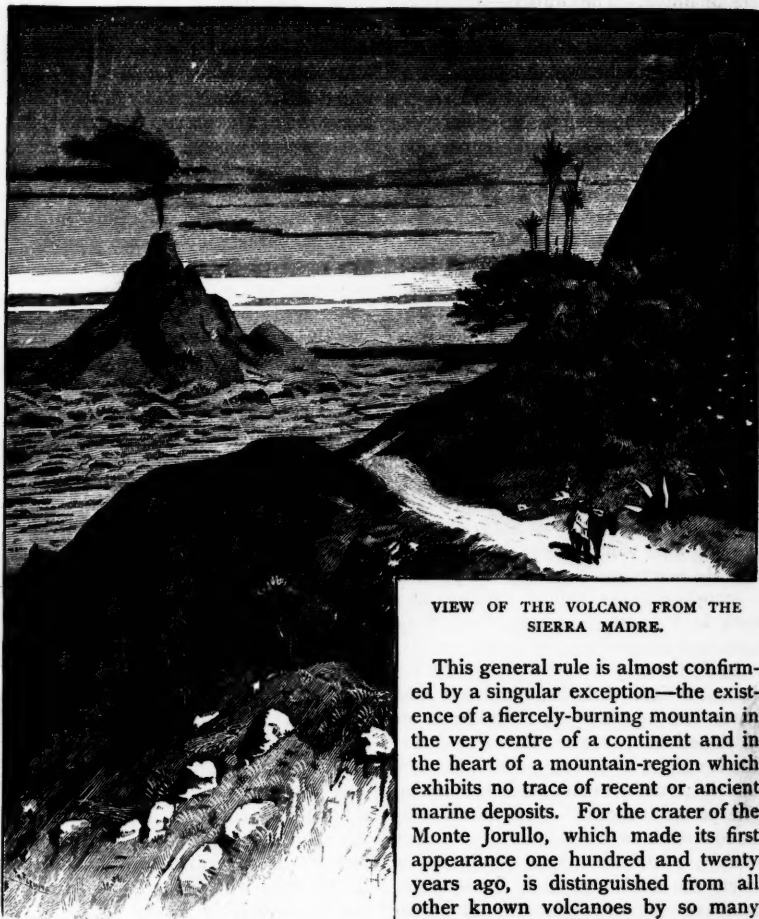
From the venerable church it is but a short walk through handsome streets lined with fine business-blocks, the lower stories of which are devoted to attractive shops, to the Graben, the broad but not long avenue which the eye hails gratefully after resting on narrow lanes on many sides of it. The most bewildering effect is produced on the visitor by constantly stepping from brilliant thoroughfares into mean and unattractive ones. The arcades which branch out from the Graben are much finer than the "passages" of

Paris. It is astonishing that they have not been adopted in our American cities, where the extreme heat in summer and the cold and snow in winter render them very desirable. The Graben—which derives its name from the fact that it is on the site of the moat of the old fortifications existing in the twelfth century—is a dangerous place for people with slender purses, for in the windows are displayed all the tempting specialties of Vienna, such as delicious Russia leather goods, ornamental bindings for books and albums, bronzes and *bijouterie*, photographs—for which the Viennese artists seem to possess especial talent—and carvings from the Tyrol and from the Styrian Alps. There are no striking architectural features in the famous avenue; the red-nosed hackmen group around a peculiar-looking monument erected in 1693 to commemorate the cessation of the plague; and, in the season, hundreds of tall, elegant ladies, equipped in the latest Paris fashions, besiege the shops. "The season" is an unfortunate moment for the stranger who is not rich. In autumn and winter every hotel, every suitable apartment-house, every palace, is occupied by the country nobility, who flock in from their estates, where they have been economizing for seven months, to lead a merry life in the capital for the other five. Princes, archdukes and counts are as plenty as blackberries in an American pasture. The respect for title is carried to an exaggerated point in Austria unknown even in Great Britain. The porter at a grand hotel speaks with bated breath of his titled guests. Hat-raising, genuflection and hand-kissing salute the nobleman from the moment he leaves his bedchamber until he returns to it at night. These courtesies cost money: each noble lord is severely fleeced by his retainers, by shopkeepers and by hotel-men; and before he leaves for home he is frequently compelled to call

upon some Hebrew friend for a tremendous loan. Vienna is a very expensive capital: it is safe to say that fifty cents there will not buy more than twenty in Paris. The unit is the gulden (half a dollar), and the bootblack, the chambermaid, the steward, the restaurant waiter—all expect gulden gratuities from him who only remains for a day or two in the house where they serve. Each hotel has at its entrance an awful functionary dressed in regimentals, with a gold-laced cap and a magisterial air. This personage speaks all languages with equal infelicity, pays your bills if goods are sent home, receives your visitors, conducts you to your carriage, makes you hundreds of bows, and increases the cost of your stay in the city about fifteen per cent. by his demands upon your finances. He works from twelve to sixteen hours per day for perhaps the same number of years, and then sets up in the hotel business for himself in some small town, and dies rich and rotund with Vossläuer wine or white beer. He is usually of Swiss extraction, but sometimes he is from the Dalmatian or Italian coast. The Austrian proper rarely engages in the laborious and lucrative employment of hotel-porter. He likes rather to be a clerk in some banking or wholesale establishment, where he probably earns less in five years than the porter receives in six months, but where he is not compelled to dress in uniform nor to sit up half the night. No porter was ever known to have any "change." If a five-gulden note be handed him with the request that he pay some small bill for you, he says that he will hand you the change when you come in again, but he invariably forgets to do it. A waiter at an American watering-place is mildness itself when compared with this personage, whose tyranny touches all classes alike, and makes them bleed freely.

EDWARD KING.

A GATE TO THE NETHER WORLD.



VIEW OF THE VOLCANO FROM THE
SIERRA MADRE.

IT is a curious fact—which the investigations of modern geologists have established rather than explained—that all the active volcanoes of our globe are situated in the neighborhood of the sea, and that on the table-lands around the extinct craters which have left geological proofs of their former activity the ocean likewise has left mementos of its primeval reign.

This general rule is almost confirmed by a singular exception—the existence of a fiercely-burning mountain in the very centre of a continent and in the heart of a mountain-region which exhibits no trace of recent or ancient marine deposits. For the crater of the Monte Jorullo, which made its first appearance one hundred and twenty years ago, is distinguished from all other known volcanoes by so many peculiarities, besides those of its origin and its location, that it may be regarded as a unique phenomenon, and as one of those physical paradoxes that seem to follow independent laws of their own and confound the wisdom of our classifying schoolmen. A colossal cone of scoriæ and basaltic tufa rose suddenly from a plain which up to the middle of the last century was not known to be subject to volcanic action; but this new-

born mountain, as we might call it in comparison to its seemingly eternal brethren, is now the only perpetual volcano of our globe; and since the day when the village of Mayapan was buried under an avalanche of glowing cinders the chief crater of this American Vesuvius has been a perennial spring of molten lava, ashes and sulphur-smoke.

About fifty miles west from the Mexican capital the road to the Pacific crosses a mountain-range whose summits afford a birdseye view of this phenomenon, an agitated cloud of reddish-gray smoke (getting lurid after sundown), which issues in dense masses, in columns or in a succession of curious rings from an isolated group of hills in the valley of the Rio Balsamo, the main and central river of the fertile state of Michoacan. This state was thickly settled by European colonists before the report of firearms had disturbed the bison herds on the Susquehanna, and a traveller who had crossed the Sierra Madre in the spring of 1759 might have seen a level and well-cultivated indigo-plantation where those flaming hills stand now, and riverside farms with gently-sloping pastures where the Rio Balsamo has now to force its way through a chaos of smoking cinder-heaps.

The most authentic record of the catastrophe of 1759 is preserved in the convent of Santabucca, near Pascarro, in an old chronicle whose simplicity and impressiveness prove that, like beauty, interesting facts can dispense with embellishments. It appears that the summer of that fatal year had been so uncommonly dry in Southern Mexico that the farmers of Michoacan had to resort to artificial irrigation, and the Rio Claro, a small tributary of the Balsamo River, had been dammed four miles above the junction, at a point where it crossed the indigo-fields of the Señor de Rivas. The work had been entrusted to an *operador* (a contractor, as we should call him), one of those speculators in Indian serfs who used to keep well-drilled regiments of day-laborers and hire them out to the highest bidder. Don Gascar, the contractor, also owned a movable cabin, a

sort of pavilion on wheels, which he had stationed in a grove near the bank of the Rio Claro when the ditching began. On the evening of the third of July he had retired to this cabin with one of his assistants, and was either asleep or just dozing when he was startled by a hollow, rumbling sound that seemed to vibrate through the air, and made the cups and plates on his little table rattle as if the car had been in motion on a rough country road.

Don Gascar punched his bedfellow: "You hear that? What, in the name of sense, can it be?"

"Not thunder, I hope," muttered the other. "A big shower could not come more ill-timed: it would wash our job all to pieces."

The contractor opened his lattice-window. "No fear of that," he said: "the air is quite clear—rather chilly. Besides, it was not like thunder—much more like a distant cannon-shot: if we were sixty miles nearer to Vera Cruz, I should say it had been one of Castillo's big guns going off. Halloa! some of our men are up too. Let's step out and take a look at the sky."

The *peons* were standing around in groups or sitting upright on their couches, and one old Indian, with his blanket on his shoulder, recognized and approached the caballeros.

"Here comes my foreman," said the contractor.—"Well, Gruyo, what do you make of that?"

"I don't know, señor," said the old Indian. "It doesn't look like a forest-fire at all. I thought it was the moon rising behind the hills when I saw it first."

"Saw it! What do you mean? Have you *seen* anything?"

"Come over here," said the Indian, "where there are not so many trees in the way."

He led them outside of the grove and pointed to the eastern horizon, where the Sierra Madre reared its jagged summits above the ridge of the darker foothills. Near a deep gap of the Balsamo Ridge the mountains on both sides were lighted up as if by a conflagration, but the light was white rather than ruddy, and

did not flicker like forest-fire, but shone with a steady glow like moonlight or the beacon-fire of a lighthouse. The men stood silent for a while, and were gradually joined by a large number of the peons.

"It can't be moonlight," said Don Gascar at last: "it is too far north-east; and I think the moon is in the beginning of its first quarter now.—Can any of you men tell me what that is?"

"It is a *flagrada*" (a volcanic eruption), "señor," said a peon who had been imported from the state of Jalisco: "it just reminds me of the white light we see at home above the Sierra de San Juan if the volcano is getting ready for action."

Don Gascar turned to his companion: "You are at home here, amigo: do you think there are any volcanoes in this sierra of yours?"

"Quien sabe?—hard to say. I know there are some hot springs in the Balsam Ridge, but I never heard of any volcanoes."

The night was chilly, and when the river-mists began to veil the mountains the men went back to their camp without having formed any clear theory in regard to the problematic phenomenon.

Señor de Rivas, the proprietor of the plantation, ridiculed the idea of a *flagrada*, but he admitted that his cupboards had rattled in a curious manner, and that a similar concussion had been noticed a week ago, and asked his employés to call him at any hour of the night if the supposed volcano should betray any further optic or acoustic signs of activity.

During the three next following nights nothing unusual was seen or heard, but on the evening of the sixth of July a strange-looking smoke clouded the eastern foot-hills, and toward midnight the *haciendero* was aroused by one of Gascar's peons with the report that the "Balsam Ridge was again ablaze;" and, following the messenger to a little mound behind the camping-ground, he saw the Peak of Las Vigas, the Balsam Ridge and the cliffs of the Sierra Madre illuminated as if by the rays of the rising full moon, while the cloudy horizon in the

east and south-east was glowing with a reflected light, which, from its direction, could not belong to the polar aurora, nor yet to the moon, which was feebly and peacefully shining in a different quarter of the sky.

"When did you see this first?" inquired the señor.

"Some of my peons saw it about an hour ago," said the contractor; "and, if I understood them right, it was only visible above the gap first, and is spreading more and more toward the north."

The señor despatched a messenger to his majordomo, and took the contractor aside when they were walking toward the camp. "It must be a forest-fire," said he; "and, according to what you tell me, it is making rapid headway toward the river and my mother's place, the Hacienda del Monte. I have sent for my pony and a few good horsemen: I have a misgiving that they are in need of help at the hacienda. It's a fine night: would you like to join us?"

The operador assented, and half an hour after the two caballeros and three mounted peons left the plantation in a north-easterly direction, struck a main road near the banks of the Balsamo River and trotted away toward the mountains. They lost sight of the fire when they reached the heavy-timbered foot-hills, but a little farther up they were startled by a crashing in the forest, and their horses were almost stampeded by a troop of cattle that came down through the underbrush at a frantic gallop and rushed into the valley as if the Wild Hunter were at their heels.

"Something is wrong up there, sure enough," said the señor when he reined his trembling horse at the side of his companion: "what can it be? Listen! there comes another troop— But, halloa! look at those cowards!"

The three Indians had thrown themselves flat upon the ground, and one of them was dragged across the road by his horse, whose bridle he kept clutched with both hands. "Down, down, caballeros!" he cried: "*esta viniendo*—it's coming, the rocks are coming!"

"Get up, you fool!" laughed the haci-

endero: "it's another troop of cows, that's all." But while he spoke the trees crashed and splintered all along the mountain-side, and a ponderous boulder struck the ground at their feet, cleared the road at a single bound and splashed into the creek below.

"*Por la Santissima!* those fellows are right," said the contractor: "that's an earthquake, tumbling the cliffs of the sierra down! Let's turn back, señor."

"No, no: we are not more than a mile from my mother's plantation now," said De Rivas. "Please come on."

At his stern command the Indians remounted their horses, and the whole cavalcade galloped away on the river-road, while stones and shivered rocks thundered through the timber like a continuous avalanche.

The whole plantation was in alarm. An unmistakable earthquake had shaken the house and detached large pieces of plaster and some cornice-stones, besides breaking the windows and a good deal of crockery; but the missiles of the sierra had spent their force in a grove of staunch chestnut trees behind the house, and De Rivas stayed only long enough to satisfy himself that none of his friends were personally injured, and returned home before noon.

His own hacienda had been more seriously damaged. The garden-wall had come down, and the dwelling-house, a large stone building, had cracked its south side-wall; not to mention the internal havoc, which amounted to two hundred dollars' worth of broken furniture and dishes. But the hacendero was an old inhabitant, well versed in the chronicle of the Mexican colonies, and remembered different instances where farms and villages on the eastern slope had been visited by similar shocks, which had more frightened than hurt the inhabitants, and rarely repeated themselves within the same quarter of a century. So he resolved to stay, and, resigning his crop to its fate, set the peons to work at his garden-wall, and went to Acapulco to engage a professional stonemason.

On his return-trip he stopped for din-

ner at a farm-house near the village of San Vicente, and was entertaining his host with the current news of the "city"—as the farmers of Michoacan call their only seaport-town—when the windows rattled in an ominous way, and almost at the same moment the farmer's little boy came running in. "There's a big smoke going up from the mountains," he cried: "the gardener says they have another earthquake up on the Balsamo."

Five minutes after De Rivas was on his horse again, galloped him till he dropped, ran to the next farm, hired their best pony, and managed to reach his hacienda before the dawn of the next morning. His worst fears were confirmed: the dwelling-house was a heap of débris, his fields were strewn with the fragments of a huge cliff that had detached itself from the overhanging ridge of the sierra, and five miles above his place, near the mouth of the Jorullo Creek, the valley had given birth to a new hill, a mountainous heap of scoriæ and cinders that heaved and swayed like a seething bubble.

Still, there was hope. The subterranean forces had found an outlet now, and might cease to shake the mountains; the corn-crop and many fruit trees had remained uninjured; the harvest was at hand. In short, it seemed worth while to stay and try to repair damages. Assistance and provisions arrived from the neighboring settlements; the farmers of the Balsamo Valley—hardy Catalans many of them—went to work with a will; and if the volcano had hoped to dislodge them from their homesteads, it had again underrated their energy and their resources.

But the third attempt proved a complete success, and in a six hours' eruption of altogether unparalleled violence the Volcano of Jorullo managed to convert eighty-five English square miles of fine farming-land into the most hopeless desert of our continent. On the 17th of August, 1759, the new hill shot a jet of fire toward the sky: the smoke mingled with the highest clouds, and, instead of the sprinkling of ashes and muffled rumblings of the last month, the settlers were

now treated to a shower of rocks, accompanied by explosions of such prodigious force that they were distinctly heard on the Pacific coast, and even in Vera Paz, on the border of Guatemala, at a distance of four hundred English miles. The earth trembled and swayed like a ship whose joints are giving way, and at about 10 A. M. its crust burst. The valley of the Rio Balsamo, with the adjoining hills, was split asunder, and the first rays of daylight that penetrated the sulphur-clouds revealed a chasm sixteen English miles long and eighty yards wide, that remains to this day as the greatest natural curiosity of the American continent south of Niagara Falls.

Hardly less wonderful was the new hill—the Volcano of Jorullo, as it was called—that kept rising under the accumulation of its own vomit till it rivalled the foot-hills of the surrounding sierra, and now stands in the centre of the valley as a sugarloaf-shaped pile of basaltic tufa twelve miles in circumference and twenty-three hundred feet high, exceeding by about four hundred feet the height of Lookout Mountain near Chattanooga, Tennessee. The total volume of the erupted mass has been estimated at six thousand million cubic yards, the removal of which would occupy five hundred hard-working men for sixty years. At a distance of ten miles from the focus of the eruption the volcanic shower had covered the valley with ashes and rocky fragments to a depth of eighteen inches: the river had disappeared, and the former sites of human dwellings and trees were only marked by charred stumps and heaps of smoking débris.

There was no resisting such arguments, and the surviving settlers (three thousand of them had perished within the first twenty minutes of the catastrophe), who had saved themselves by timely flight, continued that flight till heaven-high mountain-ranges separated them from their ill-fated birthplace.

Toward evening the violence of the fire-storm subsided, and the next sun rose upon a vast expanse of chaotic cinder-heaps scattered around a mountain that emitted a curling smoke and

intermittent jets of lava, and which has continued to smoke and to spit fluid lava in quantities varying from a painful to a valleyful for one hundred and nineteen years, without missing a single day. The *mal pays*—the “bad land”—the Mexicans call this region, whose central hill is almost inaccessible on account of the heat that radiates through the entire ash-pile of eighty English square miles, and has been found to exceed 200° Fahrenheit at the base of the volcano proper. The heat of the air, too, reminds one less of sun-heat than of the stifling caloric in the neighborhood of a smelting-furnace or an overheated stove; and if the wind blows from the direction of the crater, it fills the air with igneous particles that resemble the smoke-flakes of the Pittsburg atmosphere, but leave more indelible marks if they happen to alight on your shirt-collar and face—not drifting soot, but a shower of glowing embers, hot from the stithy of the infernal god. Like the beacon-pillar that guided Israel in the desert, the column of smoke that never ceases to ascend from the crater becomes luminous at night, and its reflection on a canopy of high-sailing clouds has often been seen from the observatory of the Mexican capital.

But the greatest curiosity of the Balsamo Valley is still the *barranca*, or great chasm, of the north-western slope. Colossal chimneys of the Nether World are found elsewhere, but the *mal pays* alone can boast of a colossal hatchway, an accessible and open trap-door, communicating directly with the fire-abbyss of the interior earth. Volcanoes are generally so steep and high, and their craters so difficult of access, that perhaps no involuntary victim ever left the upper world by that door; but here is a yawning gulf intersecting the paths of the children of the earth—a chasm sixteen miles long by eighty yards wide, with an abrupt brink on either side where a false step or a push from behind would so effectually remove a man from the face of the earth that human skill might as well attempt to rescue him from the halls of Eblis. This mon-

ster crater runs east and west, or almost parallel with the course of the main river, but six of its tributaries, six good-sized creeks, have disappeared and ooze from the ground twenty miles farther south-west in the form of hot springs.

The Indian settlers of the neighborhood make wide détours through the mountains rather than go near the barranca, and an old guide of the village of Pascarro who has accompanied innumerable strangers to the mal pays declares that he is still subject to what the Spaniards call the mountain-fever (*mal del monte*) that took his breath

away when he approached the volcanic hell-gate for the first time. Strangers, indeed, have rarely repeated that experiment. A *horror naturalis* overcomes you like a sudden vertigo, and the temptation to jump down is only mastered by the stronger desire to turn and run. People who have looked down from the pinnacle of a high tower or an overhanging Alpine cliff confess to the same feeling; and Sir Charles Whymper, who came so near sharing the fate of his companions in the catastrophe of the Matterhorn, adduces his experience as a proof that a leap into an abyss or cra-



"THE BARRANCA."

ter would be the easiest short-line to the New Zion, and declares that he would never think of making the voluntary trip by any other route.

In the neighborhood of the volcano the gorge is bordered by loose pumice-stones and scoriæ, and therefore doubly dangerous; but eight miles farther west the firm trap-rock that underlies the surface-strata of this region is exposed, and affords a chance of approaching within a few feet of the very edge. The barranca here measures about sixty yards across, and the opposite wall appears perfectly perpendicular—moss-covered for the first twenty or thirty feet, and naked and

straight as the masonry of a fort farther down. Even at high noon the eye can only penetrate to a depth of sixty or seventy yards, and the gloom of the lower regions is more dismally impressive than all the horrors of Dante's *Inferno* with an admixture of light.

Visitors often amuse themselves by rolling a heavy boulder to the brink and watching its descent—into Tartarus, for all they can tell, for there are places where a six-hundred-pound rock goes down as silent as a drop of water into an artesian well: the deepest depths of the great barranca reflect neither sound nor light. But the guides know a few

spots where the lower walls of the abyss seem to deviate from the strict perpendicular or must be lined with projecting cliffs, for after a fall of eight or ten seconds heavy rocks send up an echo, a hollow voice *de profundis*, which under favorable circumstances may be heard for half a minute, till the last faint bumps seem to reverberate from the centre and to die away in the neighborhood of the antipodes.

At its north-eastern extremity the barranca meets a spur of the lofty mountains that divide this valley from the Atlantic slope, and runs uphill for a couple of hundred yards, presenting the appearance of a vertical cleft in the flank of the mountain. In this corner—that is, near the point where the hitherto horizontal brink of the chasm begins to turn upward—the volcanic origin of the barranca betrays itself by gaseous exhalations and a fierce heat, in allusion to which the natives call the spot *El Hornito*, “the bake-oven.” The crust of our mother Earth must be rather attenuated here, for every more than commonly vigorous puff of smoke from below makes the ground tremble and forces currents of air through the lateral fissures of the barranca. The eruptions and infernal sounds that accompanied the heavier earthquakes of this region emanated, not from the hill volcano, but from the mouth of the “oven,” and almost every year abrupt explosions of this valley-crater have ejected rocks of portentous dimensions, which often traversed the ridge of the Sierra Madre and tumbled into distant settlements like meteors from the sky.

On the second of September, 1874, the family of a ranchero were at work on a mountain-slope in the neighborhood of Acolingo, about forty miles north-east of the Balsamo Valley, when suddenly the ground was shaken by a distant explosion, and a few seconds afterward they were horrified by a fierce hissing in the sky, produced by the shot-like flight of an enormous meteor that seemed to come directly toward their vineyard. The man threw himself flat upon the ground, and his womenfolk took to their heels with screams of terror, but

they had not run many yards before the supposed messenger of death had struck the ground about half a mile farther north-east. They hurried to the spot, and found, not an *aërolite*, but a smoking mass of volcanic rock, about twenty-five feet in diameter, that had buried itself in a bank of stiff white clay. This rock, like others that had fallen west and north-west of the Balsamo Valley, was a missile from the Hornito, and the mountaineers of the Western Sierra had seen the Acolingo-bound chunk go up like a shell from a mortar with the same screaming hiss that had terrified the family of the ranchero.

A most disastrous eruption occurred on the evening of the 25th of May, 1861, when the Hornito, as well as the hill-crater, burst out in a general conflagration, and shot up a flaming cloud that seemed to move with a tempest of its own and scattered a rain of fire-flakes over the country far and wide. Burning shreds of bituminous lava descended from the clouds like a whirl of snowflakes, ignited the dry grass of the hillsides, the pine forests of the upper sierra and numerous stables and dwelling-houses in the western valleys. Sheep were roasted alive in their burning fleece, and many of the farmers who were surprised in the open fields owed the preservation of their skins, if not of their lives, to the broad brims of their impenetrable *sombreros*.

Among the settlements that perished in that hurricane of fire was the Hacienda del Rio, near San Carlos, whose owner (now proprietor of the Republican Hotel in Acapulco) had been lucky enough to insure the buildings of his plantation, but lost two hundred head of sheep and forty acres of a fine wheat-crop. He was at San Carlos on the evening of the catastrophe, and saw an eddying mass of clouds rise above the western horizon, where the glow of the setting sun was eclipsed by the lurid radiance of the volcano. After sunset the clouds rolled toward the zenith, swayed and darted about as if agitated by a capricious whirlwind, and about two hours after sunset began to discharge their fiery rain, that came

down in the western heavens like a shower of meteors or a vast and incessant volley of Greek fire, while the sky from the zenith of San Carlos to the eastern horizon was clear and starlit. The inhabitants of the little town crowded their housetops and balconies, and even the owner of the doomed hacienda stood spellbound, and felt as if he could regret the storm that finally dispersed the clouds and seemed to extinguish the falling stars.

"Since that night," he says, "*no me desmayo de la grandeza*: my standard of grandeur has been considerably raised. I saw some rare pyrotechnics during the bombardment of Vera Cruz and the conflagration of Puebla: well, they were fearful—I mean, they could tempt you to run away—but *grand*? A *destroza*" (a machine used in hydraulic mining) "can throw a jet that would stampede the bravest man, but you would not call that *grand* after having seen a cloud-burst."

For many months after that eruption the neighborhood of the Jorullo was covered with sooty ashes and a sort of sticky bituminous *caput mortuum*, which gave a frightful aspect to the slopes of the mountain and the Hornito, that were overspread with a thick stratum of the black mixture.

The Indians avoid the barranca with an almost superstitious dread, and tell stories of foolhardy hunters and strangers who approached the brink and were overcome by the poisonous gases, lost their foothold and went down to *tierra del fuego*, or were lured to destruction by the evil spirit that haunts the neighborhood of this man-trap; but there is no doubt that countless human and animal victims have actually found their way to the furnace of Moloch by this door. The chronicle of Michoacan speaks of a detachment of Spanish troopers who were chased into the Balsamo Valley one night during the revolution of 1834, and went down, horse and rider, every mother's son of them; also of a company of sulphur-miners who explored the Hornito in the summer of 1856 and lost four men; and the farmers of the neighborhood af-

firm that within their memory not a year has passed without an accident or two involving the loss of human life or of valuable animals.

Colonel Mateo Garcia of Acapulco, who owns a fine summer-house in the lower part of the valley, imported a Norman stallion three years ago, and in order to acclimatize him more gradually sent him to his mountain-farm on the Balsamo at the approach of the next summer; but the pastures of that farm were dominated by a shaggy *broncho*—a small but unspeakably wicked old horse—who tried conclusions with the big stranger as soon as he caught sight of him, and managed to stampede him at the first onset. The Norman leaped the fence and raced away on the up-river road at the top of his speed, so closely followed by the *broncho* that they reached the barranca almost at the same moment. The foremost horse saw the trap in time to save itself by a convulsive back leap, but the pursuer shot ahead till he was in the midst of the loose pumice-stones on a steep incline where no horse-power could save him, and went overboard in sight of his rival, who stood on *terra firma* trembling and snorting. His narrow escape and the fate of the *broncho* so impressed the sensitive brute that no human force or human eloquence could afterward induce him to leave the farm in a northeasterly direction. He was resolved to give the barranca a wide berth.

There is a fine hotel near the hot springs of Baños del Rio, twenty miles below—that is, south-west of—the volcano, whose smoke-capped peak is visible from the upper balconies, and the guests of the intelligent *posadero* have frequent opportunities of visiting the mal pays on horseback or in company of a reliable guide. Two miles above the springs the rocks, the sand, and even the gravel of the creek-bed, begin to feel *warm*, and at a depth of three feet in the valley and about seven feet in the foot-hills the thermometer rises to ninety-five degrees; and the radiation of such an amount of caloric through a district of eighty English square miles

suggests the idea that if the West Indian Archipelago should conceal a submarine furnace of similar efficiency, the origin and the temperature of the Gulf Stream would be abundantly accounted for.

From the lower end of the barranca upward the ground is strewn with vitreous boulders that may be specimen rocks of the interior earth, and testify to the stupendous projectile-power of the new volcano; and near the Hornito the pedestrian has to pick his way amidst piles of loose pumice-stones and small ravines that obstruct and intersect the path in every direction; but farther down

and in the recesses of the foot-hills shrubs and trees have taken root in the volcanic sand, and their decaying leaves begin to cover the lava-beds with a vegetable mould, which here and there has been cultivated and promises to reward the labor of the husbandmen. Many of the perennial springs that formerly watered this valley are still absorbed by the *ramblas* (undulating fields of pulverized scoriæ), but the moisture begins to modify their aridity, and the silent progress of vegetation proves even here that Nature has remedies for all her self-caused evils.

FELIX L. OSWALD.

SUBSTITUTION.

I.

THERE is an island, flowerful and green,
 Locked in the arms of a blue, waveless sea,
 Not in the track of great ships—hidden, unseen—
 And life thereon is joy and reverie.
 It is my island—mine! In my flushed youth,
 When all my sails were stainless and full set,
 Strong in the might of hope and faith and truth,
 I sailed in quest of it; but never yet—
 Though often from the mast's high top I lean,
 Or crouch upon the deck on bended knee—
 Its slender palms, high in the clear blue set,
 The gaze of my long-strained eyes have met.
 That island lies behind me. Long ago,
 When I but knew it as the fair To Be,
 One night those ancient, hateful Sisters Three,
 'Helped by a white mist, sore defrauded me;
 While I (much wondering what this mist could mean,
 Seeking to pierce it with swift glances keen,
 Harassed by doubts and fears withouten let),
 Thought I descried a rock which I must flee—
 A barren ledge, sharp-fangèd and uncouth;
 And so I steered too far away, in sooth,
 And nevermore could near my island get.
 It lay behind those breakers, to my ruth,
 And I was forced to land 'mid ice and snow.
 I never toward that kingdom fair may go—
 Never may stretch the white sail full and free,
 To the dear country of my heart to flee.
 Ah, there I might have reigned, a crownèd queen!

Sometimes on clear nights, just my grief to whet,
 Sounds float from thitherward, so full of glee,
 So rich in all-persuasive mystery,
 That I, through sense of wrong, myself demean,
 And like a sick child murmuringly fret;
 And now I call that isle my Might Have Been!

II.

I was the heir: I did not abdicate.
 By force of fraud my own was lost to me;
 Yet from mishap some gain we often see,
 And Good and Evil have one parent tree,
 And slow light dawns at last on mystery.
 Oh, often from a black and bitter root
 Springs and outspreads a flower fair and sweet;
 And so it fell that for my lost estate
 A worthier one my will did substitute.
 And thus, at last, to lips long sealed and mute
 Sprang suddenly a pæan of pure praise—
 A perfectly new song in later days,
 Better and braver than they knew of old,
 Sweeter and truer, and without pretence—
 Fruitage of knowledge, not of ignorance.
 So mine can parallel the heartsome tale
 Of how, when winds and waters did prevail
 To drive their Mayflower toward Plymouth's rock,
 Those ancient fathers, cheated in their plan
 To seek a climate that was kind to man,
 Accepted all the risks of that stern shore;
 Landed, and made the frozen soil their own,
 And ever grew to love it more and more,
 Despite the hoarfrost and the tempest's shock,
 Till love of land and love of faith did blend,
 The one about the other so ingrown
 The one's beginning or the other's end
 No man might find, though he should pause and seek
 To ravel out this riddle all his years.
 And I, who sowed my new land with my tears,
 Going about my work with paling cheek,
 Reap smiles and gladness from regrets and fears,
 Though backward looking I am sometimes weak,
 Since the old yearning sometimes fills my heart
 Even with that pain which will not quite depart.
 If we our young desires fulfilled could see,
 If always kind were those grim Sisters Three,
 And each could reach his isle of the To Be,
 Clasp to his heart its luring fallacy,
 And never rebaptize it Might Have Been,
 Never with longing heart toward it lean,
 What would be left to soften sensuous feeling,
 A purer inner self to each revealing?
 Of untouched hearts that live too happily
 The lock's choked up, nor knows the master-key.

HOWARD GLYNDON.

WOMEN'S HUSBANDS.

I.—NARCISSUS.

CHAPTER III.

THE war had been over for nearly a year, and life had returned to its old grooves, when Ferdinand West found on the hall-table one day an invitation to a dinner-party for the morrow. Mrs. Brown, the hostess, apologized frankly for the informality of the proceeding, owning that he was asked to fill the place of a gentleman who had deserted her, carrying off his wife at the same time: she made an appeal to his friendliness, and added that she could offer as an inducement the beautiful Mrs. Atherton of Charleston, of whom he must have heard. Nothing less than such a temptation would have prevailed with Ferdinand to act as a substitute; but he had no little curiosity to see his old flame and how the years had dealt with her. He dressed himself with more care than usual—if that is possible when a man always dresses with the utmost care—and surveyed himself with honest pride.

"I doubt her having worn as well," was his mental comment. On general principles he was likely to be wrong: dark people have the advantage over light ones when the first bloom is past. He was still the handsomest man in society, but he was not so handsome as he had been ten years before: there was a loss of brightness, freshness, buoyancy, with no compensating gain. His first look showed him that Mrs. Atherton had lost nothing, at least in positive good looks. Her figure and face were fuller, a decided improvement; there was the same richness and brilliancy of coloring; her carriage was more commanding; the hackneyed epithet of queenly was often applied to her, but she had not royal repose enough for that. The countenance had changed for the worse: it was haughty and defiant; the smile was splendid, but satanic. She was more attractive than in her girlhood, but it was in a different way. Ferdinand had rehearsed probable

meetings with Mrs. Atherton a hundred times under all sorts of circumstances: it did not turn out in the least as he had expected. He bowed to her across the room while speaking to Mrs. Brown, and she returned the bow from her sofa with easy magnificence, and without interrupting her sentence, as if she had seen him the day before. When he had paid his respects to his hostess and learned whom he was to take to dinner, he went up to Mrs. Atherton and held out his hand: she gave him hers without rising, with a self-possessed nod which swept him a thousand miles further off from her and their old footing than her marriage and ten years' separation had done.

"How have you been all this time?" he asked with a smile which was meant to express that a studiously commonplace remark was a necessity of the occasion.

"Variously. You seem to have been always similarly."

"Oh no," he answered, huffed by her striking the satirical key at once. "I have had my fluctuations. Is Mr. Atherton here this evening?" looking round the room.

"No, he is not in town," she replied in a matter-of-fact tone.

He bowed, and moved on to the lady whom he was to take to dinner. But he found himself next Mrs. Atherton at table, and although he took pains to address very little of his conversation to her, he could not avoid hearing hers both to the master of the house on her other hand and to the gentleman opposite, who was immensely struck by her and constantly spoke to her. There was the same change in her voice as in her look: the hard, metallic sound which it used to have only when she was annoyed or over-excited was now never absent. There was something in her tone and manner which impressed him as artificial, and in her phrases and way

of speaking there was now and then, he thought, a theatrical turn. He could not analyze it, for she was devoid of affectation, but the effect was of a person acting a part consciously, yet without effort: it might be only the influence of foreign life and society. Whatever one's speculations about her might be, one might be sure that the surface was all that was seen or reached. As a girl she had inspired curiosity as to what she would turn out: now she set men wondering what she was and had been. Ferdinand watched, listened, speculated, until he became stirred up and restless. It was strange, so strange, to be sitting there beside her as if she were any other woman or he any other man. No wonder her speeches sounded theatrical: the whole combination was like a scene in a play. When the peculiar excitement produced by the mingled influence of memory and personal nearness takes possession of any one, it is almost impossible for him to realize that the person who is acting upon him in this way is not equally affected. While Ferdinand's recollections and associations were gradually waking up and kindling one by one, he could not conceive that Adèle remained unmoved: he felt that the emotion must be mutual—that she must be in an answering mood. At dessert he took up her bouquet of dark pansies which lay between them on the table: "Are these your favorite flowers still?"

"No: were they ever? I think I like carnations best now."

He was provoked by her not remembering about the pansies, but could not resist saying in a low voice, "It seems strange to be sitting here by you, as if nothing had ever happened or nothing had changed."

She turned her head with a look of surprise: "What has changed? That you were once in love with me, you mean? You are very good to remember it, so many things have happened since."

Ferdinand could not make up his mind whether this frank indifference were genuine or not, but it reminded

him how many newer conquests between their parting and meeting must lie in her mind; and he was irritated at having shown interest enough to dig up an affair which evidently lay buried six deep with her, and quite forgotten. The triumphs had not all been on her side: he should like her to know that; and while he was meditating how he might renew the conversation so as to convey the information, he raised her bouquet to his face and looked over it at his opposite neighbor. She was a blond charmer, who had been deeply piqued by the inattention of her own cavalier; so she smiled at Ferdinand with a fine display of pearly teeth, and raising her bouquet returned his eye-fire across the roses. This was rather childish, but almost anything such handsome people do looks well, at least if they are young enough; which the lady was. One or two of the guests caught them peeping at each other, and laughed: at the same moment Mrs. Brown gave the signal for rising.

Mrs. Atherton held out her hand for her flowers, saying, "What a pity you are a man, Mr. West! There is the stuff of two pretty women in you."

Everybody who heard her laughed, the men a little uproariously: her own smile was simply infernal, Ferdinand thought, and if her sarcasm used to sting, it scalded now. He did not go near her for the rest of the evening, mentally resolved never to speak to her again.

The next morning, taking counsel of his vanity, he perceived that not to call upon so old an acquaintance would betray too much sensitiveness: he left a card for Mrs. Atherton at her mother's house, without asking if she were at home: that showed polite indifference. The evening of the same day nothing was going on. Ferdinand was smoking after dinner, undecided whether he should look in at the club or call on yesterday's lady of the roses, with whom he had an incipient flirtation dating from the previous evening. He had been haunted by the vision of Adèle all day long, and it took the edge off his desire to see

the other woman. Her beauty and brilliancy did not disturb him much, but he was filled with an uneasy curiosity to find out what sort of creature she had become—whether her new character was fictitious; how far she was changed; what was the history of her life. He was anxious, besides, not to seem to avoid her, as if he were not cured or feared new wounds: he had made two mistakes the evening before, and he was desirous of setting himself right. He asked himself what was the natural thing to do under other circumstances—what he should do, for instance, when Mrs. Bob Hughes came home. "Go and see her of course: drop in toward nine o'clock in the old way and ask about her travels." So, after defumigating and delicately perfuming himself, he went a second time to Mrs. Hunter's. As the street-door opened he heard music within, the piano and a female voice singing with considerable power and execution. He was annoyed, having hoped to find Mrs. Atherton alone, or, at any rate, without other visitors. He did not know the voice, and could not imagine whose it could be; and as he walked up stairs, the maid having left him to find his way, he prepared himself to meet a stranger, being certain that if any of his townswomen sang in that manner, he should have heard her before. To his astonishment, Mrs. Atherton rose from the piano, and they two were alone in the room.

"You sing?" he exclaimed, forgetting his preconceived opening. "You didn't sing in old times."

"No: they found out in Paris that I had a voice, and I learned there."

She was a different creature from the night before: she was the old Adèle, but with an ampler development, a completer charm. She had become a woman of the great world: that was all. His guard dropped, and he sat down by her, smiling into her eyes as of old, and letting everything take its way.

"I am afraid that is not the only thing you learned in Paris."

She shrugged her shoulders and laughed, looking a little devilish, as her smile generally made her look now, but only

the more fascinating: "You wouldn't have had me remain an *ingénue* all my life?"

"I never wished you to change."

"One must give up white muslin and bread-and-butter some time or other. In this country we always leave off our youth too soon or too late: abroad, one learns to grow old gracefully."

"Grow old? You have only grown up."

"It makes me feel old enough to see Blanche's children: she was a child herself when I left this house."

Her younger sister had married Dr. Kent, the surgeon who had given West his certificate: he now stood very high in his profession. They lived with Mrs. Hunter, and Ferdinand looked round anxiously, wondering how long his tête-à-tête would be unbroken. "Mrs. Kent is out this evening?" he inquired.

"She and her husband have gone to New York for a few days: he was telegraphed to assist at an important operation, and she went with him—an inseparable couple. My mother has been confined to her room all day, and has just fallen asleep."

Ferdinand expanded with contentment at the prospect of some unbroken hours. "That seems a very happy marriage," he observed.

"It is; and that is how I came to be at Mrs. Brown's last evening. The Kents were to dine there, and gave out at the last moment on account of this journey. Poor Mrs. Brown came to remonstrate: you know what an old friend she is. I had just arrived, and she took me as a substitute for Blanche."

"So I was substitute for Dr. Kent: you see our stars draw each other in their courses. I suppose there will be a round of parties for you?"

"Oh no. I never had many friends, you know, and I don't wish to go out: I wish to be perfectly quiet. I did not care for it yesterday, and I shall not accept any more invitations. That was for the honor of the family."

"You make a long stay, I hope?" He had no sooner pronounced these words than he felt how flat they were, and how

much better suited to the end than the beginning of a visit.

He expected some sarcasm in reply, but she only said, "I don't know: I came on business." Her face grew hard and sombre, and she was silent for a moment, then resumed with a conventional change of manner: "But where is Leila all this time? She was not with you last night."

He looked at her with grave surprise, and did not answer immediately, so that she did not know what to expect. "Leila is dead," he said quietly—"more than two years ago."

"Oh, can it be? Forgive me: I had not heard." She held out her hand to him: he raised it to his lips. They were silent a moment, a tribute of natural piety to poor Leila's memory. Adèle spoke first in a subdued voice: "I never knew. Maud Hughes told me of your marriage in Paris."

"Yes: we were married just before Hughes got his mission. We went to the Bahamas that winter for the climate, and she died there."

"But I thought it was *your* health that was not strong."

"So it was: I came out of the army with a cough. But the voyage was very rough, and she suffered excessively, and there was a great alarm about the reb—Southern cruisers: she was terrified and exhausted, and did not rally after landing."

"How sad! how sad! Two happy people wrenched apart, while how many who hate each other drag through life, chained together like galley-slaves! Tell me more of yourself."

He saw that she wished to hear: he was conscious of a fuller sympathy between them than he had ever felt in the old days. It was very strange to be sitting there with her once more: the impressions and sensations of the previous evening were returning upon him with tenfold force.

"There is not much to tell. After you went away there was a long blank. Maud Searle was very good to me, but it was too soon: her friendship helped me, but she resented my not forgetting.

She married in pique, but he is just the husband for her, and she makes him an excellent wife, and we are very good friends."

"She spoke of you like a friend in Paris: all I have known of you since I left here came through her. She told me of your having gone to the war."

"Yes, that was another episode. At first I did not take much interest in the question: I was opposed to keeping the South by force. After we lost so many brave fellows it became another matter: it was a plain duty and point of honor with every high-toned man to go. I went, and stayed until my health broke down. My general was very sorry to lose me; I was promoted for courage and conduct; I was known at the War Department; my discharge was worded in the most complimentary manner. You would have heard of me if I could have remained, but I was forced to retire, and am only a major, at your service."

She smiled seriously, listening in a sort of reverie. So he was a man, and she had done him injustice? It had an unspeakable charm to be once more in the familiar room, with him beside her talking of himself. He had matured; he was more than she had remembered him; and how handsome! How well she recollected the way in which his hair rippled off close to his left brow, showing the fine shape of the head, and rose in heavy waves on the other side, each dashed with brightness! As a girl she had fancied that his hair must be like Absalom's after the long locks were shorn from his princely head: she remembered the fancy now. A deep red spot burned on her cheeks and gave her eyes preternatural lustre: the feelings of her gay and thoughtless youth, with its hours of intense enjoyment, came back and rose over her like a spring tide. At first she let herself float with luxurious unresistance, but as the current gained strength she felt herself swept swiftly on above new depths.

He looked at her, wondering that she did not speak: her face was soft and dreamy. What was she thinking of? She was superb! glorious! Stimulated

by her beauty and the thronging memories of the past, he went on: "Then came a dull, flat, intolerable time. I grew sick of society, success, women, my profession—everything. There seemed nothing to live for: my health gave me hopes that I might not live long. Then came Leila, or rather there she was still, poor child! steadfast at my side. I saw that her happiness was bound up in me, and what poor happiness I have had came from her love. But it could not have lasted, even for her: she was disappointed from the first, and pined for what I could not give her. I have not an unkind or untender word to reproach myself with: her parents look upon me as a son to-day; they are devoted to me, and wished me to live with them, but I preferred going back to my father's house."

"And what do you look forward to?" she asked.

"To what, indeed? I stand as high in my profession as any man of self-respect can in these days who does not care to be a railroad or patent lawyer or solicitor to the Ring. I thought of going into politics merely for the excitement, but it is hard for a gentleman to come in contact with blackguards and scoundrels. I would not pay court to them, but there is a peculiar magnetism about some men which they felt: I should have got my nomination if it had not been for private jealousy on the part of a man who had influence with the roughs—one of the wire-pullers—and then I should certainly have been elected."

"Did he want the place himself?"

"No: he only wanted to keep me out of it. He took it into his head that I was hunting on his track, and that I was the cause of his being refused by a lady he wished to marry; and this was his noble revenge."

"And did you take none?" asked Adèle, with a gleam in her eye which showed she had not lived at the South for nothing.

"I did not care enough for either the woman or the place. A man who was out in the war can pass over things he must have noticed before."

"True," she assented.

"Sometimes I think I will throw up the whole thing and go and live abroad. How do you think I should like it? How did you like it?"

"There is a difference between a man's enjoyment of Europe and a woman's," she replied, laughing a little. "I liked it. There is so much variety—you see all sorts of people. Nice has not the best society in the world, nor Florence, nor Baden, yet I amused myself very much at them."

"Ah! *la belle rebelle*?"

"No, not that sort of thing only. I used to watch the old dowagers launching a novice or a *nouveau riche*, marrying all their young acquaintance—if they were clever, talking to the famous men, mixing in politics and diplomacy; and I made up my mind one could have a good time there at any age: there is so much life in their existence one really lives every hour."

Ferdinand would have given a good deal to know exactly how much she meant by this, and what her share of life had been. "Tell me what to do with myself," he asked. "I could have achieved anything, been anything, with you; and since I have seen you again I feel a new impetus, as if I might still make something of my life. What shall I do?"

A deep flush overspread her face and her eyes clouded over. She rose abruptly: "Go abroad, go abroad, and enjoy yourself as men do."

Ferdinand's latent excitement sprang into a blaze: something in her action recalled the last time they had been together in that room, and he had a fear that she was going to leave him again. He caught her hand, the slim, strong hand which fitted his clasp as it had done that other day.

"I can't talk any more now," she said in a stifled voice.

"Are you tired? Shall I leave you?"

"No, no;" and her fingers tightened on his: then, forcing a smile, "but how shall I amuse you?"

"Amuse me? Great Heavens!" he exclaimed, but breaking off suddenly—"Can you sing for me? Will you?" She

bowed and went to the piano, on which two candles were burning. "What were you singing when I came in? It sounded wonderfully moving, stirring. Will you sing that?"

She sat hesitating a moment, with her fingers on the keys and her eyes cast down as if in doubt; then struck a chord resolutely and began Schumann's song:

I'll not complain, although my heart should break:
O Love for ever lost, I'll not complain.

Her voice was a powerful *mezzo soprano*, with a metallic vibrating quality like some of the sweeter brass instruments: it had a peculiarly exciting effect on the nerves, and she sang with an indescribable intensity. The bitter, stormy sorrow of the words, the rage of grief in the music, were like an outpouring from her own heart, and every syllable reverberated through Ferdinand as if it struck a tympanum in the centre of his being. He leaned breathless on the end of the piano, watching her moody face in the soft, full candle-light, until between the passion of the music and the moment he was scarcely master of himself. When she ended he murmured "Go on!" almost inaudibly. He was terribly agitated, and afraid to open his lips lest he should break into a tempest of sobs. She went on with the next song:

Yes, thou art wretched, yet I murmur not:
My love, my love, we both will wretched be
Till death our broken hearts at length sets free—
My love, my love, we both will wretched be.

As she sang the last words she got up from the piano with her arms hanging down and her hands locked together, her eyes fixed on his. He made a single step toward her and caught her in his arms: "Oh God, Adèle! what have you done? What have you done to us both?"

"What you warned me of in this room ten years ago: I have destroyed both our lives." She returned his kiss, and then, withdrawing herself, sat down upon the sofa: "Sit down by me and I will tell you why I am here." He sat down beside her, palpitating with emotion, and took her hand, which she left in his.

She was outwardly calm, and began her story deliberately: "You told me

that no woman of spirit could live with Mr. Atherton a year: that was true, or nearly true. I have nominally lived with him for ten, but only the most determined effort of pride, and in some part the recollection of your words, have enabled me to do it. At first I was defiant and desperate. I made up my mind to amuse myself: it was some amusement to horrify the prudes of Charleston and take down the New York women. My little boy's death ended that: he was three years old. You knew that, Ferdinand?" He pressed her hand and inclined his head mutely: he had forgotten all about it. "Then came the war, and we went abroad. I hated Mr. Atherton more for his indifference about that than anything else: I could have forgiven everything if he had shown a spark of patriotism or enthusiasm or noble rage; but he has no more heart or soul or principle than a block."

"You were a great rebel?" he asked with a tender smile.

She nodded. "It waked me up from my sorrow. I used to think if I could go and fight and be killed, what a happy fate! But we went abroad, you know. There things became different in some respects, and my life was more bearable. Charleston is very respectable: if one wishes to be comfortable, one must observe external decency. Now, abroad, if you are willing to live in a certain world—what I should call the first circle outside of the best society—a man may do whatever he likes, and a woman nearly so. Also, if a man takes a certain line it is supposed that he and his wife have an understanding each to go their own way; and anything is overlooked in a woman so placed which does not offend appearances too glaringly. This suited me perfectly—much better than being patronized by the cream of Belgravia, who took us up because we were Southerners, or hanging on the skirts of the Faubourg St. Germain, or climbing in at the windows of the Tuileries. I wanted distraction, excitement; and I had them."

Ferdinand bent his head and looked into her eyes with intense interrogation.

She did not flinch, and went on proudly: "I did nothing that the world may not know, as you will presently see. I had opportunities of throwing myself away—what was left of me—if I had felt the temptation, but though I liked walking on the edge, I never felt dizzy. I was horribly unhappy sometimes, but I could have gone on for a long time on the mere outward enjoyment. There was constant change—Nice and Florence in winter, Paris in the spring, Baden and Hombourg and Trouville and Dieppe in summer. There is so much—the theatres, the opera, the races, an endless succession of diversions. I used to ask myself now and then what I should do when I was no longer *la belle rebelle*, and I always came to the conclusion that there were resources for every age in that state of society. One can live so pleasantly—on so little too, for the war cut our income down very much, in spite of Mr. Atherton's prudent Northern investments. I used to look forward to living abroad always, but he grew tired of it all at once. The truth is, he had drunk life down to the dregs long before, and now he had swallowed the last of it, dregs and all. The war was over, and he said he must come home and look after his property. This was like an earthquake to me: still, I was glad to think of seeing my mother and sister, for I supposed we should begin the old round again. I thought the defeat of the South had killed all my affection for my own country, but it was not wholly dead: I had some joy in seeing its shores again. But I found nothing was to be the same except Mr. Atherton's habits. Charleston was in ruins; our house there had been burned; people I really liked gave us the cold shoulder on account of what they termed our flight, and called us *émigrés*. Mr. Atherton announced his intention of living on the plantation: I wavered then whether to go or refuse, but could not bring myself to the final step; so I went with him six months ago. Well, I am not going to give you the catalogue of my wrongs: he deserves that at least of me: *personne ne lave son linge sale en famille* more scrupulously

than he. My lawyer will know them when the time comes, for I cannot endure my existence any longer, and I am going to get a divorce."

Ferdinand started to his feet. "Good God!" he cried. She flashed a look upon him of so much angry inquiry that he checked himself in the midst of his excitement and sat down again; but when he tried to take back her hand, she drew it away, and, slightly crossing her arms, sat in an attitude of haughty reserve.

"Have you taken any steps?" he asked.

"No. I wished to consult my mother and sister, but as my mother was not quite well, and they were starting on this little journey, I put it off for a few days. Nobody, not a human being, knows of it yet but yourself."

He took her hand, half by force, and kissed it: the slender fingers pulsed against his and set his own pulses throbbing again.

"Do you expect any opposition from—from—" He could not bring himself to name her husband.

"Hardly: he hates a scandal, an *escandale*—that is, noise and notoriety. He might oppose it on that ground, though it would come to the same thing in the end; and worse, as I should not shrink from a jury-trial if it had to come to that. He knows I have nothing to fear but the publicity: the exposure would be far worse than if he consented to have it privately settled."

"Then you *have* consulted a lawyer?"

"No, but I have been reading."

"Let me be your lawyer," he cried, "and I promise you that he shall be compelled to grant all that you wish without publicity or vexation to you: Adèle, let me be your adviser and champion."

She shook her head, and a deep blush overspread her face and throat, while with an action of girlish delicacy she turned her face away.

"Why not?" he whispered, and drew her to him until her head rested upon his breast: his heart swelled as if it would burst, but the tranquil expression of a happy child stole over her face.

She murmured, "Impossible!"

"Are you not willing to owe your freedom to me?"

"No, Ferdinand, for then I should not feel as if I were free."

"Surely, Adèle, you cannot suspect—you do not think me capable of exacting conditions?"

She raised her head proudly and looked at him: "No: no man could exact conditions of me."

"Why, then, my love, my dearest love?"

"If I owed it to you I should not feel that it were mine to bestow." He loosened his embrace and looked at her, and then strained her to his heart again. "You take my senses away with happiness. Oh, what a dream! what a rapture! what a delirium! The first, the only woman I ever loved! I call her by her name! I hold her in my arms! she will be mine after all these cruel years!"

The mantel-clock struck twelve. Adèle sat erect: "You must go."

"You will let me come to-morrow?"

"No. I mean to be prudent for the first time in my life. You have had nothing to do with my resolution, Ferdinand, and I must so order my conduct that nobody shall suppose that you had. I am sorry now that I did not speak to my family at once, before I saw you. You must not come again until I have had a conversation with them."

"But how long that will be! Adèle, think of the years you have robbed me of!"

"My sister comes home to-morrow night, and if my mother is well enough I will speak to them the next day."

"What do you think they will say?"

"I do not know. My mother was always averse to extreme measures: she is not strong any more. My sister would side with me entirely if it were not for her husband, but men have a horror of these things; and as I am not his own sister, I suppose he would rather I should endure everything than that the penumbra of a shadow should rest upon Blanche. He and I are strangers, and he has a prejudice against me, I can

see, and will probably think I am half to blame."

"But you can justify yourself—you can tell him."

"I shall tell him nothing: I shall state my reasons to my mother and sister. The worst one never tells, but I have enough to satisfy a lawyer without that." She pressed her lips together as bitter and humiliating recollections swept over her.

"But what if your family oppose this step?"

She mused for a few moments: "I *had* thought if they opposed it I should merely insist on a separation."

"But now— Oh, Adèle, a few hours have changed everything. You will not let cowardice and prejudice come between you and me?"

She rose in great agitation, her breast heaved, and she pressed her hands together: "My mother is feeble and old beyond her years—Blanche is anxious about her health: if I saw that this was to be a great distress to her, I do not know that I could carry it through."

"A separation is open to every objection they could make to a divorce, and does not secure you any of the advantages."

"To how many people the chief objection is in a name! A separation would cause as much gossip, but it would come more quietly and gradually, as the situation would only be understood little by little."

"You must not yield," he broke out passionately. "If your mother would sacrifice your freedom and happiness to the fear of tattle, she does not deserve your duty. She should have stopped the match: she took no care of you."

Mrs. Atherton held up a warning finger: "I made my marriage myself: no opposition would have stopped it. That reflection long held me back."

"Adèle, I cannot leave you with this terrible uncertainty. If you should be induced to compromise, what misery for me! what misery for you! Promise me not to give in." He fell on his knees before her and seized her hands.

"I promise," she exclaimed with a

sudden revulsion. "Everybody has a right to their life, and I will live my own."

Ferdinand rose, exulting, triumphant, transported.

"Now go," she commanded, "and wait until you hear from me to come again: I do not want you to come until all is decided."

"But two days!—do not make me wait more than two days."

"If you were as happy as I you could afford to wait: I feel patient for the first time in my life," she said with a smile. "I will send you a line at the very first moment. Is it the old address?"

"The old address, to which so many little notes used to come, every one of which I have still." She flushed with pleasure and a glad light beamed from her eyes. "One word more, Adèle. Tell me when you began to love me, for it was not yesterday?"

"As soon as I had lost you hopelessly," she replied with a look which seemed to come from the deepest abysses of the past.

"Not hopelessly, O my love!" he repeated with joyful emotion.

"No, but till this evening I had no hope. Now go: good-night, good-night."

A long kiss, and they parted. She stood leaning against the doorway, watching him go down stairs, and he looked back at her graceful, magnificent attitude, thinking how much harder this lingering of hers made it for him to depart, yet greedily drinking the delicious flattery of her action.

CHAPTER IV.

If the laws which govern the origin and transmission of gossip could be discovered, it would be of great benefit to the world. How the little sporules of desire or purpose convey themselves from the inmost thoughts of the person most anxious to keep them secret to the fertile brains and loquacious tongues where their growth and dissemination will be most rapid is one of the mysteries of social life, which has its arcana as well

as science. Certain it is that an unspoken design, a silently-cherished wish, escapes from private keeping and floats about until the air is full of it and everybody has heard of it, though nobody can tell where. Less than a week after Mrs. Atherton's arrival people began to hint at trouble between her and her husband, and to guess the motive of her return. Perhaps her strict seclusion created suspicion, for after her appearance at Mrs. Brown's dinner she was not seen again. Everybody who had seen her there except Ferdinand talked of nothing else for days—her looks, her dress, her conversation; her airs, the women added. She had made a sensation in that small circle: everybody else was eager to see her; it lay in her own power to be the rage. Visitors called and cards were left in packs, but "Not at home" was the invariable answer, whatever might be the hour; yet no one met her in the street.

Three days passed without Ferdinand's hearing from Adèle, and he thought no man had ever been put to such a test before—at any rate, no man of his sensibility. He ascertained, by calling at Dr. Kent's office, that they had not yet returned from New York, so that at least he understood the cause of the delay. With many precautions he sent Adèle flowers—a bunch half carnations, half dark pansies: after that there was nothing to do but wait. He read over all those little notes untouched for many years. He kept the letters of every woman with whom he had ever flirted, in spite of solemn adjurations to destroy them: he kept them in a very orderly way, each tied up with ribbon of a different shade. Adèle's was ruby, her favorite color. The intoxication in which he had left her presence subsided slowly, and on the third evening the inevitable reaction, the *moralisches katzenjammer*, set in. He waited until nine o'clock in hopes of a line from her, and then went to the club. "Atherton" was the first word that fell upon his ear, and as he did not wish to join in any conversation of which she was the subject, he took up the evening paper with the manner of a man who wishes to read: behind his

printed screen he listened with choler and disgust to the following dialogue:

"Depend upon it, that's what's up."

"I wonder whether she will sue for separate maintenance? I suppose she can get whatever she wants?"

"H'm! not so sure of that: she cut up her own shines abroad."

"Was there any man in particular?"

"Oh yes, very *partik'lar*. Breteuil, the Comte de Breteuil, the owner of *Éclair*, who won the Goodwood one year, had a mare called *La Belle Rebelle*, after the fair *Secesh*: he ran her at Chantilly the year I was there."

Ferdinand had remained silent with difficulty, because Adèle had so enjoined prudence upon him: he now looked over his paper and said, "There's no truth in those stories: I know it from somebody who was abroad at the time."

"I was in France myself," said the last speaker, "and knew a lot of men who belonged to the Jockey Club, and heard all about it."

"Did you know Breteuil?" asked Ferdinand.

"Well, no."

"My friend does, and contradicts the report out and out."

"When did you get your information?" persisted the other, unwilling to be put down.

"Within a day or two—since Mrs. Atherton came to town."

"Oh! How everybody is agog about her! I hear she's awfully handsome—a regular smasher. Have you seen her?"

"I saw her at Brown's, and called next day, but didn't get in."

"Nobody gets in. What's her game, do you suppose?"

"I don't know what her game may be," replied Ferdinand stiffly. "I didn't get in because I didn't ask: I only left my card."

The others, just then remembering his old devotion to Miss Hunter, exchanged a wink and pursued the theme in a strain less grating to the ears of a former lover. Their remarks turned chiefly on Atherton's notoriously bad character before his second marriage, and on his subsequent performances at home and abroad.

"He's a bird! Well, I hope she'll get shut of him. When she does, stand from under! She'll have everything—looks, tin, experience."

"Too much experience for me," returned the other. "One doesn't want a woman who has been through such a mill."

Ferdinand had no pretext for interfering again, but the conversation was insupportable: he threw down his paper, picked up one or two more and glanced at them, got up, nodded to the men and sauntered out. He was half mad with irritation, depression and self-restraint; and besides these disagreeable emotions he felt as if somebody had just found a flaw in his favorite diamond which took off half its market value.

Mrs. Atherton bore her voluntary imprisonment without chafing. It lasted nearly a week, during which her natural impatience and impetuosity seemed to have fallen asleep. She longed passionately to see Ferdinand again, but she was calm and contented in her new-found happiness. She sang, she embroidered, she sat with her mother, she played with her little nieces, she arranged and rearranged Ferdinand's flowers. She could not read, for her thoughts would not follow her eyes: she moved about in a glad trance, listening to a siren song in her heart—the voice of her youth, which had waked from a long silence to take up the old melody. At length the Kents returned, and she unfolded to her mother and sister the causes of her coming to the North. Their distress was very great and their consternation was unbounded. Mrs. Kent overflowed with sympathy for her sister, and wholly espoused her cause, but Mrs. Hunter was horrified at the mention of divorce, and entreated her daughter, in an appeal profuse with commonplaces, to try and bear. "Don't you suppose, my dear, most married women would have a sad story to tell if the truth were known? It is woman's lot, my dear, and 'forgive and forget' should be our motto."

"I have nothing to do with the wrongs of others," replied Adèle. "I hope there are not a great many married women

who could tell such a story as mine. Remember, too, that I have only told you what everybody knows wherever we have been in Europe or this country: I have not gone into my private grievances and personal wrongs."

"But you *will* tell us all about them?" said Mrs. Hunter, who would have enjoyed the catalogue.

"No, mamma: they are a separate chapter. The facts I have told you are undisguised, notorious: they justify my proceeding and ensure my obtaining what I want. As to forgiveness, Mr. Atherton has not the least desire for it; and it's no use forgetting what happened yesterday, when to-day and to-morrow are to be the same thing over again."

"But, Adèle, you should try and win him back, dear."

Mrs. Atherton made an impatient movement: "Mamma, as long as my trials were tolerable I did not trouble you with them: I have not come to you now to learn how to be reconciled with Mr. Atherton, but to consult as to the best means of arranging our separation."

"Oh, my dear, it's too dreadful! Think how people will talk."

"They can say nothing discreditable of me, and they can say nothing of Mr. Atherton but what is said every day. Besides, I am used to being talked about."

Blanche, indignant and grieved to the heart for her sister, was in favor of a divorce, but she urged consulting her husband; and of course Dr. Kent had to be called into the family council: fatherless and brotherless as they were, he was really the man of the family. To his wife's pain and surprise, he advocated a legal separation without a divorce. Adèle had foreseen rightly: he was prejudiced against her, and thought there might have been much provocation on her part, though not of a compromising nature. He had also a man's way of looking at the marriage tie—that is, as the best fetish for a woman—and a natural aversion to an open rupture which would involve his wife's name in the general discussion. He would have

liked to thrash Atherton, and to fight him besides, and he repelled the idea of Adèle's returning to him; but he thought the matter could be arranged quietly. To this conclusion Mrs. Hunter was unwillingly brought. After two days of arguments and representations, Adèle found herself confronted by the united opinion of the family in favor of a separation. Her mother and sister had been brought from opposite extremes to consider it a safe and moderate middle course which would leave no room for reproach against her.

Dr. Kent, who had brought them both over, explained his views to his sister-in-law, and wound up: "This will answer every purpose and save a great deal of scandal."

Adèle swallowed her bitterness and controlled her rising anger: "It will not answer all my purposes. I shall still bear his name; my position will be anomalous; I shall be exposed to awkward mistakes and explanations; I shall be a prisoner on parole; I shall be neither bond nor free."

A look of shrewd inquiry came into Dr. Kent's keen eyes, and he asked a question which, if he had been altogether a gentleman, he would not have put: "You are not thinking of another marriage, I presume?"

"Oh, Charley!" cried his wife.

Adèle's eyes flashed, and she rose: "That is enough: I shall decide the matter for myself, and what further advice I need I shall ask from a lawyer.—I am sorry, mamma, to oppose you and Blanche, as you evidently care so much more for appearances than you do for my peace; but you can understand the latter's being of more importance to me."

"Oh, Adèle, do not be so hasty and headstrong," entreated Mrs. Kent as her sister was leaving the room.

"Upon my word, this is rather too much!" cried Mrs. Atherton, turning for an instant upon the threshold. "After ten years' matrimony even with your exemplary and far-sighted husband, Blanche, you will be in a better position to judge a woman who has endured ten years' insult and indignity."

She went to her own bedroom and locked herself in, giving no answer to the knocks and entreaties of her mother and sister, who at length desisted and went away. She burst into convulsive weeping. So she must fight it out alone, without succor or support from the only beings to whom she could turn? It cut her to the quick that they should be ready to immolate her to the merest conventional scruples—for so she judged their advice—and some of the ire and gall which her brother-in-law had stirred up spilled over upon them: she felt as if the three were in league. Through this hurricane the image of Ferdinand returned again and again, ever with greater sweetness and soothing. She yearned to see him, and throw herself upon his breast and tell him all her troubles. There was a certain poignant delight in having no one but him to look to and lean upon. She turned over in her mind fifty devices for seeing him. She knew the dangers of clandestine meetings too well to attempt secret or underhand measures, yet she feared to set people talking if she allowed him to come openly to the house: she had an anxious desire to avoid gossip, more for his sake than her own. As she revolved expedients for communicating with him, her thoughts were diverted from the injustice and unkindness she had encountered in her home, and her sobs died away in long spasmodic sighs. A few carnations and pansies were still alive and fresh, tended by her daily care: she took them from a little cup and put them into her belt, over her heart, and then sat down to work out a plan for meeting Ferdinand. She was possessed by the desire to see him, to hear his voice, to have him beside her, to listen to the ardent tenderness of his protestations. There was an ugly chasm before her, but she had felt the nerve to cross it when nothing but an empty, arid future lay beyond: now on the other side she saw a world of sunshine and flowers. Her effort to concentrate her mind on ways and means strove with a tendency to sink into blissful reverie.

There came a knock at the door, and

a servant's voice: "A letter for you, ma'am."

She opened the door, averting her proud head that her tear-stained cheeks might not be seen. It was a note from Ferdinand, and she opened it with a heart beating with pleasure. His impatience had overcome his prudence, and he had disregarded her prohibition. Nothing so delights a woman sometimes as disobedience to such a command, when it seems to arise from a mutiny over which the offender has no power—a mutiny instigated by a deeper fealty than obedience itself. He wrote as follows:

"DEAREST, DEAREST ADELÉ: If I break my promise not to write until I should hear from you, it is out of my intense solicitude for you. I have borne my banishment without a murmur, though I have been unable to eat or sleep or work from longing to see you again. I have refrained even from sending you more flowers, for fear it should become known. I have resisted the temptation of passing your house in hopes of catching a glimpse of you, lest it should attract notice. But I write from no selfish indulgence of my own impatience, and that is my excuse. I must say once more that I have loved you as long as I have known you, and loved but you, and shall love you alone while I live. You are the one woman on earth to me—the queen of your sex, my dream and divinity. To prove the height and depth of my affection I am going to make the greatest sacrifice mortal man ever made for the sake of her he loved: I am going to release you from your promise to resist your family if they advise you to obtain a separation instead of a divorce. You never can know what it costs me to do this: it is the sublimest renunciation; and only my intense sensitiveness for your welfare and reputation could enable me to make it. Already your affairs are being talked about. I know not how they have transpired: probably, your difficulties being known, people have drawn their conclusions from your presence here alone after so long an absence. I need not say that nobody could utter an un-

favorable word of you in my hearing, but I have had to silence more than one invidious tongue; and I have heard enough to show me what you must expect if you should pursue your intention. Your name would be the theme for every ill-natured gossip, for every insolent blackguard. Your least word or action would be brought up against you at the bar of society: you would have to run the gauntlet of all the envy and jealousy your splendid superiority has excited. Do not reply that you can bear this—that your past can bear the strongest light: no woman can estimate the ordeal beforehand, and a man would be a dastard who allowed her to incur it for his sake. I cannot go into the subject fully by letter: pray name a time when I can see you and talk it over with you. Alas! how different a meeting from the one I had looked forward to! I do not dare to write the thousandth part of what is in my heart, though it could do no more harm than if this letter were to fall into any hands but yours. For Heaven's sake, be careful—no woman can be too careful of appearances—and destroy it as soon as

you have read it. Above all, do me the justice to remember what I resign for your sake.

My love, my love, we both will wretched be.

"Yours, devotedly, F. W."

The next day Ferdinand, who was awaiting Adèle's answer in an agony of suspense, received the following note:

"DEAR MR. WEST: There is nothing like an old friend. Thanks so much for your advice: it coincides exactly with that of my family. I should be rash and obstinate indeed to reject the opinion of so many disinterested people who have my welfare so deeply at heart; but, as I do not like half measures myself, I shall let the whole matter drop. I agree with you that no woman can be too careful of appearances, and therefore think it unwise to receive a visit from so dangerous a person as yourself; so I shall have to bid you adieu by letter, as I start this afternoon for the South.

"Your truly obliged

"A. ATHERTON."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

FERNS.

AS oft the pictured scene upon the wall
Brings back to mind scenes dearer and more fair—
As, heard at night, some simple, plaintive air
Awakes a chord we thought beyond recall,—
So do ye bring, O dainty, feathery ferns!
The summer's vanished glory to my room.
Again the violets bud, the harebells bloom;
Again, for me, the scarlet maple burns
In leaf-strewn woods; once more I softly tread
The fragrant piny paths, or down moist dells
I wander, where a faint fine odor tells
Your fairy fronds are near. . . . The dream has fled,
But still your sweetness stays. Oh who would grieve
To die so sweetly, and such sweetness leave?

E. S. F.

AN HUNGARIAN ARTIST.



DESCENDING the stairway of my lodgings in Düsseldorf one afternoon in the fall of 1868, I replied to a question asked in somewhat broken German by a gentlemanlike young man in regard to a painter's atelier, the advertisement of which adorned my landlady's window. A few days later I was seated before my easel, and shouted "Herein!" in response to a knock at the door, which opened to admit the same stranger, who, advancing, introduced himself as a col-

league and neighbor. I rose with an apology for not having quitted my work, and received him cordially. I had heard that he had taken the vacant studio, and felt both interest and curiosity about him—a feeling which grew upon me as I conversed with him. He was of medium height and of good figure, with a pleasant face, light beard and crisp moustache. His dreamy, melancholy eyes looked out from under bent brows, and his massive forehead was covered with

thick curling locks of brown hair prematurely streaked with gray. Handsome or not, his appearance was striking, and was emphasized still more by the slight singularity of his dress, which included a sort of dolman and top-boots, and was a half compromise with the national costume of Hungary. He resembled strikingly the portraits of Beethoven, whom a lady once called *un beau laidron*.

I returned his call the next day with a talented and genial countryman of his own—Graf Tassilo Almasi—prepared to find evidences of ability in the work of our new acquaintance, but not anticipating its extent. The picture on which he was engaged was a subject of Hungarian genre, and represented the toilette of a bride. The scene was a peasant's hut, where a fair girl was in process of adornment at the hands of an old woman. Admiring children stood looking on, while a teasing elder brother made mocking gestures of astonishment and approval to disconcert the blushing bride. The rafters were hung with garlands, the wedding-feast was preparing, and through the half-opened door the bridegroom or "the best man" was looking impatiently at the group. The whole composition was full of humor, naïve and natural as one of Hogarth's, and was painted with a delicacy and vigor which almost equalled Knaus.

The young painter's name was MICHAEL MUNKACSY;* and in a very brief time—notwithstanding a reserved manner which amounted almost to hauteur—he became a universal favorite in the ateliers and in society. Besides his power as an artist; he developed on acquaintance all kinds of natural talents. He rode horseback with remarkable grace and daring, and was an amateur actor and mimic unsurpassed by the trained *coryphées* of the Malkasten stage, besides being a clever conjuror and an astonishing musician. He whistled as Patti sings. With his features in perfect repose, like a marble faun's, and the handsome lines of his mouth scarcely contracted in the least, he gave utter-

ance to the most strangely-beautiful notes—ripples of silvery sound that a nightingale might envy or a mocking-bird break its heart in trying to imitate. Mournful Hungarian melodies came from his lips plaintive as a sigh, rising and falling in improvised variations, and then bursting into a clear liquid warble like that of a bird. There was a Paganini-like perfection in this music that I have rarely heard equalled by any virtuoso on any instrument.

I do not remember when I first learned his history, which was as romantic as that of Wilhelm Meister. He related it in fragments, as some passing scene or incident suggested a reminiscence, and generally on some ride we took together, when, after a mad gallop over the Hardt or under the firs of Graffenberg, we slackened rein and followed, leisurely chatting, the windings of the Düssel.

The youngest of five children, he could scarcely recollect his parents. He was born in the town of Muncacs on the 10th of October, 1846. When the revolution which convulsed Europe two years later occurred, his father, who was an official in the imperial royal treasury, joined the insurgents. The world has not forgotten the events which followed—the brief episode of the republic, the travail which accompanied its birth and the throes of its final dissolution. Among the many bloody scenes of the cruel year 1849, when Russian intervention crushed the last hope of the Magyar patriots, was the massacre of both Munkacsy's parents, who fell by Cossack bayonets. The five orphaned children whom the barbarians spared were scattered here and there among relatives.

An uncle, Stephan Roeck, took the three-year-old Michael to his home. This good man, who had also been ruined by the sad events of the insurrection, was as kind to his nephew as circumstances permitted, but could give him no education beyond that of the peasant neighbors amidst whom he grew up, sharing their labors and their privations. In the year 1854 the uncle found himself obliged to make the boy earn his own livelihood, and appren-

* Pronounced, as nearly as I can write it phonetically, *Munkatsch'ee*.

ticed him to a carpenter in Békés-Esaba. For six long years he endured the slavery of this occupation. He sawed and nailed and planed from early morning until late at night. He grew in stature, but his mind remained a white page—full of susceptibility, full of vague longings, but without education or knowledge. In his apprenticeship he learned by bitter experience lessons which have given motives for his later pictures, most of them sad and sombre, even in their humor, but full of sympathy with the poor and the suffering.

In Hungary, as in most other parts of Europe, the village carpenter is Jack of all trades—builder, cabinetmaker, undertaker, upholsterer and house-painter at the same time. Michael's earliest experience with colors was painting the outside of a cottage, and his first rude attempts at drawing were made on the smooth surface of a plank he had just planed. Many a time, indeed, was he roughly roused from some youthful artist-dream by a cut from a whip in the hand of his boorish master for tracing some face or figure with a bit of charcoal on the tempting whiteness of such a board. Even to-day he rarely makes use of canvas, but paints almost exclusively on panel—a preference which may be traced to this early habit. What he suffered at times may be illustrated by an anecdote. Once, walking together through a Düsseldorf street, we came across a youth who was painting a cellar-door. "Du!" said he: "I have often done that same—in winter, too, when the weather was bitter cold, and every passer-by shivered even when wrapped in furs, and I in a thin jacket, my hands bleeding through the cracked skin. Dost know what my highest ambition was?" and with a smile which had more melancholy than amusement in it, he continued: "To be a tailor!" Think of a wretchedness whose ideal of existence was shelter and warmth—of misery compared with which the shop-board and the company of a hot smoothing-iron were happiness!

Munkacsy's life has been indeed a romance. How even genius could ever

conquer the unfavorable surroundings of his obscure early life is little less than a miracle. The Muse of Art watched over him, and in his case, as in that of so many others, the slightest of accidents determined his future career. Among the Hungarian peasants an indispensable piece of furniture of every rustic bride's *trousseau* is a gaudy chest of drawers, ornamented with bright-colored flowers, wreaths and garlands. The manufacture of these objects was an important item in the village carpenter's business, and the little Michael, being allowed to try his hand at decorating them, soon showed such remarkable skill and taste that at last this flower-painting became his especial domain. It was the pebble which decided the course of the river. Once in the right path, his genius aspired further, and by close application he improved more and more in drawing, until finally, his apprenticeship concluded, he left his worthy but hard master and went to Gyula, where he became a pupil of a painter named Szamosy, who gave him his first instruction in art. His ambition was not yet to become an artist: it was then more modest. He aspired only to become a house-painter and decorator (*Zimmermaler*).

But his talent developed with wonderful rapidity, and he drew study-heads and portraits which his teacher approved and the villagers applauded. Gradually the presentiment of higher aspirations awakened in his soul. The way was not without impediments, however. His good uncle was made uneasy by this new turn, and shook his head sadly, foreboding no good from it; but when his nephew persuaded him to sit for his own portrait, and the result was a true resemblance, the old man recognized the finger of Heaven in this wonderful talent, and Michael was allowed to follow where it pointed.

By patient industry and eager force of will he rapidly made up for the deficiencies of his earlier years, and in 1863 he wandered to Pesth, travelling like a *Handwerksbursche*, and making strange acquaintances among gypsies, vagabonds and roving apprentices on the route—

acquaintances that served his imagination later as motives and models. For a while he earned a scanty subsistence in the capital with portraits and small genre pictures, for which, as in most of those painted since, he sought his subjects in the original episodes of Hungarian popular life. The first of these, an hussar relating his adventures, was admitted to the Art Union Exhibition, and sold. He even managed to save a little sum, with which, full of hope and enthusiasm, he began his wanderings afresh, going the following year to Vienna, where he thought to study with Rahl, an excellent painter, but one whose direction lay quite opposite to that of the young genius. Rahl was ill, however, and died shortly after, and Munkacsy's attempt to educate himself in the academy fell through for want of means. With a fatuity equalling that of the Düsseldorf Academy professors—who prophesied that Andreas Achenbach, and, in later years, Ludwig Knaus, would never become artists—the authorities of the Vienna school failed to recognize his talent, and when it became impossible for him to pay with punctuality the small academy fee, he was shown the door without ceremony. How he subsisted during this time, without friends and scarcely able to speak the German language, I forbore to question. Perhaps his good uncle sent him a few gulden now and then, or he picked up a few kreutzers from some picture-dealer. Courage and industry never failed him.

So it happened that nine months later he came to Munich, where a more liberal practice reigned with reference to instruction. He tried to become a pupil of Piloty, but that professor's class—which has become famous through pupils like Makart, Faber du Faur, Defregger, Leibl and David Neal—was full, and he did not succeed in obtaining admission. However, he visited the painting-class of the academy, and found a friendly adviser in the battle-painter Franz Adam, who assisted him in his outside work. —Of his strange appearance, his naïve confidence, his broken German and his low melancholy voice many stories are told to-day

in the Munich ateliers. His ability soon made itself recognized, and he painted numerous pictures for the lower-class dealers, working even by lamplight in his narrow lodging, but striving more for excellence than for bread.

Up to this time his life had been a struggle for existence, but the success which in human affairs comes sooner or later to the patient and persevering was preparing for him. The Art Union of Pesth bought two of his pictures, *Roasting-Ears* and *Easter Festivities*, and under the auspices of Baron Etvös, at that time Hungarian Minister of Instruction, a competitive exhibition took place, in which Munkacsy's contribution obtained the first prize, amounting to eight hundred gulden—a fortune to him in those days. This plucky sketch, which still occupies a place in the artist's studio, represented *An Inundation*—such a catastrophe as has quite recently desolated a portion of his fatherland—and, while somewhat academical, was still bold and dramatic in its half-genre, half-historical treatment. A second and third time Fortune befriended him, and he was awarded the prize for compositions which showed a rapid and remarkable advance. The *Wedding Invitation* and *Dressing the Bride* were the subjects of his sketches. The *Departure to War* and the *Return to Peace*, other Hungarian subjects produced at the same time, gave even higher promise.

With the capital acquired in these competitions Munkacsy came to Düsseldorf and set up his easel in the Jägerhof-Strasse in the manner I have described. He had been drawn thither by the influence of Knaus, but he soon found himself more a master than a pupil. With the hard, dry, conventional Düsseldorf school he had little or no sympathy. He startled the whole raft of mediocrities there, as the advent of a larger fish might startle the minnows in a pool. His peculiarities challenged their criticism, but it was idle to underrate or oppose him: they ended by admiring and imitating. Young artists who came to him frankly he advised and instructed: older ones visited his

atelier in his absence and studied his technique by stealth.

Meanwhile, his amiability and bonhomie made him generally popular in and outside of artistic circles. He took a prominent part in all the gayety that was going on in the city, and was an especial favorite among ladies. Although he neither smoked nor drank, he would often sit with a *lustig* crowd of revellers at the Malkasten until morning, and be the jolliest one of them all. I remember, for instance, meeting, in the early dawn of a February morning, a carnival throng in fantastic costumes on horseback. The night had been spent at a *Fasching* ball, and, accoutred as they were, they had sought refreshment in a wild ride across country, from which they were returning. The staid burgher frauen and maidens going home from early mass, with the ash-mark on their foreheads, stared after the strange cavalcade, the most extravagant rider of which was the "sad, mad, glad," yet perfectly sober, brother Munkacsy.

About this time a propitious accident made me acquainted with an American gentleman who was passing through Düsseldorf. He was a millionaire, who sadly confessed to having wasted too many years in making money merely, and he was than earnestly endeavoring to educate himself to higher needs and attainments. His was not an isolated case in my experience, nor was it so strange as it may appear. At all events, he was devoting himself especially, with the enthusiasm of a collector tempered by the shrewdness of a man of business, to the acquisition of a gallery of works of art. I had the good fortune for all concerned to impress him with my own opinion of Munkacsy's genius, and in consequence he was easily persuaded to share my hopes of the young Hungarian's future. It ended in his giving him a commission for a large picture. The price agreed upon was an enormous advance on those the artist had hitherto received, though now it would be absurdly small for the painting, but it showed as much liberality as foresight at that time. I had stipulated for an advance of half the payment, which enabled the young painter to meet the

expense of models and devote himself undisturbed to the elaboration of his work. It was begun without delay, and I can remember Munkacsy's satisfaction when the immense panel—fifty-two by seventy-two inches, which he himself assisted the joiner to prepare, and which, true to his earliest custom, he preferred to canvas—was brought into his studio. The subject was already chosen, and had been long dreamed and talked over. It was one of those happy suggestions that occur but rarely to the most fortunate imagination, but one that could be treated successfully only by a profoundly subjective genius. Its title, the *Síralomház*, is the Hungarian name for the house or cell in which the last hours of a condemned felon are passed before the expiation of his crime.*

It belonged to the highest order of genre—as much higher than the ordinary historical painting as *Hamlet* is above *Titus Andronicus*—and no wonder that even the cartoon awakened an intense interest, and almost consternation, among the petty dabblers of mild anecdote and still-life who called themselves genre-painters in Düsseldorf. Since Hübner's *Jagdrecht* and Tiedemann's *Norse Duel* no subject of such tragic interest had been attempted there, and in comparison with this those *chefs-d'œuvre* were weak and conventional.

The composition illustrates the Hungarian custom which permits to a condemned criminal an opportunity of taking a last leave of his friends and acquaintances on the eve of his execution. This supreme moment, of higher psychological interest than the execution itself, is the one the young artist chose to de-

* In the photographs and prints by which it is generally known the picture is called by the title it bore in the catalogue of the Salon—*Le Dernier Jour d'un Condamné*.

In this connection, I cannot refrain from expressing my regret that the artist's earnest and justifiable request that the painting—at the time in Philadelphia—should be exhibited at the Centennial Exposition was not complied with. The refusal to allow it was the more ungracious, as the commercial value of the picture had increased to quite ten times the price paid for it in 1869. The original purchaser, whose death was a loss to Art, would have been the first to wish it placed where it would have been seen so effectively.

pict. The scene is a cavernous cell, illumed by a pallid light from above struggling through a grated hole in the middle of the composition—a gloomy apartment, distinct in its *clair-obscur* as a Rembrandt, in which the lighted candles on the table before the prisoner burn dimly. Between these candles stands a crucifix: the table is covered with a white cloth. Behind it sits the condemned man, his fist clenched and his pale face, on which a haggard despair, almost resignation, broods, turned to the spectator. His burning eyes, looking out from under a mass of dishevelled black hair, stare fixed and hopeless into the unknown and terrible future. His foot is manacled with a chain fastened by a staple in the wall. Behind him, leaning partly on his musket and partly against a pillar, stands a sentry, an Austrian soldier, looking on the scene with stolid official indifference. The condemned is obviously no hardened sinner, no every-day murderer, but a poor wretch whom in an evil hour his guardian angel had abandoned: most likely one of those outlawed brigands whom political troubles or destiny have forced into a course of life which brings them into conflict with the law. Near him stands his weeping wife, her head turned against the wall, incapable of giving the consolation she has wished to bring—heart-broken and desolate herself. Between them, awestruck yet unconscious, stands their child, its little hand in its mouth, gazing into vacancy. Anything more touching and tragic than this group of the three principal actors of the drama it would be impossible to conceive. The left of the picture is filled with unsurpassed character-figures, on whose countenances the most differing shades of emotion are expressed. There are the friends, whose faces exhibit sorrow only, the calm observer, the secret sympathizer and perhaps accomplice, and the one who had predicted it would come to this. There are morbid curiosity and shrinking horror. A young mother with a child in her arms looks pityingly on, and has brought with her other children, may-

be to teach them the lesson of the frightful example. Nearer is a boy shrinking back from the prisoner, and nearer still a youth on whose shoulder an old woman leans: blood-relatives these or intimate friends. A tall and brawny-armed smith, looking his sympathy, stands in the foreground, and beside him, timidly curious, a young and beautiful girl with a basket. An old man with a fine head gazes reflectively mournful in the background; and behind, at an open door, a group of gossips croon their observations to one another. On the floor of the cell is a basin half full of copper coins—contributions made for the benefit of the dying man's family or his soul—and a book, probably a missal, which in a moment of passion or impatience he has hurled from him.

The picture, so full of dramatic force and poetry, was not less admirable in execution, and was painted with a breadth of effect and a bold and facile virtuosity which were phenomenal in Düsseldorf. It was exhibited, when finished, in association with two other paintings by distinguished artists—Andreas Achenbach and Benjamin Vautier—for the benefit of a charity, and the exhibition-room was crowded by eager admirers as long as it was kept open, the other two paintings, excellent as they were, attracting slight attention in comparison with that bestowed upon this first important work of the youthful painter.

Nevertheless, it was with doubtful and anxious forebodings, which it required all my enthusiasm to allay, that, in compliance with the wish of the owner, Munkacsy sent his picture to the Paris Salon of 1870. He was as sad when the case in which it was packed was taken away as if it were a coffin, and remained wan and dejected for weeks after. The first news of its fate was brought by the foremost art-dealer in the world, Goupil, who posted from Paris to the Rhine the day after the École des Beaux Arts opened its doors for the private view. He came to hail the rising star, and to offer, in vain, thrice the price for which the picture had been sold. He ransacked the painter's atelier and bid fabulous prices

for sketches and studies. He departed disappointed, but not until he had contracted for a number of future works. Others followed on like errands. Munkacsy awoke, like Byron, to find himself famous.

When the Exhibition opened I accompanied him to Paris to share his triumph with him. In effect, he was the lion of the year. His picture shared with Regnault's *Salome* the admiration of the public and the applause of the critics. "Cham" caricatured it, and predicted what happened—that it would receive the gold medal. The greatest French painters welcomed Munkacsy in their midst, especially Meissonier and Fortuny, of whom and their ateliers, which we visited together, I have the most pleasant recollections.

He was not spoiled in the least by the compliments and attentions he received on all hands, but remained as modest and simple as before, hunting up old comrades of Munich and Düsseldorf in studios around the Boulevard de Clichy, interesting himself in their work, and using his influence for their benefit with the connoisseurs and dealers whose acquaintance he made. One characteristic incident occurred. Munkacsy was always neatly and well dressed, even when the world went hardest with him. He never looked other than a gentleman himself, nor could he excuse slovenly and foul apparel in others. One day he invited Leibl—a great brawny Bavarian, with a shell like an oyster's and a heart like a pearl, but careless as a Communard of dress and linen—to dine with him; but when his guest descended into the street in a wide-awake hat and a soiled blouse, Munkacsy refused to walk beside him unless he changed his costume, which Leibl, with a stare and a colossal burst of laughter, refused to do. A compromise was brought about, by which the two friends went by different routes to the restaurant.

His first thought, when ready to leave Paris, was to revisit his fatherland and share with his sisters, his good old uncle and other friends in Békes-Esaba the pleasure of his triumph, and, I doubt

not, to divide also with them the pecuniary results. Not only at home, but in Pesth and other towns, he was warmly welcomed and fêted; and he returned to Düsseldorf with a ribbon in his buttonhole among other trophies.

A new work had been already commenced, a pendant in size to the first, and, like it, an illustration of an episode of Hungarian life, ordered by one of the disappointed suitors for that picture—James Staats Forbes, Esq., of London. It was called *Krieges-Zeit* (*War-Time*), and was a reminiscence of that wild revolutionary period which had so sorrowfully impressed itself upon his youthful mind. It disclosed a large room in an Hungarian country-house, where, around a long table, the women of the village, of high and low degree, children, the aged and the invalid, were occupied in picking lint for the wounded. While thus employed a young and maimed Honved, his face pale with recent suffering and his uniform bearing the stains of the bivouac and the battle-field, was recounting the story of the latest engagement with flashing eye and outstretched arm. His hearers seemed affected each after his or her temperament. The old veteran's face in the background lighted up with patriotic memories. The wan, deformed invalid, plucking with nervous fingers at his bit of rag, looked with impatient admiration and envy at the narrator who had been fortunate enough to be wounded for his country. One girl is weeping. (I have changed the tense, for I am looking at the original cartoon as I write.) One mother is gazing anxiously expectant into a void which is peopled, maybe, by images of husband and son in the midst of the fight. An old grandmother is picking mechanically, lost in early recollections. A child empties the snowy contents of her apron into a basket; and a lady in black—an officer's wife or widow—sits with her hands folded in her lap, her sad fair face turned toward the eloquent soldier, pensively listening. As a subject this work might be less dramatic than its predecessor, but it was not less full of subtly-conceived psychological studies

and purport. As a work of art merely it exhibited, if not improvement, at least a power equally sustained and genuine.

Before Munkacsy returned from his tour in Hungary war-times had again come round, and the hands, rough and tender, of German women become familiar with the occupation of their sisters in his picture. That France we had so recently visited under such happy circumstances was being rent and ravaged. Our artist-friends of the German colony, with whom we had passed such pleasant days in Paris, were exiles and fugitives from their ateliers. Most of our other acquaintances were in the army, among them young painters who as *freiwillige* had exchanged the mahlstock for the lance and the palette-knife for the sabre. The people of the Rhineland, who had been at first shocked, sad and alarmed, were now almost delirious with joy at the unexpected success of their arms, and we foreigners in their midst, who felt only a moderate sympathy with this exultation, becoming daily more isolated, were drawn the closer together in consequence.

Munkacsy lived up to his income. Young and ardent, the confidence he felt in himself and his future already justified by success, no thought of economy or of accumulation entered his mind. He discounted Fortune and exacted from her the immediate fulfilment of her promises. On his return to Düsseldorf he quitted his old atelier in the Ritter Burg—a barrack in a squalid quarter, inhabited by Bohemians and poor mechanics now, but which, as its name indicates, had been in old times a stately mansion in a noble faubourg, and had sheltered bold knights and lovely dames. He fitted up, in a building formerly occupied by Leutze in the Hofgarten, a studio which was the envy and admiration of his colleagues. He purchased bric-à-brac, tapestries, exquisite Sèvres and old masters. He moved into handsomer lodgings, and gave frequent entertainments to his friends, for whom, a water-drinker himself, he caused to be sent him from home cases of Hungarian wines, the vintages of Ofen and Tokai.

We met daily at dinner at the table-

d'hôte of the Breidenbacher Hof, presided over by the genial Capellen, prince of landlords. During the early months of the war our table-society was a small but very select one, consisting almost entirely of *abonnées*, most of whom were government officials, assessors, counsellors and the like, with an occasional military guest. Travellers there were none, strangers were rare. The railways were employed almost exclusively by the war department for the movement of troops and supplies to the army in the front, and for the return of the wounded and the transportation of continually increasing hosts of prisoners-of-war. One day, going as usual to dinner, I observed a crowd of riffraff and children collected about the hotel-door, many of them hooting and all of them more or less noisy. On entering I discovered the explanation: the antechamber was full of French uniforms, worn by bronzed, sad-looking, yet dignified gentlemen, many of them with a bandage under the kepi or an arm in a sling. They were captives of Gravelotte and Mars le Tour, the first convoy of officers which had arrived. They were all travel- and battle-stained, and, being destitute of baggage, were compelled to wear the uniforms which had inspired the curiosity and excited the mockery of the vulgar populace. All were of high military or social rank, which accounted for their being permitted to lodge at an hotel instead of a caserne. They dined at the table-d'hôte, a little apart from the usual guests, who scowled more or less at them, and their tuniques and gold lace gave an unwonted color and animation to the scene.

A few days later I found Munkacsy, who did not speak or understand French at that time, carrying on a difficult interview with one of the newly-arrived guests. The stranger, a general, did not know a word of German, but, having by some means discovered who my friend was, was complimenting him with great volubility on his picture at the recent Salon. The incident led to our making many pleasant acquaintances among the captive officers, and was destined remotely to have an im-

portant influence upon Munkacsy's career.

In a short time we were on terms of friendliest intercourse with the unfortunate strangers, stimulated by sympathy and a mutual interchange of hospitalities. On Christmas Day we invited several of them to dine with us at our hotel, where, at the table-d'hôte, one of our guests recognized an old friend, to whom he presented us, and by whom in turn we were presented to his wife, who accompanied him. He was the Baron de Marches, a Luxembourg gentleman of distinguished appearance, who, having served in the Austrian army as colonel of hussars, was able to converse with Munkacsy in his native tongue. His wife, very much younger than himself, was exceedingly handsome, spoke German fluently, and by her frank *esprit* and amiability lent a charm to the dinner which was the more delightful from not having been anticipated. A warm

friendship between Baron de Marches and Munkacsy was commenced on this day, and continued unbroken until the former's death, which took place in 1872. In 1874 his charming widow, who had inherited property in Luxembourg and Paris, became Madame Munkacsy.

Another entertainment of less importance in its results was given at his studio by Munkacsy a few weeks later, and may be alluded to without indiscretion as an illustration of Bohemian artist-life and of the original hospitality of the entertainer. It scandalized the Düsseldorfers, more on political than moral grounds, and perhaps, above all, because beyond the fact of its occurrence they knew nothing whatever about it.

The card of invitation was surmounted by armorial bearings—a palette gutty, gules, az., et cet.; crest, a sheaf of pencils proper; with two models as supporters. It read:



*M. Munkacsy a l'honneur d'informer
M. John R. Tait*

*qu'il restera chez lui le Mercredi soir à huit heures.
à son atelier. On dansera sans musique.
L'habille noir n'est pas de rigueur mais on pourra fumer
Düsseldorf le 18 Jan 1871.*

R. W. R.

A dozen distinguished warriors and two civilians — Ladislav de Paal and my-

self—received and accepted the bizarre invitation.

The large atelier was decorated for the fête, and could not have been arranged more picturesquely. The walls, hung with old tapestries, were relieved by gleaming armor and rare china, and on easels in the background were the paintings on which our host was engaged at the time. A table with thirty covers, bright with crystal and gay with flowers, filled the centre of the room. The guests arrived almost together, and when a few moments later they took their places at the board an inquiring glance was cast at the vacant seats which separated each one from his neighbor, and toward the host, who for answer only smiled and bade the servants fill the glasses. This done, he gave a sign to one, who threw open the door. A slight murmur of giggling voices was heard, and in rushed a bevy of laughing girls, clad in costumes more or less fantastical of peasants and of ladies of differing eras and various countries. The gentlemen welcomed them with shouts of surprised mirth, and the secret of the empty chairs was explained. The dinner was then served. The new arrivals were not ladies nor fairies, albeit they served the *genius loci*. They were only models, the prettiest the city afforded, the originals of hundreds of pictures from Madonnas to Margarets, and in their attire, mediæval or rococo—genuine robes and petticoats which had been worn by real countesses and real peasants in their day—they completed the brilliancy of the *coup d'œil*. The eyes of old generals and colonels sparkled as their little enemies took their places beside them, and roars of laughter followed the futile attempts at conversation which ensued. There was an interchange of comment and compliment, unintelligible indeed to the recipients in most cases, but not the less amusing. The fresh young faces supplemented the flowers, brightened the *mise en scène*, made the gayety general and prevented the guests from breaking up into separate groups. The witches disappeared as suddenly as they had come soon after the first cigarette was rolled or Havana lighted, and a dozen French gen-

tlemen had learned each a word or two of German and had forgotten captivity for an hour.

When the war was over Munkacsy accompanied his friend Baron de Marches, who had property-interests to look after, to Paris, where they arrived a day or two after the death-struggle of the Commune, while the ruins of the Hôtel de Ville and the Tuileries yet smouldered, and the houses along the boulevards, pitted as by smallpox with musket-balls or gaping in huge rents where shells had exploded, bore witness to the recent horrors. While there he met and was warmly welcomed by many of the officers who had returned from their captivity, and the intention he had formed the year before of making Paris his future home was revived.

Unfinished work recalled him to Düsseldorf, however, greatly to his disgust, as he wrote me. A professorship at the Academy of Weimar was offered to and declined by him, and, notwithstanding other inducements were held out to retain him, he left Germany a few months later to settle permanently in the French capital, where he opened a charming atelier in the Rue de Lisbonne.

Here, in 1873, I visited him, and could not help being impressed by the vivid contrasts of his career. The waif of an Hungarian village and apprentice of a humble carpenter had become in ten years only, by force of genius, tireless industry and iron will, the acknowledged equal of the greatest modern masters, the intimate of the most *recherché* salons, the companion of princes. Still young, "the handsomest artist in Paris," *décoré* and on the high road to fame and fortune, he was unchanged in heart and mind—as modest and as simple in mien and manner as when struggling and poor he painted in the old Ritter Burg. "It often happens that laurels early gathered poison the effort of him who wins them," said a countryman of his. With Munkacsy this has not been the case.

For the past five years his career has been a triumphal march. New medals and renewed applause have rewarded his successive contributions to the Salon.

When the artists of Paris, just before his death, gave a *médaille d'honneur* to the veteran Corot, Munkacsy was the one selected to make the presentation. The two embraced—the old man the type of the last generation, the youth a leader of the present. His paintings, sought for by connoisseurs all over the world, are becoming well known in America, where indeed his *chefs-d'œuvre* are owned—the *Síralomház* and the *Village Wrestler*, the latter in Mr. Gibson's gallery in Philadelphia, and *Milton dictating Paradise Lost*, purchased out of the last Exposition for the Lennox Library in New York.

Besides other important works—*The Mont de Piété*, *The Night-Wanderers*, *The Studio*, etc., etc., each of which would merit description—Munkacsy has painted many portraits and landscapes of exquisite beauty—dreary "pusta" motives, gypsy encampments, horse-mills, hay-fields—for the most part simple subjects, low in tone and full of poetry and the breath of Nature.

When the writer last saw him, in 1876, he was about removing into an hôtel he had just built, adjoining the drawings of Meissonier and Goupil, in the aristocratic artist quarter of the Parc Monceau, where his atelier promised to be one of the "sights" of Paris. He was then still in the Rue de Lisbonne, where Madame Munkacsy (whose portrait with his own is in the picture of *The Studio*) presided with perfect grace and hospitality over a salon filled with poets, artists and ambassadors, and related charming stories of adventures in Hungary and Italy on their recent *voyage de nocés*.

Munkacsy is fond of literature, and has himself contributed many articles of merit to Hungarian periodicals. His favorite British poet is Burns; American, Edgar Poe; and Hungarian, Petövi, the last of whom, comparatively unknown to Eng-

lish readers, deserves better translators than he has found. In his present position he is as liberal as a grand seigneur: in less prosperous days he was generous to a fault, not only to countrymen of his own in distress—of whom he had more than one pensioner—not only to friends, but wherever there was poverty to mitigate or distress to console. Many is the hour I have seen him give to some poor devil of a painter, correcting the drawing of an indifferent work, painting as carefully on some unfortunate canvas as on one of his own, putting effect and life and color into a dead design, in order to aid the unsuccessful neighbor: this, too, when he himself could ill afford the time it cost.

In the foregoing pages the writer has attempted to sketch a career which, it may be hoped, as yet in its beginning, and from which in the future still greater results may be expected—a career, so far, not merely of curious vicissitudes, but of heroism, and full of lessons of example and encouragement. Munkacsy found his way without groping: he was original from the very first, and his success illustrates the poet's maxim:

Greift nur hinein ins volle Menschenleben!

Wo ihr es packt, da ist's interessant!

In an age when art too frequently ministers to a depraved sensualism or an epicene sentimentality, and delights in barbaric decoration, in brutal realism, and in the delineation of morbid sensations or trivial anecdotes, it is refreshing and worthy of note to witness the recognition this young Hungarian has obtained by works which are drawn from the pure fresh inspiration of Nature, and which, while far from being didactic or *tendenzsißs*, seldom fail to leave in the beholder the impression of a high moral aim and noble impulse.

JOHN R. TAIT.

THE COLONEL'S VENTURE.

EVERYBODY in Richmond knows the game which Colonel Page played for a wife, but outside of Virginia the colonel and his adventures are but little known. Every section has its peculiar human as well as vegetable growths; and Vandevour Page is a full-flavored fruit, indigenous only in the soil which yields the goober-nut and chinquapin.

The idea of this *coup de théâtre* was suggested to him one raw day in early summer, while he was dining with old Doctor Waring. It was at an old-fashioned inn in the drowsy Maryland town of Cumberland—a barren social beach whereon the doctor and certain other worn-out hulks of the fashionable world lay stranded. He had telegraphed to the colonel to come up on urgent business, but the colonel, as usual, was a day or two behind time. He had, indeed, never been in a hurry in all his life. You could easily guess that Vandevour Page had been a fat, thick-skinned baby, gorging its milk sluggishly and pinching its nurse with a vicious chuckle. He had grown into the stout, swarthy man that was seated by the window of the inn to-day, too lazy to be vicious or to chuckle: his voice was low in pitch and deliberate; his black eyes turned slowly from the rain without to the little doctor opposite with the cynical patience with which he held off the world. There was nothing noticeable in this military middle-aged gentleman, clad in a full suit of white linen, with knobs of red gold on his breast and sleeves; yet you noticed him. He absorbed the air of the room. Something which was either real power or an admirable stage-imitation of it made the grizzled colonel a marked man in every company.

He stirred a mayonnaise on his plate, his eyes critically half shut and his thick lips pursed: "Just give dat five minutes on de ice, my man.—I'm surprised you don't import your own sauces, Waring."

"Bless you, Vandevour, I've no pal-

ate," said the doctor, who had watched him dine with an amused curiosity on his mild, washed-out visage. "Beef or mutton, it all tastes alike to me. Give me fried chicken and Virginia waffles, and I'll eat them the year round."

"No doubt," wiping his lips with the corner of his napkin and smoothing his heavy moustache. "Den dese quarters must suit you very well. Let me see: de last meal I ate in Cumberland was in '61—a cold bone of mutton and dry bread at dat very table, sah—two o'clock in de mohnin'. I was taken prisoner out on de Cheat. After supper I was hauled into a train full of Yankee soldiers. Pah! I can smell de air of dat cyar now."

"You were taken prisoner several times, Vandevour?"

The colonel scowled at him suspiciously. It had been a joke in Richmond that Van Page always was taken prisoner just before a battle.

But the joke, if he had ever heard it, had long ago faded out of the mild little doctor's mind. "Yes, I remember," he pattered on, "you were very unlucky. And your wife begged your exchange from Stanton? She was Anna Taylor—the Botetourt Taylors—yes, yes. Confounded plucky thing to do!"

"Poor Anna! I've found how hollow de worl' is, doctor, sence she went out of it." And the colonel's eye gathered a darker gloom and he filled up his glass of brandy. Whether he gave you the time of day or took a chew of tobacco, this man always so bore himself that you felt him to be one whom Fate had wronged. He could prove to you, an he would, that life was bitter as ashes—if you were a man, by a volley of red-hot oaths against the United States, against Jeff Davis, etc., etc.; if you were a woman, by sentimental quotations from the poets, such as are in favor with freshmen at college. His women-friends (and he always had a large feminine "following") thought that he resembled Poe.

Young Poes, who gambled, tippled and made love with cynical gloom, swarmed in Virginia about thirty years ago, when Page was at college, just as embryo Byrons once did in England and Werthers in Germany. They have grown middle-aged now with the colonel: they make up a small distinctive class; their talk runs in layers of coarse sensuality and weak romance: they have a talent for everything but decency and work. It is they who fill the air with lamentations over the departed glory of the South; the raven of despair seldom takes its beak from out their hearts; they look down with a lofty scorn on their neighbors who have gone to work heartily to help themselves.

The doctor, who was used to this melancholy genus, paid no attention to Page's moods. The condition of his own liver had always interested the gentle old beau much more than that of the South.

"I sent for you to come up in haste, Van," he said. "I'm failing: you noticed that I was failing, eh?" fingering his eye-glasses and eying the colonel anxiously.

"Nonsense! You might pass for a lad of twenty, wid your figger and step. And as for dress, I don't know what de boys in Washington will do widout you, doctor, to give dem a hint how clothes should be worn."

"Well, yes," glancing complacently down at his natty little figure, "I do know how a coat should be built. But I've given up all that now. I sent for you to make my will, Vandevour."

"Anoder? How many is dat? Six, I believe. Let me see. By de last you lef' de whole estate to found a college for pore boys in Richmond."

"That was a piece of folly: let them go to trades or to digging. That puppy Salter, who swindled me out of the mare last week, is one of your poor boys hocus-pocused into a gentleman. No: I've had enough of your self-made men."

"Oh, very well: I never fancied dem myself. What a pity you've no kins-folk, Waring!"

"I don't know: I can do as I please, anyhow. I've not a fortieth cousin to

contest the will. I'll tell you what I'm going to do, Page. You remember Resley?" with a pause of nervous hesitation.

"Your son? Oh yes. Res and I were chums at college," said the colonel gravely.

"You know he never married. But there was a girl that he would have married if he had lived. I'll leave every dollar I have to her. Now, don't say a word: I've made up my mind."

"I am not saying a word. But I must confess— Who is de young lady?"

"One of the Chappells—Virginia Mary Chappell."

"A good old Prince George's family. Well, when shall we draw up de will, doctor? To-morrow mornin'?"

"No time like the present. Come to my room," briskly. This funereal business put a certain exhilaration into his feeble veins. He was still of importance, after all: even on the edge of the grave he could thrust his fingers into other men's fortunes, to make or mar them.

The colonel, his keen eyes half shut, followed the dapper little figure down the hall with deliberate, heavy steps. "She's not married?" he drawled.

The old man stopped short, startled: "I don't know. But I don't care a damn whether she is or not," he stammered after a moment. "Res liked her."

"Very well. But it must be specified in de will dat de money's hers, married or single. Now that I think of it, I've heard of dis Miss Chappell, an' she's a spinster still. She was down visitin' de Weldons on de Blue Ridge dis winter. George Kerr's plantation is next to Weldon's, an' he tole me about her."

"George spoke well of her, I'm sure?" anxiously. "Everybody must approve my action in the matter. I think it's a little more than just, Page? It's chivalric, eh?"

"It is what I should expect from a Waring, sah. Is dis your room? Let's to work, den."

It was early in June when Doctor Waring made his will. In July of the same year, on a sultry afternoon, Colonel Page alighted from the train at

Oakland, a little mountain-town not far from the summit of the Blue Ridge, shook off the dust with an impatient stamp or two, and looked anxiously up the steep, weedy street. The portly colonel, loaded with rod, game-bag and gun, monopolized the little platform with his self-conscious swagger. Suddenly he hurried forward: "Ah, Kerr! dis is kyind! I didn't expect you to come twenty miles to meet me."

Kerr, a thin, sandy-colored young fellow with a watchful "no-you-won't" expression in his face, very like that of a Scotch collie, shook hands civilly: "I did not come to meet you: I came for groceries. Mr. Weldon asked me to bring you up: he received your letter last night."

Something in Kerr's calm, guarded tones always irritated the warm-blooded colonel at the outset. But for reasons of his own he chose to be effusively cordial with the disagreeable young man. "Dese your traps?" he said, stooping to lift a keg of sugar into the Jersey wagon. "Hyar's my trunk." He climbed nimbly up to the front seat. "Good team for farm-work, Kerr: you always had a keen eye for horse-flesh."

"These are Weldon's horses."

"And dis is his kerridge, eh? Pore devil! Why, Dick used to drive de best blood in Richmond, sah. Had as good a hand on de reins as de cyards. De war made an end of de Weldons, same as de rest of us. Damnation! When I tink of Dick reduced to a Jersey wagon—"

"He drives a plough generally," said Kerr dryly.

"You don't mean it? Was de ruin as total as dat?"

"Get up, Fan!—I shouldn't call it ruin. Mr. Weldon took up a hundred acres of timber-land in '66, built a log house and went to work. Now he weighs two hundred pounds, has no time to gamble, and pays his debts—more than was ever said of any Weldon before him."

The colonel glanced furtively at his companion. Kerr's mother, he remembered, was a Yankee school-teacher. Naturally, he was too fond of making money to appreciate the finer feelings of a gentleman. He waived the subject

easily. "I hope I sha'n't inconvenience Dick by my visit?" he said. "I volunteered it. I haven't seen him for years. He's not so pore that he has had to give up de old hospitality?"

"No."

"Any oder visitors dere?"

"Only one—Miss Chappell."

Page's eyes glittered, but he said carelessly, "I don't think I know her. What's her given name?"

"Virginia—Virginia M."

"Dere was a young lady of dat name to whom Resley Waring was engaged?"

Kerr did not answer for a full minute, and then spoke with an effort which did not escape the colonel: "It may be the same: I don't know. Miss Chappell is a very beautiful woman, and, I have heard, has had a long succession of lovers."

The colonel pulled his moustache: "Aha! Taken all de degrees in flirtation, eh? I like dat sort of a woman. Now boys like you, Kerr, prefer your rose-tinted, milk-teeth girls."

Kerr made no reply, but Page chuckled as he glanced at his face. "So-ho! De land lies dat way?" he said to himself. "Well, you're not a rival who will trouble me, I fancy.—De truth is," he said aloud, suddenly changing the subject, "I'm completely run down. I want a breath of mountain-air. I was overworked in Richmond, and den I was summoned to pore ole Waring's deathbed—"

"Waring? The doctor?"

"Yes. Died last week. 'Beauty Waring' he used to be called twenty years ago. A man of froth and fashion. Nothin' in him, sah," snapping his thumb. "Oh, he's been known in Washington for generations. You'd always find de latest fashions hung on his pore ole bones."

Kerr drove on in silence. "The doctor was very kind to me," he said presently, with unusual emphasis in his hard voice. "I came out of the war a boy of nineteen without money, or even a decent education. The doctor offered to lend me what seemed to me a fortune, simply because his son Res had been fond of me when I was a little chap. I did not take the money, but I never forgot it to the old man."

"You were flattened out, like de rest of us? How much money had you to begin life again?"

"Ten dollars," said Kerr, laughing. "It served."

"Good luck to you, my boy!" said the colonel heartily. Like all Southerners, he had a keen relish for any kind of pluck. "What luck have you had so far, George?"

"Just such as can be made out of hard, steady work. I camped right down here in the woods. It's been a matter of pennies, not dollars. I've begun stock-raising in a small way. There's a sure fortune in that for a man with capital."

"But you haven't de capital. Which of us has?"

"There's my place," said Kerr, pointing with his whip to a clearing and a comfortable cabin. An old man and woman were at work in the garden. "That is the extent of my farm-hands, two old servants of my father's." A small flock of sheep were grazing in the field. "Yes, a man with a little money could reap gold out of sheep in that pasturage," said Kerr, his gray eye kindling as he motioned with his whip over the great plateau.

They had now reached the top of the Backbone of the Alleghanies, a level ridge rising above wooded heights. An unbroken stillness reigned in the vast green forests of whitened chestnuts which sank down from them on every side; faint lines of yellow mist on the far horizon showed where the watercourses crept; over all, the sky, a vivid, brilliant blue, tinged at the horizon with saffron.

"Very pretty country, Kerr. Blue grass—plenty of mast. I should go into hogs and increase dat flock of sheep, if I were you, an' your fortune's made."

"I wish I could."

"Marry money, lad," watching him furtively through his half-shut eye. "Dis Miss Chappell, now? Lost all in de war, I reckon?"

"No," said Kerr. "She is counted a rich woman, as times go—about three thousand a year." There was a significant dryness in his tone.

The horses turned into a natural park

extending to the highest point of the mountain, and passed through aisles of oaks and chestnuts to a large house set about with airy porches of unbarked wood.

"Pretty well done, for a woman," said Kerr.

"What woman?"

"Mrs. Polly Weldon. She's been the farmer, architect and carpenter, and her husband the tool. She's been up to-day since three o'clock in the morning in the kitchen, the garden and the barnyard; and there she is," nodding to a plump, soft-eyed little lady in delicate muslin who waited smiling on the upper step.

Dick, her husband, who had grown enormously stout, came up with a vociferous welcome. A shy little girl stood apart among the shrubbery. Kerr glanced eagerly around. Down by the river, in the hammock under the walnuts, he caught sight of Miss Chappell's yellow gown. He hurried down to her, almost knocking over little Dolly Weldon among the lilacs in his haste. His courtship of Miss Chappell (if courtship it was) had dragged cautiously all through the winter at a snail's pace, but there was no time to lose now. He must touch her, look into her eyes—get some actual hold over her, in short—before she even exchanged glances with this Colonel Page.

Miss Chappell, peeping through the hammock, laughed. She had read at a glance the meaning of the haste, the heat in the high-featured face—high-featured and sandy and cold. Bah-h! She shivered lazily. Why, it had been lifeless as an India-rubber mask, facing her all summer in the fields, over the card-table. The blood was coming into it now, eh? If all she had heard of Vandevour Page were true, he needed but a day's vantage to stir jealousy in even the watery blood of this man. Miss Chappell, like most Virginia women, was a clever card-player, but her game in life was to play one man against another.

Mr. Kerr, coming up, saw that she had dressed for the colonel's eye. The pale yellow cashmere clung closely to her delicate, rounded figure as she lay in the brown web of the hammock gently sway-

ing to and fro. One bare dimpled arm was thrown languidly over her head among the soft curls: she looked at him through her half-closed liquid eyes without speaking. The sunlight and shadow flickered over her: a red leaf, grown old too soon, fluttered slowly down through the warm air and rested in the white swelling bosom. It was a picture which an artist would have looked on with delight, but George Kerr was not an artist.

He sat down upon a log and regarded her calmly. "She does not look more than seventeen," he thought, "yet in her old wrappers I would not give her a day less than forty."

The liquid eyes gathered a little sharpness in their furtive watch. Kerr was the first man who had been able to stand aloof and play the critic with Virginia Chappell; and for that single reason he had won from her hate, interest, love—whichever you may please to call it. He was poor, out of society, homely, but still of more worth to her than all other men besides. Simply because she could not conquer him she had exiled herself to this social Siberia all winter. She looked forward to the coming flirtation with Colonel Page as a reward which she had somehow earned through exceeding virtue, but not even the zest of that intoxicating cup could make her neglect her real object.

"Am I late? must I go in?" holding out one hand for him to help her rise.

He took the hand—a warm, sensuous hand, rose-tinted and dimpled—and held it in both his own.

"No. Stay with me a moment."

Miss Chappell sank back and looked up at him. He still held the hand, and regarded it.

A warm glow rose to her throat and face. On her fore finger she wore a fine opal ring. Kerr was looking at that. "It is worth ten of Smith's best imported ewes," he thought; and then he laid her hand down and his thoughtful gaze fell to the ground. "Ten ewes ought to yield in a year—allowing for loss in lambs—"

But what infernal stuff was that? It was not the ring: it was the whole in-

come—three thousand a year! Instead of this grubbing and ploughing, a straight road to ease and fortune.

As for the companion, most men would not quarrel with that encumbrance. He turned to her with a flash of significant meaning in his eyes. She was good-tempered, cheerful, an expert housekeeper, like all the Prince George's girls. As for these coquettish ways, marriage would cure her of all that. She might be a trifle older than he, but—

Meanwhile, the young lady knew by intuition that she had been put in the balances and was being weighed, but her blood did not quicken by the beat of a pulse.

"Here is Colonel Page coming to find me," she said, scarcely moving her lips.

It was Kerr who presented the gallant colonel to Miss Chappell, yet he received somehow the impression that they had known each other for a long time. This was not true. It was only the swift glance of recognition which Greek gives to Greek. Page was not in full possession of his usual gallant suavity. This was the woman who he purposed should fill the place of the departed Anna Taylor. His first glance was anxious and critical: "Better preserved than I expected. Preserved? By George, an absolute beauty!"

He could hardly refrain from rubbing his hands. He had looked for *soupe maigre*, and here was a dish of terrapin and the rarest of wine!

He stood, hat in hand, as they talked, deferential as a Catholic before the Virgin's altar, the sun lighting up effectively his handsome face and jetty moustache. Not a point in the picture before him was lost to his searching eye.

George Kerr looked at it too: when she rose, it was to Kerr that Miss Chappell gave her hand, and she leaned on him as they walked to the house. His cool eye passed over the lovely face, the yielding form, but he would have felt quite as lively an interest in inspecting the horns and fleece of one of his merino sheep; and she knew it.

When Miss Chappell and the colonel

went up the steps of the porch, Mr. Kerr turned abruptly toward home. Mrs. Weldon stood in the wide hall, which was set about with chintz-covered lounges. The little girl of the shrubbery and a couple of dogs occupied one of them.

"My daughter," said Mrs. Weldon, "this is Colonel Page, papa's old friend."

The colonel bowed low. This sweet baby-face reminded him of strawberries and cream, as Miss Chappell had done of wine. His appetite usually gave the flavor to his imagination. "I have wished to know you, Miss Weldon, a long time," he said, dropping his voice to his softest tones, his eyes on the child's pretty round arms.

"I am always glad to know any of papa's friends," said Miss Dolly, who had an odd, courteous little dignity of her own. As he talked to her mother she quietly inspected him, and the colonel grew restive under the steady blue eyes. He was sure that they saw the false teeth, the padding, the dyed whiskers, and much that was false than dye or padding underneath. He was relieved when she left the hall, followed by her dogs. She had a firm, determined step, he observed, very different from Miss Chappell's long, loping saunter.

When Dolly reached the porch she saw Kerr going toward the gate: running through the bushes, she met him there: "Are you going, George? What is the matter? Something has happened to worry you? Stay for supper. There are rice waffles: I made them myself."

Kerr laughed, scowling at the same time: "I believe in my soul women think all a man's troubles can be cured by a good meal."

"It has its effect usually," nodding. "But if your pain is too deep for rice waffles to touch, pray don't let me detain you," opening the gate.

But Kerr did not pass through the gate. He leaned with both arms on the fence, looking at her. Her head was turned away and her color was heightened. He had long fancied that Dolly suspected his intentions toward Miss Chappell: now he was suddenly sure of it.

"She shall not think so meanly of me.

Dolly Weldon suppose that I would sell myself for money!" raged this irrational young man to himself, although twenty minutes before he certainly had reckoned as his own not only Miss Chappell, but all her belongings, from quarterly dividends to fine opal. It seemed to him now as if Miss Chappell were quite out of the world.

"You misjudge me very much, Dolly," he said in a low aggrieved tone. "You often misjudge me lately."

She said nothing, but flashed a shy, glad glance at him, and then looked down the road again. Kerr's eyes were fixed on her. He did not know that he was not talking. They were often silent in this way together, though sometimes they had so much to say that there was no time for it all. Kerr had made a companion of the little girl since she was a child: she knew all his affairs, from the profits of the last crop to the trouble with the black ewe's legs. He had fallen into the habit, too, of looking at his little companion just as he would at a rose or running water or anything which stung his nerves with unaccountable pleasure. He was a practical, shrewd business fellow, as anybody could see at a glance; yet, leaning on the gate there in the quiet of the summer evening, the shadows of her brown hair lying in thick curls on her neck, the steady blue light in her eyes, filled him with a slow deep sense of rapture. Her hand (not a white, soft hand, for Dolly was used to hard work) grasped the top of the gate. Why could he not touch it? Within the last year she had seemed to him something sacred, set apart. Yet how absurd that was, when for years he used to ride her on his knee and carry her to the hayfield!

Dolly began to talk in a constrained way about his lambs and the fruit-crop. She was as learned in sheep-husbandry as town-girls are in bric-à-brac, and as skilful in canning and preserving as they are in painting pottery. For the rest, the child had a pleasant little voice for ballad-singing, and she and Kerr on winter evenings read aloud the usual volumes found in a Virginia planter's bookcases—old *Spectators* and Boswell's *Johnson*

and Marion Harland, with an odd paper novel now and then.

When she began to talk of the lambs Kerr answered eagerly enough. His sheep lay very near that young man's heart: "There are two of them ailing, Dolly. I wish you could look at them and tell me what you think. Patsy has them in the kitchen."

But Dolly did not offer to go over to the kitchen. She had not been inside his house for a year, though she had climbed over the rafters when it was built, and run in and out for years afterward as freely as her dogs did still.

"Do you remember how you carried home a sick lamb once, and nursed it for me?" he said.

She nodded. There was a silence.

"You would not do that now. You never come to the house. You take very little interest in me now, Dolly."

Still no answer. Her face was turned away, but he saw her chin quiver, as it used to do before a fit of passionate tears.

"You used to be of such use, such comfort, to me! You were my little companion, my—helpmeet," stammering at the word.

She turned and looked directly at him. Tears? She was laughing instead, her face full of fun; but underneath he fancied a flash of angry scorn.

"I was a child then," she said.—"Come, Sport, it is time we were at home.—Good-night, George;" and with her quick, old-fashioned, womanish nod she left him and went up the lane to the house.

Kerr looked after her. She was a child no longer. He crossed over to his cabin and went about his evening's work, foddering the stock, rubbing down the horses, weeding until dark in the tomato-beds. If he could only pay the few hundreds that he owed he would try to marry Dolly and bring her home here to share his poverty and hard work. He fancied the tidy little figure walking beside him, seated at the other side of the table at the urn, or here on the porch under the roses, the moonlight shining on the truthful, earnest face.

He stood upright, drawing his breath. He felt as if he were choking. The de-

light of it—the long, certain happiness for the rest of life!

And yet—good God!—what hard work it was! He had been grubbing for years to keep body and soul together. Dolly was as poor as himself. To marry her was to grub to the end, perhaps with a houseful of hungry children. If he had a little money, only a little, he could take time to study, to travel, to see other men and bring himself up to their level. Now he was sinking into a mere ploughman.

He had to stop weeding now, it had grown so dark. As he crossed the field to the cabin it occurred to him that three thousand dollars would pay off his debt to Passmore, furnish the house comfortably, and go far toward stocking the farm properly. Three thousand was but one year's income of—"that girl who wants to marry me, down yonder," he broke out aloud.

George Kerr was ordinarily gentle and courteous in even his secret thoughts of women. Now he felt brutal. "She has flung herself at my head, there's no doubt of it," he muttered. "What kind of a woman is she, to dress and pose for every man who comes along? If I marry her I'll put an end to her damned coquetry!" and he struck his hoe into the rafter as viciously as if he had aimed it at some sly, languishing face.

Before he had finished his solitary supper he had come to a cool, rational view of the matter. He would marry Miss Chappell. It was an important business affair, the great opportunity of his life. It meant ease, education, a place in the world. Too substantial goods these to be thrown away for a mere bit of sentiment, the touch of that dear hard little hand and the affection of a child.

So, good-bye, Dolly! good-bye, Dolly!

Mrs. Weldon drew her daughter aside that evening: "Do not run to the gate to coax George back, Dolly. You are not a child any more."

"No, I know, mamma. And yet—Papa tells me that in society in Old Virginia a girl of my age is a queen in her own right—that every man pays homage to her, as the colonel and—and other peo-

ple do to Miss Chappell. Nobody pays even respect to me: I am nothing but little Dolly Weldon."

Her father heard this outbreak. "Why did you try to provoke the child against George?" he said to his wife when they were alone that night, and he was seated in his great chintz arm-chair, his fat legs stretched out comfortably. "You know that he loves her, and we could not give her to a better fellow. George has all the good qualities of his Scotch grandfather: he's a good farmer and a fair Christian, and he'll be a faithful husband."

"Oh no doubt! Scotch grandfather, indeed!" said Mrs. Polly, unlacing her boots energetically. "It's his canniness that I detest. The fellow is ready to sell himself for Virginia Chappell's miserable pittance."

"Three thousand a year would tell, up in this wilderness," said Mr. Weldon deliberately.

"So would a shrewish, flirting wife." Mrs. Weldon set down the little boots with emphasis. "Why, the girl is worn out with the *grandes passions* she has gone through. And George Kerr will never touch a dollar of her money: it is all settled upon herself. She will take good care of the pennies, and of herself too—of that you may be sure."

"She is your guest, my dear."

"Have I been lacking in hospitality? She has tried it long enough, Gracious knows! But I'll not see Dolly's heart broken among them;" and the little woman brushed the tears from her plump cheeks and began to comb vehemently the soft iron-gray hair which hung about her shoulders.

Her husband stroked it gently: "No harm will come to the child, Polly. She's as good as gold. God will watch over her."

"So will I," said Mrs. Polly under her breath.

George Kerr went down into Maryland the next day to try and buy some stock on credit. He was gone for two weeks. He did not find his credit very good. People knew of his debt to Pass-

more, and knew, too, the exact value of his land, stock, etc.

"I can't pay Passmore until I make the money, and I can't make it without more stock," he told them, and argued cogently enough on the rapidity with which money grew when invested in sheep among the succulent grasses of the Blue Ridge. But he came home with empty pockets. At Cumberland he found a letter on business from Mr. Weldon awaiting him. At the close was the sentence (written under his wife's dictation)—"Colonel Page is still here. If he and our friend Virginia are not now engaged, there is every chance that they will be so. The colonel is as ardent in his wooing as a boy of twenty."

"There! that will bring him home tomorrow. That will help him to make up his mind whether it is money or love he wants," said Mrs. Polly.

It was while he was at dinner at the hotel that George received this letter. He grew suddenly quiet, like a man pushed into a corner to fight for life. He folded the letter into narrow creases, clinching each with some reflection on his own stupidity. Here was a fortune which had been thrust into his hand, and he had let it drop out for a puling bit of sentiment. The chance was gone now—gone!

"What's the matter with you, Kerr?" said Spalding, a young lawyer, seated near him at the table.

"Nothing. Business is bad."

"Just found that out? I thought you had heard that the Chaldeans had fallen upon your cattle, you grew into such a Job-like image of desperation."

Kerr turned his shoulder and ate his dinner in silence; but presently it occurred to him that the flippant young coxcomb might be of use. "Spalding," he said, "do you know Vandevour Page? Has the fellow any legitimate business? Or income?"

Spalding laughed and wiped his moustache: "As for income, the less said the better. But Van has a paying business on hand just now. I know all about that. Just six weeks ago he was seated at this very table with Doctor Waring—old

Beauty Waring, you know? Van came up to draw his will. Waring makes it; leaves all his property to a pretty woman his son Res had courted long ago: appoints the colonel executor; then Waring dies, and the colonel, with the will in his pocket, goes to find the pretty girl and marry her. By the last advices—"

"Who was the woman?" said Kerr, rising suddenly.

"Chappell's the name—Page told Lingard about it—Virginia Chappell."

"And she—no, thank you, I don't smoke—she has inherited the Waring estate?"

"Yes, and there's no better property this side of the Ridge: good investments—ready money—Oh, you're off? Good-morning."

Kerr took the express-train to Oakland, hired a buggy there, and drove at full speed up the mountains homeward. He met one or two farmers jogging to the mill, and nodded to them surlily. They stared after him. There was no more neighborly fellow on the Backbone than George, but to-day he held all the world at arm's length.

"They'll all say I sold myself for money. Damn them! what do I care what they say?"

But he felt like a whipped cur who deserved his whipping.

An hour after he reached home he came out carefully dressed, and went up to the Weldon house. As he shut his own gate it grated rustily: it needed a new hinge: he would put it on in the morning. Bah! When he came back he should have made his fortune. No need to be carpenter, ploughman, blacksmith, all in one, any longer. Kerr had not the slightest doubt of his success in wooing. A man of his shrewd sense is not likely to be mistaken in his own relations with a woman, however much he may misjudge the woman herself. As he went up the hill he anxiously tried to reconcile himself to this future wife. It was true she had little that was attractive in the way of looks, but she was the most amiable creature in the world. (The fact being that Virginia had a rare

quality of beauty and the temper of a wild-cat.) There was a kind of taint, an uncleanness, in her character to which he could not give a name. But he pooh-poohed that away. She was soft, malleable material: in a year he could make her just the sort of wife he pleased.

He was on the little log foot-bridge. There was Dolly's seat at the end: she used to sit there with her doll while he fished. He had himself thrown the log over the stream and built the handrail for the child's use. Here was Dolly's garden. Not a weed among the roses or violets, or even in the great beds of cucumbers. What a dainty, neat creature she was! That vine, with its airy springing grace and its pure pink flowers full of delicate perfume, was like Dolly. Kerr leaned over the fence, thoughtfully pulling his red beard, a smile in his eyes. He started back suddenly, and went up the hill. He would never come to this Weldon house again. He had been a fool, but the folly wrenched his heart yet as nothing had ever done. He would sell the farm, clear himself of all old associations, go to grape-raising in North Carolina or buy a ranch in California. Ah! here was Miss Chappell on the porch, with the colonel at her side. A few minutes would end it all.

Miss Chappell had seen him from the moment he left his own door. At last! She had held her mature, ardent lover at bay for a week, waiting for Kerr to come. As he came across the slope of grass now she weighed the two men, one against the other, according to her own scale of values.

As for money, both had empty pockets: no choice there. Social position was about the same. Undoubtedly, the colonel dressed better than his rival: she was sick of the sight of that baggy brown tweed coat of Kerr's. But then the tailor had a little too much to do with the making of the colonel: she glanced askance at the padding, the wig, the purplish dye of the moustache. Then, Kerr was young and—indifferent to her. That decided her. A slight movement of preparation passed over her recumbent figure: she turned her soft, lambent eyes

full on the stiff, erect young man who came up the steps. Colonel Page's breath came heavily as he looked at her, the picture she made so satisfied, satiated, his sense of beauty. Virginia never sat quite upright: she leaned now against a pillar draped with roses, her robe, as usual, some soft clinging stuff of pale yellow, her hair half uncoiled, her lap heaped with the great dark-red roses which grew about her. The colonel had told her a moment ago that she was the embodiment of the summer, its beauty, its languor and its passion.

She held out her hand to Kerr. It was a warm, moist hand, and disagreeable to him: he let it drop as he would have done a piece of wood.

"Mr. Weldon is beckoning to you, colonel," she said: "you know you promised to drive with him to the Omish village."

"Yes." The colonel looked with a significant smile from her to Kerr, and back again: "This is the wall that has been between us? She can't be in love with this lout? At her age? Impossible!"

An indescribable breath of excitement passed over her drowsy face and figure. There was no time to lose. If Kerr did not claim her now, within the hour, she could hold the colonel off no longer.

"Go! go!" she said, throwing him a handful of roses. "Mr. Weldon is impatient: so am I. I have something to say to my friend Mr. Kerr here."

The colonel took the roses and laid the stems slowly together, looking over them into her eyes. But she would not answer the glance. He nodded as if in answer to some sudden thought, bade her good-bye, and went down the path to the stables.

There was a full minute of silence. The sun shone warmly, the strong odor of the roses came up into Kerr's face.

"Why, here is George!" said a clear voice behind them; and out from the hall came Dolly in her short brown dress, a basket on her arm, the dogs dashing up and down before her. "I did not know you had come home again," holding out both hands to him.

George looked down into the honest, candid face, but he did not touch her

hands. "Yes, I have come home. Going for wild plums?" he said. But he did not know what he said.

"Yes.—Here, Sport!"

Miss Chappell did not move or speak until she was out of sight. Then with a swift imperious gesture she motioned him to a seat close at her side. He took it, facing her as she leaned back. Her dark eyes were on his with a rapt pleasure in their depths: the roses fell on his hand.

"You have been long away. Now that you have come home," she said in a half whisper, "what have you to say to me?"

"This," said George in a loud voice and sitting bolt upright: "I heard of your engagement to Colonel Page at Cumberland, and I want to congratulate you on it. I think it's a capital match: I think I never saw two people better suited to each other. You and Colonel Page, yes— There's an ingrained likeness between you. It will give me the heartiest satisfaction to see you his wife;" and he grasped her hand and shook it energetically.

"But—but—I am not engaged to Colonel Page," stammered the astonished woman.

"Oh, well, you will be soon. He's in earnest. He has his reasons for being in earnest, and I advise you to accept him. I do sincerely, Miss Chappell, as your friend."

She looked at him keenly, and quite understood the shrewd flash of humor in his eye. The play was over, the curtain down.

"As you say," she said, lazily sorting the roses in her lap, "Colonel Page may soon be nearer to me than he is now. Thanks, at any rate, for your good wishes. Going so soon?"

"I think I shall help Dolly with her plums;" and he put on his hat and ran like a boy down the hill, jumping the fences as he went. At the foot he stopped.—"Great God! what an escape I made! I must have been mad!" he muttered, and went on more soberly.

At that moment Colonel Page returned to the porch. Miss Chappell was alone, and a little paler, he fancied, than when he had left her.

"Where is your friend of de barn-yard?" he said.

"Gone."

"His eloquence was brief, eh?" eagerly. "I saw what he had come to say."

"Yes, brief, but emphatic. He has wrung my fingers until they ache," looking at them compassionately.

The colonel seized them: he too thought there was no time to lose: "Give me this little hand to take care of, and what can hurt it, Virginia?" His voice sank to a passionate whisper. It is very probable that he would have gone on his knees but for the rheumatism.

"As you choose, Vandevour."

Down in the orchard George found Dolly under the one wild plum tree. She set her basket down when she saw him. He was flushed and excited as she had never seen him before: "What is the matter, George? What has happened?"

"Nothing that did not happen long ago. Come here—on this log. Now sit there. I must tell you all about it."

She obeyed, laughing a little, but half frightened. He looked as if he might burst either into tears or laughter the next moment: his hands shook.

"It's nothing—nothing. Only that long ago I fell in love. With a little girl. With you, Dolly. You! you! *you!* Will you marry me? Do you care anything at all about me?"

"But, George! George!"

"Sometimes I have thought you did, but I suppose I was a conceited fool. I've been making a consummate fool of myself lately."

Dolly felt like nodding her head, but she did not.

"If you knew what you were to me! When you turned away from the porch just now it seemed as if there was nobody in the world but you and me, and that we loved each other."

"George— Let us go and talk to mamma about it."

"Mamma! What has your mamma to do with it? Look at me—straight in the eyes. Now—now! Dolly—?"

Supper was late in the Weldon house

that evening. The announcement of two engagements was enough to upset any ordinary household; and this, to the very stable and kitchen, was in a tumult of excitement and delight. Mrs. Weldon shut herself up with Dolly in her own chamber, and cried over her as though she had received her death-warrant.

Her father had not yet returned from the Omish village. When he did come he was unusually grave and subdued: "I know, child: I met George. He came to meet me. It's all just as I wish, Dolly. God bless you, child! But you'll be my little Dolly yet a while, eh?" he said. He kept her beside him all the evening.

After supper they assembled in the parlor. The colonel and Virginia, both in full dress, were radiant. Dolly sat beside her mother, very busy with her sewing—quite too busy to hear the murmurs of voices from the hall, where her father and George Kerr sat.

"But, Kerr," Mr. Weldon was saying, "why on earth should you want an immediate marriage? Dolly is very young, you are a prudent man, and—"

"Too prudent not to insist on having a thing which is necessary to me."

"What have you to support a wife?"

Kerr winced: "You know just what I have, Mr. Weldon. Marriage, to Dolly and me, means poverty—poverty perhaps to the end of the chapter. But if we love each other well enough to deliberately accept it—"

"Love! love! It sounds like the silly chirping of young birds," grumbled Mr. Weldon, patting his fat knees. "I thought," sharply, "you were in love with Ginnie Chappell the other day?"

"Never! It was her money that tempted me. I came very near being a scoundrel. Don't humiliate me any more, Mr. Weldon: I'm in my right mind now."

"So it seems," eying him keenly. "Well, come in. I've a question to ask the colonel which may affect the matter."

The colonel was touching the keys of the piano in an airy fashion when Mr. Weldon came up to him: "By the way, Page, I heard to-day that you were the executor of Doctor Waring's will?"

The colonel glanced with alarm at

Miss Chappell: his ringed fingers grew uncertain in their movements, but he nodded assent and played on.

"Aren't you a little late in notifying the heir of her good fortune?"

Nobody could face a crisis with easier grace than Vandevour Page. He sprang up, took Virginia's hand in his: "Perhaps I am. But I had a fancy to keep it secret to give additional brightness to our wedding-day. Can't you understand such foolish romance?"

Mr. Weldon's round cheeks grew purple: "Why, who the devil do you think is the heir?"

"Who? Virginia Mary Chappell, my affianced wife."

Weldon burst into a laugh that jarred the ceiling: "Bless your soul, man! I married Virginia Mary Chappell twenty years ago! Resley Waring wanted her, but I cut him out, thank the Lord! Poor

old Waring's memory was gone, or he would have remembered all about it. Here she is—*alias* Mrs. Polly Weldon!"

The colonel turned to the woman beside him. "What is your name?" he asked with a queer livid shadow on his face.

"Virginia Marcy."

He stood stunned for a moment. "No matter," he said, bowing gallantly and kissing her hand: "I have a fortune in yourself. I ask no other."

Mrs. Polly had found breath by this time, and caught her husband by the arm: "Do you mean that Resley Waring's father has left me—"

"Yes, yes: I mean just that. But I'm going to take no dower with my wife from her old lovers. Not a dollar. If you choose to hand it over to Dolly and George here, I shall be satisfied."

REBECCA HARDING DAVIS.

LORD BEACONSFIELD.

THE recent despatches concerning the precarious condition of Lord Beaconsfield's health are probably true. Several considerations justify this supposition. The regular press agency in London, through which American news is sifted, is under the influence—if not in the confidence—of the government. At this critical juncture in affairs, when the fate of the Berlin Treaty is thrown into doubt by the refusal of Turkey to carry out its provisions toward Greece on the one hand, and the intrigue between Russia and Afghanistan on the other, it may be questioned whether so adroit and cautious a political manager as Disraeli would confess to his colleagues that he is ill unless his malady be beyond concealment; but it is certain that no such announcement, if it could be prevented, would be permitted to go out through a regular news-channel under the ministers' control. It will

be remembered that Beaconsfield was known to be ill before leaving London for the Berlin Congress. It is of official record there that the sittings of that body were several times suspended on account of his exhaustion. He did not deny that he transferred his place in the House of Commons to Sir Stafford Northcote, and withdrew to the quieter arena of the Lords, on account of constitutional decline which he could neither conceal nor repair; and it will be remembered that when he returned from Berlin, bearing to England "Peace with honor," he was unable to address the multitude who thronged the approaches to the railway-station and were enthusiastic enough to carry him off on their shoulders. Since that time he has made only one speech of importance, and appears to have devoted himself with frank solicitude to following his physicians' advice. The Bulgarian insurrection; the frontier question between

Greece and Turkey; the unanticipated dispute concerning the time for the withdrawal of the Russians from Roumelia; and, most menacing of all, the treacherous contumely of the ameer and the manifest conspiracy between that prince and the czar,—have precipitated complications whose attempted solution is not calculated to assist a sick prime minister into convalescence. It may be feared, therefore, that previous illness, aggravated by this sudden storm of serious embarrassments, may prove fatal to the Tory statesman, and that we may receive the startling announcement at any moment that the virtual head of the greatest of imperial governments, and the politician whose career is the most romantic in all history, has dropped his functions and passed away in the hour when England could least afford to do without him.

Against this probability, however, certain facts are not without weight. His grandfather, Benjamin Disraeli, reached the great age of ninety, and his whole life had been one of danger and keen anxiety; his father, Isaac, died at eighty-two, his days having been spent in the quiet of a library and the enjoyment of an ample inheritance; and the premier's mother preceded his father to the grave at eighty. Longevity should be a part, therefore, of his natural legacy. Contrary to popular supposition, moreover, intellectual pursuits—and especially statesmanship under constitutional governments—have not shortened, but have even tended to prolong, life. This fact is surprisingly uniform in British biography. Walpole, a man of incessant activity and overwhelming care, which he always worried under, lived to seventy-two. The earl of Chatham—a victim of gout from his very youth, who made his first speech in the Lower House when twenty-eight, who was never absent from the excitement of public affairs for forty years afterward, through many wars and short periods of peace—did not give up until prostrated by an apoplectic fit in the House of Lords in his seventieth year. Peel—the object of Disraeli's alternate eulogy and satire, his early model and leader, and then his most vigorously-

assaulted opponent—would not probably have perished at sixty-two but for an unfortunate accident, a fall from his horse. The late Lord Derby died at seventy; Brougham at eighty-nine; Lord Palmerston at eighty-one; and Earl Russell, forgotten by everybody but himself, did "lag superfluous," a gossip scribbler of dull reminiscences, to eighty-six.

American politicians rarely exceed threescore: the nation is yet too young in self-government for its leaders to have acquired the "philosophy of politics"—a practical code which is a tradition on the Continent and in England, and includes a good digestion waiting on appetite, and health on both, frequent periods of perfect rest, plenty of outdoor exercise, the relaxation of the drawing-room, the recreation and distractions of the spa, the delights of literature and the gentle stimulant of good wine. With us the profession of politics is one unchanging round of intense excitement, involving licensed slander, constant temptations toward personal corruption, the whip of vulgar animosities and the spur of bread-getting, the lash of the caucus, the packing of conventions, and the purchase of the small vote-sellers who periodically bull the ballot-market. In this intolerable kind of existence what time remains for rest, for study, for sport and for recuperation? Mr. Hayes is the first man holding a conspicuous place in our politics who has displayed lofty indifference and simple good sense in its occupation. Opposition critics may laugh at his attending the rural fairs, but he will smile at their tombstones. The French politicians and publicists, the most nervous of mankind, are better philosophers in their periods of frenzy than our Americans in periods of peace. Talleyrand—who sipped honey from village hedges and plucked the flowers of the court parterre, who was in the *mêlée* of two bloody revolutions; a radical, an imperialist, a first minister, an exile, the supporter of democracy, of usurpation and of legitimacy; a plenipotentiary to the same government which had once forbidden him its territory—whose life was all tumult or intrigue,

was so excellent a philosopher withal that he saw most of his friends and enemies buried, and did not repent of his sins until his wits went out at eighty-four. Thiers lived nearly as long; the late pope, Pius IX., longer; Gortschakoff is four years older than Beaconsfield; and Gladstone is only four years his junior, with the chances good for another decade.

But Disraeli's malady inevitably causes death, and usually suddenly; and the disappearance of this extraordinary man out of politics and into history may be anticipated as an event not remote if it be not actually impending. He is seventy-four years of age, feeble, anxious and nervous. The Treaty of Berlin—the greatest achievement of a life which has been one long personal ambition—is already the object of popular suspicion, if not of general distrust, and may be turned into a national reproach. The phrase with which he reported that achievement on his theatrical return from Berlin, "I bring you peace with honor," is already a catchword in the clubs and the slang of the streets. Peace is *not*, with or without honor. The most celebrated of British diplomatic triumphs is in imminent danger of being overturned; and that catastrophe will be followed by humiliation. The averted war of the present year may break out in the next under conditions much less favorable, and the chain of the now almost impotent Treaty of Berlin, with which Beaconsfield professed to have securely bound the "Colossus of the North," has been dexterously snapped by the supposed captive and its links thrown into the cannon-furnace. It looks as if Beaconsfield from the flower victory was about to pluck the nettle defeat, and one may not wonder that the bane of the plant should be already insinuating a palsy poison into his blood. If he die now and the treaty fall to pieces, he will be the most execrated man in Great Britain.

In the pungent and vituperative pamphlet recently thrown from the desk of a London editor, *The Political Adventures of Lord Beaconsfield*, he is audaciously lampooned as a "grotesque foreign ac-

cident in our English political history." Another month, and some bolder satirist will perhaps quote over his recent glory and his present predicament the conversation between Mrs. Malaprop and Lydia in *The Rivals*:

"Mrs. Malaprop. Then he's so well-bred! so full of alacrity and adulation! and has so much to say for himself!—in such good language, too! His physiognomy so grammatical! Then his presence is so noble! I protest, when I saw him I thought of what Hamlet says in the play:

'Hesperian curls—the front of Job himself!—
An eye like March, to threaten at command!—
A station like Harry Mercury, new—'

Something about kissing—on a hill. However, the similitude struck me directly.

"Lydia. How enraged she'll be presently when she discovers her mistake!"

All through the speeches and political essays of the time it is manifest that there is a deep-seated antipathy to Beaconsfield in the average loyal British breast because he is a Jew, and has always been proud—indeed, vain—of his origin. This Know-Nothingism used freely to vent itself in the earlier years of his struggle up into the leaders' ranks, and its partial silence of late has been fitful and secretly jealous. There are thousands who love, and other thousands who hate, Gladstone: no Englishman really loves Beaconsfield. The national vanity resents his presence as an affront, because his ancestor, instead of being a Saxon thief or a Norman pillager, was a Venetian Jew; and even while at Berlin he was covering Great Britain with a panoply of what then seemed glory, and sewing new span-gles on the royal British robes, many a Bassanio and Antonio in Downing Street whispered in sneers and venomously "spat upon his Jewish gaberdine." A chorus of taunts, all Hebraic, is indeed resounding through the Opposition ranks. No mud to be thrown at the declining premier is supposed to be so effective a missile as that leavened by slime from the vicinity of Jerusalem. Shylock and Tubal are said to have been among

his progenitors. "He is in almost every essential point far more of a Venetian and a Jew than of an Englishman." His mother, who always suffered from a sense of social ostracism, is suddenly discovered to have been George Eliot's model for the "Jew-hating Jewess," the mother of "the amiable walking gentleman," Daniel Deronda. He is damned as a "Hebrew, and not a Gentile Christian:" he is suspected of looking upon Christianity in relation to Judaism as "Paradise Regained" to "Paradise Lost." "He has been true to the Jewish people, who are really his country and Church. For the rest, a certain fidelity, as of a Swiss mercenary to the chief or party in whose service he has enlisted." He is scoffed at as "a political soldier of fortune;" and the secret of his career must be hunted for "in his Jewish blood." "To him the British aristocracy are Venetian magnificoes: the sovereign is a doge whom an oligarchy has enslaved." He is charged with accusing mankind of being governed by trades and dickers, "by phrases and catchwords;" his hatred of Whiggery—although himself once a Whig—he has "dressed up in the guise of a principle;" and his love of Jewish traditions and Jewish maxims has been cloaked by ostentatious English patriotism. He is upbraided as having been by turns a flatterer and a beggar; as having had no honest political convictions that he dared avow, and as not believing those he advocated; as having no principle but expediency, no patriotism but self, no ambition but for power and personal prestige; and through all the hissing and gibes his Jewish origin has been sputtered up as his chief reproach. The only speech of O'Connell which the British public listened to with pleasure or recall without reluctance is that in which the master of overwhelming invective declared that, for aught he knew, Disraeli was a lineal descendant of the impenitent thief who died on the cross.

When the passion and frenzy, the disappointed hopes, the treacherous envy and the fawning malice, which the last days of his life arouse shall have passed

away, when adulation shall have ceased to flaunt itself in his face, and courageous jealousy shall miss him from its road, a singular judgment, calm and fair, will be passed upon Disraeli. Now nobody does him justice. In his youth he proposed to accept the sentence of the time. "I am not one," he wrote, "who finds consolation for the neglect of my contemporaries in the imaginary plaudits of a more sympathetic posterity;" and it is one of the grave sins charged up against his public life that he did not wish posthumous fame—that he so intensely loved his self-love as to wish to enjoy whatever meed of glory it might be in his power to attain. A Byron might cry, "I feel my immortality oversweep all pains, all tears, all time, all fears, and peal like the eternal thunders of the deep into my ears this truth: Thou livest for ever!" Disraeli did not so ardently cherish the fame that "pays little attention to the living, but bedizens the dead, furnishes out their funerals and follows them to the grave." But to the only fair tribunal—the court that sits in the future and tries only the past—must he turn for justice; and what will its judgment be? That he was a *great* statesman? He has been only an artful conservator of British commercial interests. That he was "raised by Fortune to a ridiculous visibility"? Perhaps.

But with no other equally successful man had Fortune so little to do. Fortune did nothing for Disraeli except give him riches: all the rest he did for himself. The most remarkable fact in his career is that in his youth he deliberately planned it, and with a fantastic intrepidity, and equal deliberation, he announced it—described his own character as it then appeared in his own eyes, pointed to the path he proposed to take, and serenely indicated the distinction which he firmly believed awaited him in the future. No other man who thus etched a career for himself has left us the finished picture, completed by his own hand. William Pitt, when he heard that his father had been elevated to the peerage, rejoiced, although only seven years of age, that he was not the oldest son. "Because,"

he said, "I want to speak in the House of Commons, like papa." But it was reasonable for him to desire parliamentary excitement and to anticipate becoming a politician. In Disraeli the choice was born with himself, and persisted in against his father's will. Nor did young Pitt meditate day and night upon the means he should adopt to get into place and prominence, nor did he play oracle and prophet for himself and foretell how he should become Chancellor of the Exchequer at twenty-three and prime minister at twenty-four. Disraeli, knowing that he had a long series of obstacles to overcome — obstacles that would have seemed insuperable, perhaps, to Pitt, who encountered none—before he could even obtain admission into national affairs, coolly insisted, before he had even selected a borough or chosen a party or formed a conviction, that he should become a leader of the politics of Great Britain. That he persisted in believing in his own destiny, and, conquering difficulty after difficulty, should rise in spite of frowning Fortune, in spite of energetic and ardent rivals, in spite of both parties, in spite of popular irritation, in spite of the Crown and of the country—for he was obnoxious to both—to the place which he had aimed to reach, is the climax of a political romance the most curious and fantastic to be found in the history of modern government.

He took excellent care to have his high ambition perfectly understood. He feared neither the shafts of the wits, the astonishment of "practical politicians," the laughter of society nor the discouragement of facts. Samuel Rogers the poet had him baptized a Church-of-England Christian when twelve years of age. A precocious lad like him must have known that, socially and politically, this was good for him. Possibly, he attached no spiritual importance to it. When he entered upon manhood he passed into a literary fop. He wore exquisite toilettes and fine jewelry; his elegant person carried itself in an atmosphere of rare perfume; and he wrote political essays. As "Disraeli the Younger" he was the dainty dandy of the drawing-

rooms, in which an affectation of culture often compensated for a shrinkage in fortune, and evinced a snobbish fondness for the companionship of younger sons of the aristocrats. He published his first work, *Vivian Grey*, anonymously, that he might the more safely bear its failure if it failed, and have the keener zest for enjoying its success if it succeeded. In it he caricatured eminent persons whom he had not turned to account as friends, and idealized into loveliness a few whose condescending favor he gratefully enjoyed. The portraits were easily recognized; the pungent personality of the novel hurried it into instant currency; and the author stood revealed in the person of the young man of whose political ambition it was so unique an avowal. Intoxicated by a consciousness of his first triumph, he essayed another, a satire, *Popanilla*, which fell flat. Then he went abroad, and on the plains of Troy conceived another satire, a *Revolutionary Epic*, which also failed. His *Alroy* also failed, and *Contarini Fleming* had but a small success. Then he determined to make his way into Parliament and overcome with his voice the failures of his pen. In 1831, then twenty-seven years old, he presented himself to the electors of High Wycombe, sagaciously omitting to call himself Whig or Tory, lest the intelligent voters of the borough should be embarrassed by his partisanship, and failed. Another election took place shortly afterward: again he sought a seat; again he failed. A third time he became a candidate, and failed. Then he tried another constituency—Taunton—and failed. In his canvass he assaulted O'Connell with so much effect as to evoke in reply the famous speech of the latter which contained "the impenitent-thief" clause, on account of which a challenge was sent by the unsuccessful gentleman to O'Connell's son, Morgan, who was doing his father's fighting; but their meeting was prevented. The king died while the quarrel progressed; Victoria ascended the throne; and in the ensuing general election Disraeli was elected junior member, as a pledged Tory, from Maidstone. His colleague died, and

Disraeli married the widow and a large increase of his bank-account.

He was now fairly on his way. The gate had been opened for him, and he was inside. Already eyes were upon him on account of his avowed determination to become a party leader and a personal influence in the empire. When his *Vindication of the British Constitution* appeared, it was reviewed as the work of a man who had produced a succession of attempts, "all composed in utter ignorance of every science, every principle of art and every useful store of facts; founded on the most palpably incorrect notions of human character and most human feelings; constantly outraging every notion of taste and truth to Nature; and teeming with the most offensive and ludicrous exhibitions of a vanity which more resembles absolute madness than the ordinary aberrations of mortal conceit. With all his powers, and all his morbid thirst for reputation, Mr. Disraeli has acquired no fame and very little vogue. . . . His extravagance perplexes; his vanity wearies; his works are consequently little read. He is looked upon in general as an extravagant literary coxcomb, wasting time and paper in preposterous and tiresome fictions. . . . That a young man of such a character, and possessed of some pecuniary means, should have been anxious to display his fancied genius on the noble stage of politics, and should have conceived himself fit for ruling the destinies of a great nation, is nowise strange. We find from his earliest work that there has long been floating in his mind some fond dream of some fantastical intrigue by which he is to direct the energies and ultimately assume the lead of some great party or some powerful cabal of stupid but ambitious nobles. . . . His ambition has not subsided; his determination of being the head of a party has not been abandoned; but he seems to have been at a loss as to the means by which this purpose was in this unforeseen state of things to be achieved. Now he has appeared as a pamphleteer, announcing in mysterious terms the advent of a Tory deliverer, and now as a candidate en-

deavoring to get a practical opportunity of displaying himself in that wondrous character; now as a democratic and thorough-going radical, opposing a haughty and timid Whig; now as a determined Conservative, canvassing the supporters of Church and State against the revolutionary designs of the same levelling Whig. One day a Jacobin, and another an ultra-Tory. . . ." And having thus disposed of the author, the critic proceeds to show that the essay vindicating the British constitution is a sorry medley of ignorance, pedantry and fustian.*

But neither criticism in the press nor contumely in the Commons caused the ambitious embryonic statesman to falter. He was still occupied in overcoming obstacles, obliterating difficulties and thrusting men out of his way. He was intrepidly defying a mob in the House, who would not listen to him, and obtruding himself upon the mob outside the House, who scarcely knew who he was, and who laughed at what they knew of him. The House refused to let him finish his maiden speech, and, compelled to sit down, he exclaimed, still keeping his eyes on his destiny, "I have begun several things many times, and I have often succeeded at last. I will sit down now, but the time will come when you will hear me." To defy the critics he wrote two more novels—*Henrietta Temple* and *Venetia*. To show the "hack politicians" how little he feared their dominance, he quarrelled with Peel, his quondam model; and to puzzle conservatives and radicals, and impress himself upon the country as a perplexing political enigma, he, a Tory of Tories, became an apologist for, and a sympathizing advocate of, the Chartists. He wrote another novel, *Sybil*, that he might create a Chartist heroine; to tickle the vanity of "young England" he wrote *Coningsby*; and *Tuncred* was a subtle appeal to superstition. He was resolved to make every class acquainted with his existence, and to make friends for himself in all the disputatious factions. He signaled his treachery to

* This remarkable and amusing article was published in the *Westminster Review* in 1836.

Peel by a brilliant display of caustic wit. He called Peel a "burglar of others' intellect," and summed up his thirty or forty years of public life as having been "one great appropriation-clause." By dint of personal force, by making the most of all means at his command and all influences under his control, the second success of his political life was accomplished in 1847: he became the virtual leader of the Tory party in the House of Commons. He was now forty-three years of age.

The time was favorable for the building up of a staunch Conservative party. The country was alarmed by the turbulence in France and the threatened insurrections throughout the Continent; and although O'Connell had died, broken-hearted, without coaxing or wheedling a repeal of the Act of Union, the Irish rebels, the men of '48, were rampant, and England was not accustomed to deal liberally with rebels after they were in the hands of the police. Whether a strong Liberal ministry might have withstood the shocks of the time and the reverberation of timid and petulant public opinion is doubtful; but Lord John Russell's was not a strong ministry, and a minor bill was made the excuse of getting rid of it. In 1852, Lord Derby became First Lord of the Treasury, and the third step up in the career of Disraeli was permitted to take place. He went into the Cabinet as Chancellor of the Exchequer. His triumph was a short one. The issue became "protection" and "free trade." His budget represented the former, and Mr. Gladstone the latter. The Cabinet formed in December dissolved in February, and for six years Disraeli had to content himself with literature and opposition. Earl Derby had been succeeded by Lord Aberdeen, the latter by Viscount Palmerston, who fell under suspicion of French influence, and retired in 1858, when Earl Derby again became Premier, and Disraeli Chancellor of the Exchequer. His season of "brief authority" was soon over: it lasted only from February, 1858, to June, 1859: he was beaten on suffrage reform. For seven years Palmerston remained Premier, and

Disraeli performed his part as a willing exponent of Toryism with vigor and versatility. Lord John Russell succeeded the viscount, and staked his fate on a six-pound borough franchise. Disraeli had learned several useful lessons from Peel, one of them being to steal Jove's thunderbolts and hurl them at high Olympus. He opposed the Russell bill vehemently—not because it was a liberal measure, but because it was not liberal enough. It was said of him more than forty years ago that he would ultimately go into power, "a Tory on the shoulders of the mob." He undoubtedly intended to make the effort then, but the occasion gave him the slip. In 1866, Russell resigned, unable to carry on the government after Palmerston's death: Earl Derby again succeeded to the premiership, and Disraeli went in with him. His Reform Bill became the absorbing theme of the time, and he succeeded at last in carrying it through. In 1868, Lord Derby resigned on account of failing health, and Benjamin Disraeli, who determined at twenty-one to be one day Premier of Great Britain, found his ambition realized in 1868, having never lost sight of his self-determined destiny for forty-three years. He was now sixty-four.

Perhaps it was the exquisite joy of his consummated hope that deprived him of clearness of vision. He was suddenly abandoned by his sagacity. O'Connell had not succeeded in his agitation for repeal, but he had made the disestablishment of the Irish Church a political necessity from the moment Disraeli's suffrage system went into operation. Blinded by the dazzle of his own eminence, lost in a dream of self-congratulation, he could not see that his Reform Bill had been actually a most enlightening Liberal measure, which was bound to be followed by a sacrifice to itself—the pulling down of the Irish Church, demanded by Protestants and Catholics alike on the simple ground that four-fifths of a nation ought not be robbed to feed the clergy of less than one-fifth. Gladstone led the iconoclasts: Disraeli stood upon the threshold of the hoary structure with a doughty falchion. His

mistaken valor was in vain: the pile fell, almost unlamented, and on its ruins Gladstone succeeded Disraeli, whose lease of power did not extend over the year. He revenged himself by writing *Lothair*, whose aim was to arm the fears of the Protestant element against the encroachments of the Roman Catholic Church, which, flushed with the liberty presented to it by the Whigs, had already made a considerable intrusion into the aristocracy of England, and was quietly winning over some of the oldest and noblest families of the realm and many of the recognized exponents of British intellectual culture and strength—the marquis of Bute and Dr. Newman, Aubrey de Vere and Adelaide Procter, Mr. Gladstone's sister and Dr. Pusey's nephew, Frederick William Faber and Archbishop Manning, Pugin the architect and Marshall the satirist, the marquis of Ripon and the marchioness of Queensberry, Froude's nephew and Archbishop Whately's, the duchess of Montrose and the scientist Mivart, the earl of Buchan and Coventry Patmore, Hope Scott and Professor Paley—thousands of the "common people" and hundreds of the aristocracy. The novel, although flimsy and transparent, was not without effect. Where he is not loved the pope is feared somewhat more than the devil; and Mr. Disraeli succeeded in breaking the confidence of the country in Mr. Gladstone. It was his misfortune to be suspected—having torn down the moss-grown monument of the Reformation, the Irish Church by law established—of a secret willingness to tear down everything. Very ridiculous it was to charge him with any weakness toward Rome; and, for that matter, he surpassed his noisy antagonist in pamphleteering against the Vatican. On university reform his supporters deserted him, and in 1874, Disraeli once again assumed the premiership. For two years

he enjoyed comparative rest, as well as the consolation of refusing the tall Cardinal Cullen, always a loyal servant of the British crown, a charter for an Irish Catholic university, and of denying to the popular representatives of that unfortunate people a penny of the enormous fund which has accrued out of the unapplied Irish Church revenues.

For a century and a half the average duration of a British ministry has been a little less than four years. It is nearly time, therefore, for a change. If the Treaty of Berlin be ruptured, or if Beaconsfield die before its fate is definitively settled, there will undoubtedly be a change in the *personnel* of the government, although the Tories may name the new ministers. It seems now as if Beaconsfield's grasp were tremulous, and that the manipulation of the Eastern Question—which will not be settled in this generation—is to pass into other hands. At seventy-four, Beaconsfield, who has been for two years Lord Privy Seal in the Upper House, and was honored with the Garter for bringing home "peace with honor," may surely plead in extenuation of his inordinate personal ambition that he has "done the state some service." There is nothing in his long career to disprove the grave charge of never having been actuated by lofty and disinterested patriotism; but for how many British statesmen can this superfine claim be proved? There is much in his life to disprove the calumny that "the Jews were his country and his Church," for he did his best to perpetuate the Establishment in Ireland: he has successfully resisted every ecclesiastical innovation in England, and but for him there might not be an endowed living in England to-day. A great statesman he has not shown himself, but he is the most ingenious living British politician; and history will be very much amused over him.

MARGARET SULLIVAN.

THROUGH WINDING WAYS.

CHAPTER XXII.

I WAS in Mr. Floyd's room next morning by eight o'clock. As soon as the household was astir I had sent a note to Miss Lenox in which I reiterated my demand of the midnight before, and implored her to save herself before it was too late. Although I should never accuse her, I told her that the moment Mr. Floyd took the matter under his own consideration suspicion would surely point to her, and that even my silence could not save her. But whatever weakness Georgy might have felt in the lonely midnight had quite vanished now. As I stood in the corridor watching and waiting impatiently for her answer to my note, she herself issued from her room, brightly attired, arch, gay, resolute, and ran down the staircase with a carol of song to despatch a note to the Point by the grocer's cart, which she saw trundling slowly down the avenue. I followed her and met her on the piazza. She gave me a laughing, mutinous glance. Who would have guessed that fear, shame and anger were struggling beneath this gay exterior? Not one of the roses in the garden could vie with her for color, and her eyes were brilliant, lustrous, unveiled by any shadow of a care.

"So you too are up betimes?" she observed, pausing and putting her hand on my arm. "But how hideous you are! Yellow and heavy-eyed, and grave as a judge. I fear, sir, you did not sleep well."

I led her into one of the rooms freshly swept and dusted by the maid, who carried off her brooms and pans at sight of us with a startled air. "You got my note, Georgy?" said I briefly.

"Oh yes," she returned, looking downward.

"Tell me your answer: I must go to Mr. Floyd directly. Thorpe is coming to see him at ten o'clock."

She looked at me a moment with a defiant air, then suddenly flung her

arms about my neck and looked up into my face. "Do you love me," Floyd?" she asked.

I nodded. What else was killing me? Two nights before I had been ready to kneel at her feet and worship her. I had been like a boy before her: she was cleverer than I, wiser, with a power which she freely yielded, strong as divinity. Now she was my goddess no more. I no longer looked up, and had but too easily mastered the limits of her shallow unreason, and needed but my lifelong knowledge of her character fully to measure the force of meaning which lay beneath this fault, which, although unconfessed in words, I completely understood. I was young, yet I knew enough from suffering, from renunciation, from experience, to realize something ignoble in this woman on whom I lavished my fondest affection—to acknowledge within myself the danger I ran in entrusting to her any interests in which either my pride or my honor was concerned. Yet what man will doubt that now, as she put up her arms and clasped my neck, my heart was more tender over her in her weakness and entreaty than it had been in its worship? I was no longer her slave, but her master, and ready, if she would but let me, to cherish and protect her—perchance lead her out of tortuous ways and make a woman of her such as I had dreamed of. I had forgiven her much in the old days. What was it, where was it, this secret her beauty covered, which made the touch of her lips the worthy reward of a life?—the sudden glance, then the withdrawing of her eyes, an event which impoverished other experiences, and made me now, as I put my lips to hers and for an instant met her upturned gaze, forget that I had but yesterday called her, dispassionately, frivolous, false and cold-hearted?

"If you love me," she whispered, "wait until to-morrow before you speak to Mr. Floyd about—about Mr. Thorpe."

"On condition, Georgy, that you will make every atonement within your power," said I, "I will not trouble him with the matter at all."

"Why do you suspect me?" she asked, coloring deeply and sending me a reproachful glance. "I know nothing about Mr. Thorpe and Helen."

"You told me last night you had seen the letters."

"I did not mean it," she returned lightly. "I did not know what I was saying: you were so harsh, so cruel. Who would have dreamed you could be so hard-hearted toward me, Floyd?"

But my moment of rapture was over: not even all the charm and fascination she possessed for me could soften the pang that darted through my warm bliss in loving and being beloved.

I put her from me slowly.

"I said night before last, Georgina," said I, looking at her sharply, "that I asked nothing in the world except your love. Yet to-day it is not enough for me. I know what you have done—a foolish, criminal action, based Heaven only knows upon what miserable spite toward a girl you have always envied! But give me one sign that you confess and repent it all, and I will save you from the consequences, be they what they may."

"Why," she asked imperiously, "are you ready sooner to believe that I am guilty of what you call criminal folly than that Helen, a spoiled child, ignorant of the usages of the world, should have been carrying on a little flirtation with the first handsome man she ever met?"

"Because," I returned coolly, "I realize to the full the exquisite dignity and pride that are Helen's most striking characteristics. But," I added, "I do not mean to be severe with you, Georgy. Come, now: tell me that you wrote the letters in your poor little cousin's name, and that you have taken means to make Thorpe think the child was in love with him."

She drew her hands from me proudly. "I shall do nothing of the sort," she answered with a very haughty air, and

swept from the room, leaving me with a very heavy heart.

I stood alone for a few minutes, thinking over and over again what chance I could give her, when Helen herself entered the parlor. She was going to her morning practice at the piano, when she saw me and greeted me with a surprised look. "Oh, good-morning," she exclaimed. "Why, papa is expecting you up stairs. He told me to run away, because he had something to talk over with you."

I told her I was going at once, and would have left her, but she saw something in my face which drew her attention, and running up to me she took my hands and asked if I were ill. I could not have slept, she affirmed, for my eyes looked sleepless, and she knew that I was feverish from the color of my lips; and she laid a wise little finger on my wrist. I listened to her indifferently: little enough I guessed in those moments what Fate was doing for us both.

I went slowly up the stairs and knocked at Mr. Floyd's door. He was sitting by an open window and looking off upon the sea. His air had none of its usual listlessness, and he rose with some alertness as I entered, and faced me. We continued to stand there silently for a few moments. "You have something to tell me," said he with an effort, "and dread its effect upon me. Tell me at once, my boy, what was at the bottom of your quarrel with Thorpe yesterday."

"He spoke of Helen in terms which I felt called upon to resent. I may have been injudicious."

"What did he say?"

"Declared in the presence of twenty men that she corresponded with him—that he was engaged to her."

"Good God!" ejaculated Mr. Floyd. "Is the fellow mad?" He had grown pale, but had not in the least lost his self-command, and half smiled at the thought of the presumption. "But—letters?" he added abruptly with a frown. "What does he mean by letters? No wonder you knocked him down, Floyd. Did the creature cringe to you and deny his scoundrelly lies?"

"Dear Mr. Floyd," said I, putting my arm about him, "you must see Thorpe yourself. He is coming here at ten o'clock. You must look at the letters which he produces and claims to have received from Helen. The matter is not so simple as it might seem. He has letters: they are written on poor little Helen's paper, and in her handwriting apparently, stamped with her own seal and signed with her name."

He went to his chair and sat down.

"There is no possibility that she has been mixing herself up in such an affair, Floyd?" he appealed to me in an agnized voice.

"No, sir—no. I am absolutely certain Helen's name has been fastened to this affair without any suspicion on her part."

"My poor little girl!" he said in a tone of love which was not unlike anguish. "Have I known so little how to guard her from the world that she is so easily aspersed?"

We were both silent. His regret stabbed me to the heart, for it seemed to me that I too was deeply and miserably concerned in this wretched intrigue, because I had a suspicion—nay more, a certainty—that I knew the despicable truth which underlay it.

The hour before breakfast passed heavily. Again and again he looked at his watch, although the great clock in the hall sounded each quarter of the hour. Occasionally he would address me some question concerning Thorpe, which showed me he was carefully reviewing the past weeks at The Headlands, and recalling every sign the young man had shown of an interest in Helen. Just before nine o'clock she herself knocked at the door and entered.

"Are you through with your talk?" she asked gayly, looking first at one, then at the other of us, with something resembling curiosity. "I feel quite sure, papa," she added, seating herself on his knee and pulling his whisker, "that you have been scolding Floyd. Poor fellow! See how gloomy he looks. Forgive him, dear, no matter what he has done."

"But if," retorted Mr. Floyd in his

lightest way, "he had himself committed no reprehensible act, but had merely come to me from somebody who made him an ambassador for a very delicate mission— Suppose, mademoiselle, he brought you an offer of marriage?"

Helen's dark eyes opened wider, and she turned round and looked me full in the face. "But there is no such nonsense as that," she cried with a look of annoyance.

"Suppose," suggested Mr. Floyd again with a smile, and putting a hand on either side of her face—"suppose our friend Thorpe had made his proposals for you?"

The flexible lips expressed utter disdain. "Floyd would never come on such an errand as that," she returned with perfect tranquillity. "He has entirely too much respect for my good opinion of him."

"You are quite right, Helen," said I. "Be assured that when I undertake such an embassy as your father alludes to, it will be for a very different man from Tony Thorpe."

"It is a dreadful thing to have a marriageable daughter," Mr. Floyd exclaimed with some pettishness. "You are too rich, Helen, not to become the object of a certain class of men bent on living in the sweetest clover, dining well, driving good horses, and having no disposition to make a living for themselves."

"Oh, papa," cried poor Helen with heightened color and a trembling voice, "am I so insignificant that my money counts before myself? Can nobody care for me, and think me more worthy of consideration than the accident of my wealth?" Her glance travelled from her father's face to mine, and seemed to be questioning me.

"It may easily happen," said I; and I felt my own face flushing, not from emotion, but from my youth and my sympathy with the vivid color that dyed her face—"it may easily happen that a man will love you with all his heart, yet fear to make any endeavor to win you because you are richer than other girls. The world is not entirely made up of fortune-hunters."

Mr. Floyd looked from one to the other of us as I spoke, then rose, and we all went down to breakfast together. Miss Georgy was already there with my mother, and there was no end to her high spirits through the meal, although she ate nothing, but merely played with the food upon her plate. It was not her wont to be talkative before so many, and I doubt not each one of us made some mental comment upon her high spirits. It was ten o'clock before we rose from table, and punctually to the minute the door-bell rang, and Mills brought Thorpe's card to Mr. Floyd. I looked full at Georgy as he read the name aloud, rose and left us, but she did not flinch. Her face hardened.

"What does Mr. Thorpe need of papa?" exclaimed Helen petulantly. "I wanted to sit under the trees this sweet morning.—What are you going to do, Georgy? Must you go to the Point again to-day?"

"I am not quite certain," returned Miss Lenox in a smooth but indifferent way. "We will see about that later. Now I shall go to my own room."

Helen shrugged her shoulders as her cousin's frowns floated up the wide stairway.

"Something is in the air," she affirmed, looking at my mother—"something is going to happen. I foresee an event."

"Make your prophecy a happy one," returned my mother. "Threaten nothing to your father, nor to yourself, nor to my boy, Helen."

"What touches one of us touches all," said Helen sadly. She put on her hat at my request, and went into the shrubberies with me while I smoked my cigar. We said little, and when I told her I was anxious to keep in sight of the study-window, where Mr. Floyd had gone for his interview with Thorpe, she watched it nervously, dreading something, she knew not what. My mother sat on the west piazza sewing steadily, too well disciplined to show any outward sign of anxiety.

"I think," remarked Helen after a long silence, "that Georgy must be going away. She is evidently at her trunk-

packing. I can see her between the corner windows folding her dresses and laying them in her boxes."

My glance followed hers. The dressing-room of Miss Lenox was in the northern abutment of the great wing below the tower, and we were distant enough from the house to command a perfect view between the windows, and could see Georgy passing and repassing, and occasionally stooping between the casements as if to put something down.

"I feel," observed Helen, looking at me wistfully, "very much as I did that morning you were hurt, when we all stood about listening and praying, Georgy crying in the hall at grandpa's cruel scolding, and Mrs. Black up stairs packing her things in great haste that she might be sent away."

Her words made me wince, but I said nothing, and presently Mr. Floyd stepped to the window and called me. I flung away my cigar.

"Go and sit with my mother, Helen," said I, "and perhaps in half an hour or so I may want you again."

I left her, and entered the little study by a leap over the low casement, for the great window was wide open. Looking back once, I saw Helen where I had left her, watching me or the window still, as a traveller overtaken by night in the wilds feels a storm in the air and keeps his eye on that point in the horizon whence the lightning is presently to dart forth. I smiled and waved my hand, and motioned her to go back to the house.

"I wanted you, Floyd," said my guardian quietly. He was standing by the table, and, as if retreating, braced against the door was Thorpe with a pale, anxious face. The room was a small one, and lined with book-shelves containing encyclopædias and other works for reference. No furniture was there but a table covered with crimson baize and two chairs, and the position of the latter, each half pushed back, indicated that the two men had just risen from looking over the letters, which were carefully arranged for inspection, all open and faced one way.

"How are you, Thorpe?" said I, but

our glances did not meet.—“Here I am, sir,” I added to Mr. Floyd.

He nodded. “I have been looking over this correspondence,” said he, waving his hand toward the table. “I believe you have read all the letters.”

“I have.”

“Tell me your opinion of them.”

“That they are forgeries,” I returned, dropping my eyes in spite of myself.

“What makes you think them forgeries?” asked Mr. Floyd in a manner expressing fatigue.

“Although the handwriting resembles Miss Floyd’s superficially, here and there are traces of its being only a careless imitation. Again, the spelling is atrocious, and, my dear sir, I have not had the honor of perusing your daughter’s letters to you all the time we were abroad together without becoming convinced that so exquisitely educated a young lady could no more have committed these blunders than she could have written such absurd nonsense.”

Mr. Floyd looked at Thorpe. “Randolph has known my daughter from a child,” said he. “He is in all respects as good a judge of the probabilities in this case as I am myself. Believe me, Antonio,” said he, rising and going over to the young man and speaking with extreme kindness, “you will be saving yourself mortification if you now and here withdraw your pretensions. As to the authorship of these letters, I have my profound convictions, which, after a little investigation, I will communicate to you in private. I assure you it is quite impossible that Helen Floyd ever wrote a word of this balderdash. I really wonder that your own sagacity has been so entirely at fault.”

Thorpe listened with a pale face and burning eyes. “I should like to see Miss Floyd,” said he. “I should like to have you tell her, before me, that I make her an offer of marriage. Any man has a right to do so much,” he added with a sort of smile.

“Ring the bell, Floyd,” said my guardian.

I rang the bell, and sent Mills for Miss Floyd. For the few minutes that

we waited we maintained a perfect silence. Once or twice Mr. Floyd sighed heavily as a bird’s carol came from the thicket of rhododendrons outside. At the first rustle of Helen’s dress in the entry I started to open the door, but Thorpe was before me, and glared at me when I would have pushed him aside. She entered quite pale and with a look of anxious expectancy: as she met Thorpe’s glance, his eyes full of a sort of kindling glow, she bowed with an easy, grave inclination of her head, then went up to her father. He was sitting, but rose and placed her in his chair.

“My dear,” said he softly, “I am sorry to annoy you, but your presence seemed indispensable.”

“But you must sit down, papa,” said she quickly: “you look ill. You must not stand.”

He yielded to her wish, and she stood beside him with her hand on his shoulder.

“Mr. Thorpe, Helen, wishes an answer to his suit. He has done us the honor of offering you his hand.”

Thorpe advanced as he spoke, and now stood opposite the young girl, the table strewn with letters dividing them. His face had flushed deep crimson: she had grown ever so slightly pale.

“Tell Mr. Thorpe, papa,” she returned without a glance toward the *soupirant*, “that it was quite unnecessary to ask me for an answer. Anybody—even Mills—could have given it to him.”

Her disdain was so childish, so pettish, so undoubtedly rude, that at any other moment both her father and I would have laughed aloud. Thorpe had been leaning toward her, but now drew back as if pierced by a rapier-thrust, and grew ghastly pale.

“My dear child,” said Mr. Floyd, “you must give Mr. Thorpe the answer his suit deserves.”

Helen changed her position ever so slightly, turned her proud young throat and regarded Thorpe. “If you really wish my answer,” said she to him bluntly, “I will say this: You are nothing to me—you never can be anything. Has not my manner told you so much a thousand times?”

He smiled as she spoke. "Helen," said he, leaning toward her and looking directly into her face, "you must ask me to remember nothing except your promises of love. True, your looks and tones have discouraged me, but you know very well how often you have repented of your cruelty."

She looked at him steadily while he spoke, and seemed a little overwhelmed by his ardent gaze, his passionate tones and his assured words. "I do not understand you," she answered uneasily.

Mr. Floyd put out his hand, drew her toward him and looked up into her face with a grave, searching look. "Mr. Thorpe affirms," said he in a quiet voice, "that you have given him various signs of preference; that you have replied to his letters; that you have met him by appointment; that three nights ago you gave him a white rose which was to be the token of your acceptance of his love and the confession of your own."

"Oh," cried the young girl indignant-ly, "not a word of that is true.—I never wrote you a letter, Mr. Thorpe; I never met you by appointment; I never gave you a rose—"

"Do not deny too much, Miss Floyd," said Thorpe in a sarcastic voice. "Here is the rose." And from his breast he drew a large locket, opened it and showed a withering white rose. "Do not deny that you gave me this rose, Helen," said he, again giving her a penetrating look.

"I remember it now," she murmured as if stifled—"yes, I remember it."

"What were the circumstances, my child?"

"Georgy and I were in the garden," returned Helen thoughtfully, "and when we saw Mr. Thorpe coming she told me to pick a rose for him. I picked it, and, if I remember rightly—" here she turned to her suitor and looked artlessly into his face—"I said as I gave it that I had picked the prettiest rose on the bush for you."

"Yes," rejoined Thorpe, trembling with agitation, "and I knew that you gave it in answer to my request that I might have some definite promise that you would be my wife."

She looked at him in amazement: then at her father and me with a pained, dazzled expression. "What does it all mean?" she asked, her lip trembling. "I never had but one note from you, Mr. Thorpe.—Here it is, papa: it is in my pocket still, for I was showing it to Floyd yesterday."

"You have had twenty letters from me at least," cried Thorpe. "Do you deny that we sat together on the rocks by the shore—that you pointed to a little crevice there and said, 'Cousin Georgy declares this to be a natural post-office for separated lovers'—and that I told you my love must look for my letters there every night, and that I would come for hers in the morning?"

"No, I do not deny that," said Helen.

"Do you deny that you went to the rocks every evening, found my letters, and placed yours there in return?"

"Deny it? Yes, I deny it a thousand times.—Papa, protect me from this—" her scornful eyes traversed Thorpe from head to foot—"from this—person who says such terrible things.—Sir, you know my history. I am a young girl, unused to the world: I have had no mother's care, and have been perhaps too proud and stiff to profit by the advice of other women. I have had a different life from others, and it may be my ways differ in some non-essential points from the ways of girls who have been trained at their mother's side. There may be some carelessness, some awkwardness, some indifference to conventional rules which has caused you to condemn my conduct. But you mistake me, sir. I am but seventeen years old. It has never occurred to me that I was enough of a woman to allow any mature man to regard me otherwise than as a child. I have never yet thought what I should do if I were sought as girls are sought. Yet one thing you may count on, Mr. Thorpe: no man need ever expect me to yield one of my prerogatives as a woman. A secret correspondence, flowers given as signs and tokens! Such folly would be impossible to me. You mistake my temper."

Her father had watched her, flushing with pleasure as she spoke. "Now,

Thorpe," said he, rising, "even you must be convinced of the folly of your presumption. My daughter is a little more harsh than I could wish her to be to any man who offers her an honest love, but she is a mere child and has not learned how to smooth rough places. This has already gone far enough, and I think you will agree with me."

Thorpe had listened to Helen with a glow of admiration, but Mr. Floyd's words altered his mood, and he now leaned against the door, regarding her with a sarcastic smile.

"I confess," said he, smiling, "that while Miss Floyd spoke I scorned myself for even a thought that she was lower than the angels. But before I am fully answered I should like to ask her to deign to refresh her memory by the sight of her letters, as she did at the sight of the rose."

"My letters?" she repeated with a sort of laugh.—"Yes, let me look at what he calls my letters."

Thorpe darted to the table in his quick Spanish fashion and held one of the sheets up before her.

"Surely," said she coolly, "you are not so foolish, Mr. Thorpe, as to think I could write to any man—even to papa—in such an exaggerated strain as that." He bit his lip. "No," she went on, "you have made a great mistake. Wherever I have innocently abetted Miss Lenox I beg your pardon. I gave you the rose—at her request. I went to the bluff and met you one evening—at her request. I dare say if you ask her she will explain why she has, in writing letters to you, used my paper, my envelopes, my ink even, besides my name. I wish you a good-morning, Mr. Thorpe."

She made a sweeping courtesy, which included us all, and left the room at once.

"Miss Lenox!" gasped Thorpe. "What does she mean?"

"You may trust a woman's wits," returned Mr. Floyd, putting his hand on the young man's shoulder. "I too suspected at once that you had been fooled by some clever little devil, but I disliked to make any accusation. I have all summer believed that we had one too many

in the house. It happened once before that I delayed acting upon such belief, and I had ample cause to regret it, as I regret it now. I have many causes for such sorrow, Antonio, but one of them is, surely, that any earnestness of yours has been sacrificed to a myth which had no existence save in your own imagination."

"I will not believe it!" cried Thorpe impetuously, breaking away from him with a fierce gesture. "'Tis impossible that I should have been thus betricked, befooled. I recognize easily enough the force that has been brought to bear upon your daughter, sir. From my earliest youth, when I was left dependent upon your care, I was aware of your obstinate prejudice against me. Your daughter loves me: left to herself, she would have been glad enough to come to me at my bidding. You have tutored her well, sir. She knows her lesson. You and Randolph there have taught her well how to gall my pride. But such lessons may impress the brain, but not the heart. She shall be my wife yet. By all the powers I swear it: she shall be my wife—my wife—my wife!" His voice had not once risen, but he had muttered his angry words through his clenched teeth, glaring at us meanwhile.—"Yesterday morning," said he, coming up to me in a frenzy and shaking his fist in my face, "you behaved to me like a bully, and I, like a coward, let you knock me down rather than hurt a hair of your head, because you belonged to this house. But our accounts must be squared, sir—squared."

"All right," said I. "Meanwhile, suppose you calm yourself a little: Mr. Floyd wishes to speak to you."

He drew in his breath with a sort of hissing sound, but was still too angry to collect himself. He walked up and down the narrow study, his face flushing and paling alternately, his eyes glittering, his nervous, womanish hands gesticulating wildly. Sometimes he spoke, reiterating again and again that we had used him ill—that Helen had been influenced against him: again he was silent, his trembling hands and the swelling veins about his temples showing better than

his words what a tumult of rage and disappointment and humiliation was goading him almost beyond himself.

Mr. Floyd sat at the table watching him warily. He had insulted us both grossly, but we did not care for that, being quite willing to bear such pettish outbursts if his wrath could thus be wasted. After a while he abruptly faced about, and went up to Mr. Floyd and addressed him: "Have you anything to say, sir, before I leave this house?"

"Well, yes, Antonio," returned Mr. Floyd with a half smile and in his deliberate, gentle way. "I should really like to talk matters over with you a little if you could only listen to me."

Perhaps Thorpe had worn himself out—perhaps the familiar voice that had given him so many kind words in his boyhood, which was not yet so very far away, had its influence: certainly his mood at once changed. He too drew a chair to the table, sat down and covered his face with his hand.

"Pardon me, sir," said he tremulously. "I don't know what I have been saying. I have had a dream lately which has made my life better, purer, full of a heavenly promise. I cannot believe all at once that I am awake, and that I am the poor miserable devil I find myself, without any hope of what I once believed in."

Mr. Floyd looked at me and waved his hand. I went out and left the two men together.

CHAPTER XXIII.

In less than an hour I watched Thorpe issue from the house and go down the avenue without a look behind him. Mr. Floyd had himself accompanied him to the door, where he took leave of him kindly, and stood looking after the slight, haughty figure until it vanished behind the fir trees which surrounded the lawn.

I was sitting with my mother on the piazza, and Mr. Floyd came up to us with a smile. "I want you for an hour, Mary," said he; and they went in together.

The day was going on in the loveliest fashion, and had by this time passed its noon, but I was too heavily burdened by the difficulties of my position to be moved by any fair sights of beauty in earth or sky. Helen had gone directly from the study to the piano, and for the past hour and a half had been practising a weird, delicious nocturne of Chopin's, and by this time my ear was so accustomed to it that when she stopped for a moment to turn the pages back to the beginning, I felt an insupportable sense of loss. I had too many thoughts that day to find any analysis of them worth setting down here. I was only twenty-two, and had not learned much wisdom from any of my hard lessons in the world, I fear. One impulse after another thrilled me toward some course of action, then lost its inspiration and left me undecided and irresolute. The matter of these disquietudes is of less account than it would have proved had any decision of mine influenced the events of those succeeding days. I was swept along by the current, and even when I was the most prominent actor, was most a puppet.

Mills came out to me presently with a grave face. "Mrs. Randolph begs you will come to her in the library," said he in a melancholy tone.

I found not only my mother and Mr. Floyd together there, but Miss Lenox as well. She looked pale but majestic, and seemed to have grown older since yesterday: she was dressed in black, and, Heaven perhaps knows how, I found a tenderness and pathos in her air which in a moment made me strong in my devotion to her.

Mr. Floyd sat back in his chair looking troubled and pale.

It was my mother who addressed me: "I sent for you, my son, because Miss Lenox has made a statement which perplexes me. She says she is engaged to you."

I felt the blood rush to my face. "She is," I answered in a low voice, and went up to Georgina and took her hand. "It was only Tuesday night she promised to marry me," I went on, speaking with a

glow of something I meant to be pride. "Had nothing happened I should have told you to-day, mother."

Georgy looked into my face and laughed softly, and behind the laugh there seemed an arch, defiant spirit like that of a bird that rides, and loves to ride, the storm.

"They would not believe my unsupported word, Floyd," said she with exultation. "But you do love me, do you not? You will marry me gladly, won't you, let the whole world turn against me?"

I looked into her face. I confess in that moment I saw no beauty there—nothing but a spiteful triumph—but her words left me but one answer. "Mother," said I, "you must know that I have loved Georgy all my life: when she promised to be my wife it gave me the first happiness I have felt for years. In spite of everything, I love her better than all the world. Although she has grieved me, terribly disappointed and grieved me, I love her still.—I promise to marry you, Georgy, come what may."

She laughed and put up her hand, and drew my head down and kissed me.

"If I say so," said she with a little courtesy to my mother and Mr. Floyd, "he will marry me, come what may. Send me away from this house—my trunks are packed, I am ready to go—but if I call him he will come with me." And again she looked up in my face and laughed in high good-humor.

Mr. Floyd had risen and gone to his secretary and unlocked it, and now returned and approached us, holding in his hands a folded paper stamped and sealed. His bearing was stately, but he looked dreadfully: never in all my life had I seen him so profoundly moved.

"Miss Lenox," said he in a resolute voice and with a straight glance at her which sent the blood to her face, "this is my will. Do you know the contents of it?"

"Yes: Floyd has told me," she answered. "You have left him a hundred thousand dollars, besides the reversion of his mother's property after her death."

I tore my hand from hers. "Good

Heaven, Georgy!" I cried out, "I cannot bear this.—Mr. Floyd, what must you think of me?"

"Nothing hard, my boy," said Mr. Floyd. "You have been the easy prey of a heartless woman. I was sure she knew your expectations, Floyd. But I shall destroy them.—Miss Lenox, look at me: I have no will. If I die to-night, every cent of my property goes to my daughter. Not that I have ceased to care for Floyd: far from it. He is my son—dear to me as my own child, believed in like my own child—but I could not sleep in my grave and feel that I had benefited you. You must leave this house. It is the second time you have been sent away: I pray to God you may never come the third time."

While he was speaking he had torn the paper in pieces and burned it in the grate. I knew well from his look and from his voice that beneath this outward calmness raged furious wrath against the girl who stood by my side.

"I will go," said she, stepping forward and confronting him bravely, her eyes lit, her face drawn and pale. "You need not have burned your will. I shall not take Floyd with me: I do not want him, I shall not need him. He is too good for me, I suppose: not even all the money you could give him would have been enough to bind us together. Oh," she cried out passionately, "I am glad to go from this house. Who in it has been kind to me?—Except you," she added, putting out her hand to me kindly, "my poor Floyd.—Mrs. Randolph, you have always hated me—always feared that I should despoil you of one of the two men you love. Do not fear: I will not marry Floyd, although it has pleased me to hear his story of love for me. If he is poor, I could not be his wife; and even if he were rich and all things were fitting, we should both be unhappy—he the most—and he would hate me in a year. Yes, I want to go away. You make me bad amongst you: I hate such happy people. Out in the world, among those who sin and suffer, I am no worse than others." She laid her hand on Mr. Floyd's arm, and when he would have

repulsed her she clasped both her hands, then leaned on them and looked up into his face.

"What is this?" he muttered as if suffocated.

"Good-bye," she said, and her features worked with some strong emotion—"good-bye, Mr. Floyd. It is not your fault, perhaps, that I have loved you all these years. I don't know how exactly," and she laughed nervously—"whether as a father, a brother or something else; but, all the same, had you cared for me, if ever so little, I should be a different woman to-day. From that first time I saw you years and years ago, I wanted to please you. Why have you always hated me? I would have done anything for you, suffered anything for you, but you would have none of my worship. If you wonder why poor little Helen can call me something of an enemy, explain it thus: had you given me one little grain of all that love you lavished upon her, she and I would both have been the better for it."

Mr. Floyd had grown very pale. "God only knows what little grain of love of all that you boast lies under all this chaff of words," said he. "As a child I could have liked you. You must know something of men, and we are all of us—God help us!—but too ready to love beauty, and you have been beautiful. I am not a selfish man in my affections: I was ready enough to have treated you like Helen's sister. When, Miss Lenox, you count the gifts which your selfishness and vanity have lost you, you must number, since you prize it, my respect, my liking."

Their eyes met, and with a terrible pang I saw the look she gave him. He saw it too, and, well-habituated man of the world as he was, he colored, while her face sank—sank until it touched his hands, which she kissed over and over again. My mother's face was ghastly. There were a few moments of embarrassed silence. Georgy had roused herself and walked to the window. I did not follow her. I know not how the wretched pause which tried us every one would have ended had not the door-bell pealed.

The sound aroused Miss Lenox. "I think," she said, turning toward us and speaking in a low voice and with drooping, averted eyes, "that Mr. Talbot has come for me. He is to accompany me home. It is quite settled—it has been settled for some time: I am to marry him the twenty-second of the month."

She turned from us with a slow, grave inclination of the head, and passed out of the room. My mother did not look after her, but tottered over to me with outstretched arms. "My poor boy!" she cried out, and fell sobbing on my neck. I suffered the embrace until I heard a carriage pass, and then ran to the window and strained my eyes to catch a final glimpse of my mistress, as I had thought her so long. I saw her plainly. She was smiling and blushing and looking up in Judge Talbot's face. He seemed wonderfully amused with her drollery.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE day was to be lived through in spite of my rage, my torment of pain, unfulfilled desire, disappointment and sickening jealousy. I should shame to write all my weakness down here: still, what man of my age would have been stronger? Yet when I remembered the burning humiliation which lurked under my experience, the cruel sting of mortification and wounded pride, I would grow calm and determine to bear my pain without giving one sign. But I could not long restrain my despair nor my thwarted passion, but to both my mother and Mr. Floyd would pour out the story of my infatuation, returning again and again to the theme, while I strode about stamping my feet in my concentrated bitterness of shame and suffering. I could have performed a thousand more freaks of passionate folly had not my mother cautioned me not to betray myself before the crowd of gossiping servants, who already mistrusted the secrets of the past twenty-four hours, and were alert and vigilant in watching us. When Antony lost his battle he sat for

three days wrapped in gloom and despondency, uncheered by even the blandishments of Cleopatra. I too, so I felt then, had suffered my undoing, but I could have no opportunity for picturesque grief or stony-faced despair. In these days to only one form of sorrow is extravagant lament permitted: if our friend dies we may show a decorous melancholy, but no matter what other bitterness of despair is upon us, due heed must be bestowed upon the social observances made immutable by irresistible force of habit. Better so. One has just so much mental force to expend on any crisis: if wasted on trivialities, diverged from the narrow stream of passionate grief at personal loss into the shallows of ceremonious requirement, the heart is probably saved something at the expense of the intellect. In any complete civilization man's individuality vanishes, and he must at times appear to himself like a single wheel of a vast mechanical structure.

When at four o'clock we dined together as usual, Helen at first looked from one to the other of us in perplexity, but by the time the soup was carried away we were talking much the same as usual. Miss Lenox's cover no longer crowded my side, but we had a *partie carrée*, much to Mills's satisfaction, who liked everything regular, and habitually set a sixth place at dinner in order to balance our visitor, no matter if it were filled or not.

As soon as we rose from the table Mr. Floyd, my mother and Helen entered the carriage for their afternoon drive, and I mounted my horse and followed them. Usually, my mother preferred the country to the crowded beach, where all the visitors at the Point were on dress parade at this hour; but to-day she herself gave the order that the expedition should lead thither. We dropped Mr. Floyd at the hotel, and joined the slow procession of carriages and equestrians. I saw at once that Helen's appearance produced an unusual sensation among the watering-place people, and I was not slow in guessing that plenty of rumors were current concerning the young heiress. Per-

haps because I wished to save her from the embarrassment I feared she would experience at the gaze of so many intrusive eyes, perhaps because I wished to give the idlers fresh food for gossip, I rode close by Helen's side of the carriage, talking to her so constantly that she had neither eyes nor ears for any of the throng we passed and repassed. It was dusk before we stopped to take up Mr. Floyd, and no sooner had he rejoined us than we perceived that he was suffering either from pain or extreme dejection, and they drove home rapidly through the fast-increasing gloom. We had tea the moment we entered, and Helen attended her father, carrying him cup after cup, and with pretty kittenish wiles trying to make him smile at her. But his smile was full of anguish: something had cut him deep.

"Come with me, Floyd," said he, rising the moment he had finished his tea. I sprang forward, and he leaned upon me heavily as we passed along the hall.

"Oh, I am afraid you are going to be ill," I groaned with a dreary heart.

"Yes," he returned. "I went to the — House to see Dr. Cathcart. He knows me better than Sharpe, able though our good old friend is. But Cathcart was my physician in Washington for years and years. He gave me a solemn warning: I am threatened with a bad attack unless I dismiss all trouble from my mind, take life easily, and sleep and eat."

"But you were well yesterday, dear Mr. Floyd."

"Yes, until I heard you had had trouble with Thorpe. Then, while he was showing me those letters this morning, I knew I was going to be ill, and I said within myself, 'This will kill me.'"

He leaned his head upon his hands, covering his face. In all my knowledge of him I had never before seen him give way to either gloom or despondency, and it would be impossible for me to describe the effect his melancholy had upon me.

"Oh, sir," I cried out, "even if you are ill we can bring you round again. As for Thorpe—"

"Oh," he said, rallying himself, "don't

fear that I am aghast at the thought of suffering, perhaps of death. Sooner or later it will come: I take no thought of any morrow for myself."

"What troubles you?" I asked, putting my hand on his shoulder.

"You have your own burdens," he answered kindly: "you are bearing them bravely, Floyd. Why should I make your heart heavy over my anxieties?"

Our eyes met, and mine smarted at the tenderness in his tone. "What is it, Mr. Floyd?"

He made a gesture of disgust. "Oh," he cried with a sudden flush of wrath, "all the people at the Point are discussing the story of Helen's engagement to Thorpe. I had not more than put my foot on the threshold of the — House before I was addressed on that humiliating subject. I met old Judge Hale at the door. I have never had a better friend than Hale, and when he shook my hand and looked into my face, I knew something was wrong, and without another word than a bare greeting he told me the town was agog with scandalous reports concerning my daughter and young Thorpe. I questioned him, and—my God, Floyd!—he told me that Mrs. Woodruff had reported Helen as utterly infatuated with that cursed dandy—that I had stopped her as she was setting out to elope with him. Don't you see," he added with a sharp glance at me, "'tis that she-devil's work?"

"Mrs. Woodruff?"

"No," he broke out with something like an imprecation—"Miss Georgina Lenox."

I was silent. I felt that his words were true. He resumed: "Then I saw Cathcart, and found that he too had heard these wretched falsehoods, and was ready enough to ascribe my symptoms to the trouble consequent upon them. At last who should send for me but Mrs. Chester, the early friend of my wife, my life-long guide and counsellor in social matters? She addressed me with tears in her eyes. 'What is this about your poor foolish little girl?' she asked. 'I have daughters of my own who have been hard to manage, and I can sympathize

with any parent struggling with the headstrong, romantic fancies of a young and ignorant girl.'"

"Oh, what did you say, sir?"

"Say! What could I say?" he rejoined angrily. "The infamous exaggeration, the infernal falsehoods, the damnable absurdity of it all, made me dumb. To think of my pure, proud little girl, ignorant and innocent of anything like romantic fancies, with all the fierceness of her delicate maidenhood as yet unsoftened, unstirred by even a thought of what the world calls love! The idea of her becoming infatuated with a scented coxcomb like Tony Thorpe! I had not patience to combat the blasphemy. When Hale and Cathcart addressed me on the topic, I told them at once that the reports were founded on nothing—that the story from first to last was a fabrication of falsehood and absurdity. But who can silence a woman? Because, forsooth! Mrs. Chester has brought up a troop of hoydenish, hilarious girls—in whom neither moral qualities nor intellectual graces have ever held animal spirits in check—she believes that she understands my daughter. No protestations of mine could have made her accept my word or renounce her version of the affair. She will, I presume, continue to believe to the end of her life that Thorpe came out here expecting to meet Helen at their usual rendezvous—that you came upon them, made an alarm, threatened the young man with pistols, drove back to the Point with him, and with your weapon at his temple compelled him to give up the letters and to renounce his project. Is it not a pretty story?"

"The servants have talked," said I.

"Talked? Of course they have talked, but they did not begin it. The affair has been the topic of the scandal-mongers for weeks. Mrs. Woodruff had her information from one of the household: so Mrs. Chester informed me with an air of peculiar meaning. She felt it her duty too to advise me;" and his voice trembled with deep and angry emotion. "She had seen, she told me, so much of the world that she readily appreciated the

disadvantage it would be to Helen's prospects to have these stories, false or true, herald her entrance into society."

"That is plain enough," said I. "What did she advise?"

Mr. Floyd averted his eyes. "That I should get her married at once," he returned in a sort of stifled voice. "That is, of course, out of the question," he added with a hasty glance at me which embarrassed us both. "If," he continued after a brief pause, "Fate had been propitious enough to bring Helen a lover for whom she cared, and in whom I had perfect confidence, I could bear it all better. I am quite sensible of the truth that nothing is so unworthy of attention as the floating rumors of society, yet I must be blind to existing and incontrovertible facts if I do not realize that, for a woman in particular, nothing is a greater misfortune than to become the victim of a scandalous story. Helen's future seemed so promising!" he added with deep despondency, and his head sank on his breast.

My face had flushed: I felt myself tremble violently from head to foot. I seemed strong enough to crush and defy anything in my heart which was more powerful than this wish to save Mr. Floyd any pain. I touched his hand, humble and shamefaced as a girl.

He looked up at me curiously. "What is it, my dear boy?" he asked when I halted, finding it impossible to choose words for my struggling thought.

"Would it please you," said I, "if I— if Helen would marry me?"

We exchanged a long glance.

"When did this idea occur to you?" he asked.

"At this moment."

"The love a man bears to woman," said he, "is first the silk, then the ear, then the full corn in the ear."

"You know very well, Mr. Floyd," I answered, "that I make no pretensions to being in love with Helen. But I do love her in my way—the old way—as I have loved her for seven years. If the idea is objectionable I withdraw it at once."

He started up and put his hands heavily upon my shoulders. "Of course," he

whispered, "I was alluding to you when I wished that destiny had been kind enough to make you her lover. I have always thought that it might end in that. How can any one help loving her?" he went on with a glow of feeling on his face. "Who could be more beautiful? But then she is so good! Oh, Floyd, if this could be, I could die happily to-night."

"It may be, sir," said I, "if you will trust me."

He looked into my face with a yearning, penetrating gaze. "How much of a sacrifice is it?" he demanded as if he would read my soul.

"It should be no sacrifice," I returned. "It is a great honor which I am far from deserving. I can guess," I went on, wondering a little at myself that my voice sounded so dull and leaden in my ears—"I can guess of what you are thinking. But if I ever loved another woman, am I not separated from her to-night by a gulf which will divide us unalterably to the end? You need not fear to trust me, sir. I am in trouble, yet it seems to be a common trouble: most men appear to have gone through just such a crucible first or last. But it has not altered my ideas of honor and duty: no matter what it was that I had to do for you or Helen, I would do it. Anything seems possible to me rather than let either of you bear a misery great or small which I could avert. Helen has no idea, I presume, of my entanglement with— with Miss Lenox. She shall never know why this present moment is chosen for my coming forward."

"Of course," he answered eagerly, "you will not be married at once: a year hence—two years, indeed."

He put a hand on either side of my face and kissed my forehead, and thrice he called me his son, his dear son. His faith and comfort in me moved me powerfully. I would have died for him indeed, and when I saw his face relax from the hard, set lines it had worn all day, I felt unspeakably blessed, miserably unhappy although I was.

"May I write the news to Judge Hale and Cathcart?" he asked me softly.

I assented. "But," I ventured to remonstrate, "there are two sides of a question. You perhaps count with too much certainty upon Helen's acceptance of such an arrangement."

He laughed slightly and passed his hand over his face.

I recognized, with some shame perhaps, that within some inner fold of our mutual consciousness lurked a sort of knowledge that she cared for me. It had never governed either of us before, but I was aware that we were both acting upon it now.

"Oh," said he lightly, "I have my daughter under excellent discipline. She will do whatever I ask her."

He had gone to his writing-table, and I lit the candles for him and stood leaning against the desk. I felt eager to precipitate matters. I wanted to have done with any of the uncertainty which belonged to the fact of my not having spoken.

"May I ask her at once?" I inquired, without more trepidation than was becoming in such a position.

"It would be better to do so," he returned gravely. "God bless you! and, my dear boy, years hence I feel sure you will think of this evening with a feeling of thanksgiving that events are ordered as they are." He would have said a little more perhaps, but saw something in my face that made him break off with a sort of pitying sigh.

There had been no need, alas! to urge upon me the necessity of giving up the woman I loved—she herself had left me too completely to allow of any combat between passion and reason—but I could not yet hear such a suggestion from another. And I could not have borne to believe that any of the feelings which now tore me like raging wolves would return in after times, hallowed and chastened, to grace a worthier love. I was ready to worship the traits in woman which I had not found in Georgina, but the emotion with which it was now possible for me to seek Helen was the feeling with which a man tears himself from the embrace of an earthly love, sweet with deceitful kisses, voluptuous

with poisoned flowers, to kneel before the stainless image of a marble saint. I hated the very thought of my past rapturous adoration, and sickened at the notion that another man had shared with me—with a prior claim to mine, indeed—the touch of the lips and the clasp of the hand I was so willing to kneel in thankfulness for. No: I felt that the exaltation, the highest power, of love were for ever dead within me. It is easier to lose faith in happiness at twenty-two than at forty.

The worth of things in general was something I did not believe in: I was willing, however, to sacrifice myself in this particular instance; and I walked, my usual lame, halting step perhaps a little more lame and halting than usual, from the library into the long, lighted drawing-room, where my mother and Helen were sitting. They both looked up at me anxiously as I entered.

"Is papa better?" inquired Helen eagerly.

"I think he is—indeed, I am sure of it," I replied, and stood leaning over my mother's chair and answered their questions freely. I felt absolutely calm: the worst seemed to me to have passed, and I could bear everything now.

My mother presently resumed her reading, or her effort to read—for I saw that she was still touched with the presentiment of evil which had hung over the household like a cloud for the past twenty-four hours—and Helen fluttered about the room, settling to nothing. She was dressed in white to-night, with trimmings here and there of black silk or ribbon, and something in her air made her look more childish to me than usual, perhaps because her hair was on her shoulders in a way her father liked. But besides this there was none of the vivid glow about her eyes and smile which sometimes made them suggestive of a coming womanly charm sure to be maddening by and by. Her eyes were heavy, her cheeks pallid, her chiselled features both passive and imperious.

"Why do you look at me so?" she inquired presently. "It seems to me you have something to tell me."

"Well, Hélen, so I have."

"Is it about papa?"

"Not exactly: still, he knows about it."

She looked at me with her dark, luminous eyes serious and questioning, just as she had used to do as a child.

"Oh," she exclaimed, troubled, "tell me at once. When shall we be quite happy and at peace again?"

My mother looked up at me. "What is it, Floyd?" she demanded.

I leaned down and whispered something in her ear. "Is that bad news?" I asked.

She gave me a joyful but a questioning glance: "Do you really mean it, Floyd?"

"Indeed I do," I replied.—"Come on the piazza with me for a moment, Helen," I said, taking her hand as she stood regarding us both with serious simplicity. She followed me with her usual docility. Had I been in the mood for such reflections, I might very well have argued from such docility a fair promise of her virtues as my probable future wife: I had never required the smallest service from her but that she had made a joyful surrender of her will to mine. She was not given to expression of her feelings, but I could easily enough read the meaning of her grave little smile, and I felt, without defining the reason to myself, that one of her rarest graces was that glance at me when she gave up any fancy of her own and accepted my wishes as her law. Now, when I paused just outside the windows, so that the lights within might show me her face, she looked up at me and smiled a shy, fluttering little smile—that smile always so different from other girls', with some subtle, evanescent aroma of meaning behind it which aroused interest.

I wondered what I was going to say to her. "You do not mind my bringing you away from my mother?" I began, just to break the hush.

She looked at me again, but did not smile this time. "I am not so far away but that I may go back," she observed calmly.

"I think you love my mother, Helen," I ventured.

"Why, I love her dearly," she returned. "It seems to me sometimes that I could not have loved my own mamma better."

I knew that these words, and the look of softened tenderness which came over her face as she uttered them, offered me a fair opportunity, and I tried to avail myself of it, but every sentence which occurred to my mind oppressed me with a sense of namby-pamby platitude. There is a difference between women which only becomes apparent to a man when he ventures on love-making. To some the expression and declaration of love from man is a luxurious delight. But Helen possessed in an exalted degree a proud virginity, and in presence of this new ingredient of our intercourse she was troubled and had a consciousness of some danger. I was ashamed to waver, but now that I had all but committed myself, I suddenly had a doubt. What, after all, had I to say to her? It would have been better, I began to tell myself, to have had the betrothal arranged by our elders.

"Can you guess what I have to speak to you about?" I inquired, bending my head close to hers.

She gave a little cry. "I did not think at first," she said, putting her hand on my arm. "Oh, Floyd, is it that you are going away? Your mother just said to me that you must leave us before very long."

"Of course I must go away," I exclaimed with energy. "What right have I to stay here? Unless," I added, catching my breath and speaking in a half whisper, "you give me the best of rights to remain where you are."

She looked me straight in the face, utterly unconscious of my meaning.

"No one in the house has a better right to be here than you," she observed with her proud, imperious air, holding her well-poised head high, her dark eyes full of brilliance, her firm-cut lips set in decision.

"I am not your brother, Helen," said I, half smiling, "and no other man besides your brother has a right here unless he is your husband."

She turned pale and her head drooped. "Do you mean that?" she asked in an altered voice and with a frightened look.

"I mean that, Helen. I must go away soon unless you promise to marry me."

I was not so cool but that I wanted to see the look on the downcast face; and I lifted it and read the sweet trouble of her eyes, the tremulous mystery of the faint smile. Perhaps I should have kissed the exquisite face had she not broken from me with a childish gesture and darted through the window into the drawing-room, where she flung herself at my mother's feet and hid her face in the folds of her dress.

"Oh, Mrs. Randolph," I heard her say, "do you know what Floyd has asked me?"

My mother lifted her up and kissed her over and over again. "Are you really going to be Floyd's wife?" she asked her, holding her close in her arms.

"Indeed, mamma," said I, "she has given me no answer.—Show me some little sign, Helen."

"He is talking nonsense," murmured the young girl, cooing into my mother's ear. "Don't you think he is talking nonsense, Mrs. Randolph?"

"No," my mother answered with a tremble in her voice. "He has been a good son to me, yet never in all his life

has he pleased me so well. If you need anything more than he has said, let me plead for him, Helen. I am sure that he will make you happy: he is kind, noble and good. God only knows what a comfort he has been to me. He is—"

"Oh," cried out Helen, with a passionate tremor in her fresh young voice, "do I not know how good he is—better than any one else? 'Tis I who am unworthy." She left my mother with an impetuous movement and rushed over to me, and for an instant rested her hand in mine with a cool snowflake touch. She spoke not a word, but looked up into my face with her peculiar little smile and a swift glance which absolutely dazzled me.

I had not time for a word, not even to clasp her fingers, for she moved on toward her father, who had entered and stood looking at us with an anxious air.

"It is all settled, then," said he, holding out his arms: he clasped her to his breast. For a little while he held her close, then suddenly released her, and, abruptly leaving her, staggered over to me and clutched my arm. "You had better send for Sharpe," said he: "I am not well;" and only my efforts saved him from falling heavily to the floor.

ELLEN W. OLNEY.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

IN A CABINET.

THE study of coins, though it is not likely for some time yet to take the rank too generously assigned it by Mr. Huxley (*Numismatics and Theology*), may claim to be something more than an innocent and not inelegant amusement. In the hands of its masters it has helped to settle not a few minor points of history, and to the ordinary collector it may be a strong spur of imagination, a lively illustrator of facts, ideas and manners far away or long ago. When I want to live an hour in

classic Greece, or to commune with pope or king just dead or with czar and sultan still alive, I have only to unlock a door close by. Here are relics of Kossuth's and Garibaldi's brief republics of thirty years since, and memorials of the Saxon Heptarchy. Here is Kamehameha, and there is Mithridates. This bit of metal came from the antipodes, and that from fifteen centuries' repose under ground. Guns were melted to furnish these, and they passed for their weight in silver. Here are the last piece

struck by King George for his Western colonies, and the first that celebrated their independence. Our smallest circulating medium was to have been like this, with the venerable effigy of the First American upon it; but he said we had a republic, not a monarchy, and it was not fitting its money should bear his head or any man's. Not far off is one of the shillings poured into the legendary scale while the Puritan maiden stood on the other to receive her own weight of them as her marriage-portion.

But the most attractive and important fields of numismatic study have been supplied by the mints of antiquity, and especially by those of imperial Rome. Coins have several manifest advantages over pottery and other mementos of the past. They are less destructible, more easily handled and much more readily and certainly indicative of their origin. If they do not bear a date, they are at least covered with marks of place and time quickly interpreted by him who understands them. This understanding with the issues of the Empire is generally very easy: with those of independent Grecian communities it is comparatively difficult.

The Greek coinage is fascinating enough, and may be recommended to any gentleman of ample means and cultivated tastes who is in want of an occupation not carnally remunerative. About three hundred kings, says Mionnet, and above one thousand states or cities, put forth money, some of them in hundreds of varieties. The zealous antiquarian may travel over most of Southern Europe, and much of Asia and Africa, purchasing from peasants what their rude implements have casually turned up from the soil of the local dimes and farthings of two thousand years ago. Or he may dig for himself, like Cesnola and Schliemann, though on a smaller scale and (it must be owned) with less prospect of a "find." In the former case he should know how to distinguish forgeries, which of course exist in plenty.

But the immensity of the field makes the task perplexing. Most of these one thousand states and three hundred ty-

rants were petty. Between them, they spread over six or eight centuries and some four thousand miles, almost from India to Gibraltar. The lettering, when not wholly absent, is generally brief, and often rude, abridged, painfully inadequate. Not seldom much of it is off the coin: the die was too small or the piece struck carelessly. (Here, for instance, is a half-inch copper, with a third of its obverse blank margin, while the top of the head and most of the inscription are not there, and never were.) The figures are mythologic rather than historic. Several republics would have the same types, so that it is hard to discriminate between them. Even the monarchs did not introduce their "counterfeit presentments" till after Alexander, so the charms of physiognomy and personal interest are lacking in the earlier issues. The serious pursuit of autonomous Greek coins must be reserved for the energetic and persistent minds whom difficulties attract; and to such it may be, as poetry was to Coleridge, its own exceeding great reward.

The passage from Greece to Rome is across a gulf wider than the Adriatic: the difference of national ideas and character shows at once. Yet the above remarks apply largely to the somewhat scanty coinage of the Republic. Its official issues, chiefly in copper or "bronze," the As and its divisions, are monotonous and without marked character. The family coins, sometimes inaccurately called consular, offer far greater diversity: they are mostly in silver, the denarius or "penny" of Scripture. One hundred and seventy-seven families used this privilege, and the number of known varieties is estimated at near twenty-five hundred. Very few of these display the heads of individuals, and the historic interest does not become manifest and strong till the Republic is in its death-struggle, in the days of Pompey, Julius Cæsar, Brutus and Antony. It crystallizes as soon as Augustus is fixed upon the throne. Sir John Bowring's testimony is of value, though we may venture to question the accuracy of its opening adjective. The imperial coins, he says, were "for the

most part struck to commemorate remarkable events. The difficulties of history are consequently cleared up by these contemporary records, which are so complete till the time of Constantine that histories have been compiled from them. They form the most authentic data in the Roman annals, and [by these data] the mistakes of chroniclers are often corrected."

No less do we have in them the element of personal interest in original and authentic portraits—"exact likenesses," says Mr. Mathews in his recent valuable manual, *Coinages of the World*, "of men at whose names the world grew pale—likenesses whose fidelity is proved by the persistency with which certain features appear, however varied as to metal, size, date or place of issue may be the coins themselves." This reliable character unluckily begins to diminish after Commodus with the debasement of silver and the vanishing of large bronze; but there is enough of it to support us in an attempt to portray the lineaments, through near four centuries, of a series of royal personages, the like of whom, for occasional worthiness, and more frequent rascality on the largest scale, conjoined with power to make millions happy or wretched, the world has not seen elsewhere, and may be profoundly satisfied never to see again.

The reader will please fancy that the bits of metal on which our comments are based may have passed under the eyes and through the fingers of the potentates whose glory they set forth, as they certainly were seen and handled by men who groaned under the crazy tyranny of Nero or enjoyed the mild justice of Antonine. Such slight exercise of memory and imagination may serve to clothe with reality the procession in which fools and heroes, saviors of society and victims of ambition, pass before us, all "in their habit as they lived," and all made famous by unparalleled position. The world has afforded no nobler theatre, none politically of approximate magnitude that lasted one-tenth as long: there have been few greater players than some of

these, and none meaner than many of their number. But the grandeur of the stage gives dignity to the modest virtues of a Gordian or a Tacitus, and makes immortal the vicious fooleries of Caligula and Caracalla.

The emperors, unless it were Nero and Domitian, appear never to have thought of making their mints subservient to personal vanity. Not one of their effigies would seem to be such an improvement on Nature as is every one of—well, some living sovereigns. The plebeian rulers of the third century attempt not to disguise their origin. The pug nose of Postumus is as distinct as the lofty serenity of Trajan. Vitellius is plainly a glutton, and Otho a débauché. Each stands forth as Nature and his own life have made him. If you cannot read Ruffian in the large visage of Maximin, nor Trifler in Gallienus's softer features, you probably get as much of their character as if they had been taken in the miniature photographs which misguided rural brethren used to stick on visiting-cards ten years ago. Remember, these heads are seldom above an inch long, and usually much less.

The earlier reigns are familiar ground, and need not detain us long. Augustus had a somewhat striking presence—a long nose, so slightly aquiline that it is often given as straight, a rather high forehead with hair curling over it, firm mouth and chin, and a mild expression. He was beardless, as are all his successors (unless Titus) till Hadrian. Though he lived to seventy-seven, he is never represented with the marks of age. Coins with his name were "restored"—i. e. issued by later monarchs. His great general Agrippa (members and connections of the royal family are frequently thus shown) had a massive head, set lips and lowering brow.

Tiberius does not look the monster he was: his classic features "no characteristic traits do show of any distinctive kind." His son Drusus (though Tacitus intimates there was not much harm in him) has a proud and sensual look, which seems to hint that his wife and Sejanus, however the act might indicate a lack of

due respect for domestic ties and the dignity of the heir-apparent, did the state no great disservice in administering the cup of cold poison. The moral interest of this reign centres in the progeny of the elder Drusus, Tiberius's brother. His wife Antonia, as daughter of Mark Antony, was not likely to be a beauty. Her son Germanicus was the hope of the empire. Had he been allowed to live, vast misery might have been averted and much of Rome's best blood left to flow in its proper and useful channels, instead of through unappreciative gutters into Tiber. The lineaments of this chief ornament of his age seem youthful and regular, but not strongly marked. His wife Agrippina had an exquisite profile, and all virtues except humility. Her mouth and chin are of exceeding delicacy, but the upper features, large and firm, belong fitly to the heroic woman who was hardly persuaded to leave a mutinous camp at Bonn, and in her husband's absence repressed a panic, protected a bridge and "took on her the functions of a general officer." Her sons Nero and Drusus are shown enjoying themselves on horseback: the wretched princes were separately starved at the ages of twenty-four and twenty-five.

It might have been as well if their younger brother Caius—called Caligula—had ended with them. The education he received at his inhuman uncle's court was not such as to produce another Germanicus. He might deserve credit for smothering Tiberius had he not practised similar arts on too many better people. He had a thin head and a long neck. The Julian family, it must be owned, is getting tiresome: they were too much alike to be so uniformly zealous in murdering one another. Stupid Claudius looks as well as any of them, unless it be Nero, who was a handsome scoundrel, only too full-blooded and highly fed: his nose was long, but less protuberant almost than his cheeks and chin. One or two of his coins exhibit the temple of Janus closed for the fourth and last time. Poppæa's face suggests Tacitus's cynical account of

her, as having "all qualities that adorn the female character, virtue excepted"—sprightly and attractive, and better fitted for court amusements than for deification, a posthumous honor which she owed to Nero's too impulsive toes and too late repentance. The *potin medallion* which alone preserves her features makes the lower part of them project to an extent which destroys regularity, though not prettiness. Her hair (the ladies will want to know about this), like Agrippina's, is crimped and frizzed in a way that defies masculine description, with a long curl hanging down, like a cavalier's love-lock, below her "tiny, shell-like ear." In that curl not a few gentlemen of note, including two emperors, were tangled, to their more or less confusion.

We part from this line with small regret. Galba is our first unmistakable old man, with nose vehemently hooked, protruding chin, and aspect stern if not forbidding. His favorite legend, "Pax August," shows mistaken confidence: there was little imperial peace for him. The splendid bankrupt Otho, whom nothing short of the throne could save from ruin, to whom "it mattered not whether he fell in battle or a victim to his creditors," and who closed a worthless life by a death that met all Roman requirements of worthiness, and even challenges our modern admiration, has a head wholly unlike anybody else unless Mark Antony—good features, swollen by sensuality, but not incapable of showing calm and lofty resolve; a low forehead, and a round poll covered with what seems a wig, short and much curled. Vitellius is enclosed in his own fat. These brief rulers were unlucky in the inscriptions on their reverses. "Concord," "Liberty Restored," "Faith of the Soldiers," read like a grim satire on that unsettled and bloody time.

In Vespasian we meet at length a man who has risen by his own exertions and merits, rather than by accident or vicious arts. An elderly head, massive and strong, statesmanlike and not unbenevolent, whereof the expression degenerates in his later years to crabbedness,

through loss of teeth and mutual approach of nose and chin. Titus has the same lineaments in exaggerated prominence: his motto must have been "Handsome is that handsome does." Coins of these two reigns celebrate the conquest of Judea. Domitian closely resembled his mother Domitilla, a dignified and somewhat masculine beauty. One bronze of unusual type, with the same profile, has the fat head of his father and brother. This tyrant, like Nero, was a "literary feller," and affected elegance of pursuits and person. After fifteen weary years the judicious knife found its too dilatory way to his vitals, and made room for the Good Emperors.

The amiable Nerva was of spare habit, with a disproportionate nose. The practice which he initiated, of adopting for successor the fittest person who could be found, furnished the world with competent and estimable rulers for nearly a century. Now, almost for the first time, the flattering legends tell no lies: "Liberty," "Fortune," "Harmony," "Tribute Remitted." Great Trajan has a long straight nose, a low retreating forehead (surprising here), and a peaceful majestic air, as of one who had the world well in hand, felt his power, and was not tempted to abuse it. His Dacian and other conquests are often commemorated by trophies and dejected captives sitting on the ground. Here is a rare bronze of his deified sister Marciana, a stately old lady with a singular head-dress and a peacock.

Hadrian's handsome face shows only his abundant better qualities. The coins of his long reign are said to "surpass in number and variety those of any other emperor." Some of them resemble the fine bust lately fished from Tiber, and now in the New York Metropolitan Museum, but without its fierce and animal expression. Beards came into fashion with Hadrian. His extensive travels are indicated on many reverses. His wife Sabina was passable in looks, with a long and very sharp nose, and "the Matidian head-dress," whatever that was. I only know it was named from her mother, the daughter of Marciana, who seems to have

first worn it, and that a woman ought to have the describing of it.

Ælius, the handsome and worthless favorite, fortunately died before Hadrian, or Rome and we would have lost the two best men who ever sat successively on a throne. The late adoption of Antoninus, with Marcus to follow him, secured forty-two years of ideal administration, and fragrant memories for all subsequent time. After long annals of cruelty and lust it is a refreshing surprise to find in a state nigh dead with its own corruptions two princes endowed with every public and private virtue. Apart from formal Christianity, says Montesquieu, "search throughout all Nature and you will not find a grander object than the Antonines." "Their united reigns (this is Gibbon's verdict) are possibly the only period in which the happiness of a great people was the sole object of government." Pius was fifty-two on his accession—a man of noble presence, with a grave and reverent expression, which with increasing age becomes purely benignant. Never had monarch more loving son (though son but by adoption here), nor successor less anxious to mount the throne. Of this heir unspoiled by the purple there remain, says Niebuhr, "innumerable busts, for every Roman of his time was anxious to own his likeness; and if there is anywhere an expression of virtue, it is in the heavenly countenance of Marcus Aurelius." He was Cæsar at seventeen—a curly-haired boy with faultless features and innocent, serious look. The seriousness becomes anxiety as years and cares increase, the features are pinched and sharpened by ascetic privations and state labors, but the air of goodness is always there. Thus much is visible on his coins, which of course give a profile merely: for his full face, with its ripe, melancholy beauty, see the British Museum bust or the exquisite vignette therefrom in Canon Farrar's *Seekers after God*. The face answers perfectly to that most sad and charming book, his *Meditations*. I love to linger over these contemporary portraits of the noblest Roman of them all, and come by honest image-worship a little nearer to

"the imperial sage, purest of men," sweetest of all saintly pagans.

If Marcus had a fault, it was not so much that "his failings leaned to virtue's side" as that some of his virtues were overdone. His loyal soul, his filial piety and domestic tenderness (supposed to be rare in a Stoic) were too great for even his large brain. His blindness to his wife's alleged proceedings strains our respect, though we know it sprang from unsuspecting purity. He thought himself obliged to take Lucius Verus as son-in-law and associate. This fellow was his father Ælius over again, only not so handsome, and kept within some sort of bounds by the great colleague whom he had grace to revere. Here is a large bronze on which the emperors stand with clasped hands. Both, though at full length, are tolerable likenesses. The elder looks forbearing, and Verus very sheepish, as if he had just been receiving one of many needed lectures. The mint-artist has depicted, perhaps without meaning it, the exact general relations of the two. Marcus "dissembled his follies, lamented his early death and cast a decent veil over his memory."

After that Aurelius had the weakness to admit his own unworthy son as successor, instead of following the wise precedent then consecrated by long and happy use through four successful reigns. This blunder, if judged by its results, appears almost a political crime. The wretch Commodus cannot be pardoned his close physical resemblance to the father whose lessons and example he recklessly despised. Only deep and widespread reverence for that father's memory can have moved the Romans so long to endure another Domitian.

We must not overlook the princesses of this era. The elder Faustina was a stately and noble beauty; and that was all, say the chroniclers. She died early, and was deified, having previously worn her hair in some sort of bead-work, gathered at the top: I must let it go at that. Her daughter and namesake, the unworthy child and wife of two of the best of men, changed this laudable custom, and tied her tresses in a Grecian knot far

down the neck, much as many of our fair compatriots do now. Sometimes this is the easiest way to distinguish her from her mother: on other coins she is made *petite*, almost a baby-face. Here is a medal depicting her marriage, apparently. If Marcus regretted the occasion afterward, he made no sign. Indeed, he thanks the gods for giving him "such a wife, so obedient, so affectionate, so simple," and says he would rather live in exile with her than in his palace without. His translator, Mr. Long, thinks the tales of Dio Cassius and Capitolinus to the disparagement of these ladies may be false. Let us hope so. Lucilla, daughter of Marcus and wife of Verus, resembled her mother at all points—countenance, head-dress and character. One coin represents her sitting on a curule chair with a well-developed infant on her lap and another of larger growth disporting on each side. Females of rank in those days sometimes thought it well to make a show of fondling their children, *à la* Cornelia, before company, whatever might be their private habits—a pitch of heathen hypocrisy which can surely have no modern parallels. Lucilla was sent to Capree, and put to death there A. D. 183 by her brother Commodus for a conspiracy against his life. His spouse, Crispina, seems to have shared her fate.

Of the various claimants to the throne after Commodus was strangled nothing of Clodius Albinus, the governor of Britain, is at hand. The estimable Pertinax, who reigned but eighty-seven days, was a veteran of sixty-six, with corrugated brow, curled beard and manly countenance. Pescennius Niger, the Syrian usurper, if I may trust what is presumably a forgery, since his coins "are all colonials and of the highest degree of rarity," had a very marked Esopian head, with a long bottle nose: can he have indulged too frequently in the wines of Antioch? But what noble face is this, the handsomest in the whole imperial array, with perfect features and a grandly Roman air of calm and polished dignity? It will not do to trust first impressions: does the strength here match the beauty? Looking closer, the forehead recedes, the

mouth looks feeble under a luxuriant moustache. It must be so, for this is the king-fool of all history, if that invidious honor may be granted to any one of so many candidates. It is Didius Julianus, who bought the purple when the Prætorians almost formally put it up at auction, and thereby so scandalized the degenerate world that his reign lasted but sixty-six days.

After these disorders Septimius Severus the African. He was of good family, but his harsh, half-Moorish features seem an innovation, for hitherto not only gentlemen but Romans (if we except the Spanish Trajan) have kept the palace. He introduces new legends: "Founder of Peace," "Restorer of the World," "Good Issue," "Advent of the Emperor." His miserable sons, too early cæsarized, and hating each other from the cradle, are shown first as chubby children, then as round-headed young men, the elder the less prepossessing of the two. Their mother, Julia Domna, had a curious and tragic history. A native of Emesa in Syria, she rose from "humble station" to a throne—not by her graces of person, mind and character, but through the "royal nativity" which some astrologer had discovered in her horoscope. Here, as often, the prediction prepared its own accomplishment: Severus, a lover of magic, fancied that a wife so highly destined would further his ambition. As dowager-empress she in vain endeavored to protect her younger son from his brother's fury, and the strokes which butchered Geta wounded her hand as well as heart. Accepting the inevitable, she administered Caracalla's government not without success, and after his death committed suicide. Her beauty, as set forth on her coins—mostly, indeed, of debased silver and small size—cannot be called eminent; and she concealed much of it under a hood or net which extends from the brow to the lower part of the neck, covering the ears and hair. This ungraceful garment is henceforth used by all princesses. Her family will soon come to the front again.

Plautilla, daughter of Severus's favorite minister, was married to Caracalla

when that prince had attained the mature age of fourteen, and without the ceremony of asking *his* consent. The reluctant babes are exhibited with hands joined and the legend "Concordia Felix." There was not much happy harmony between them. The husband threatened to give her pride a fall on coming to his own. She told her father: a conspiracy ensued. Plautianus was beheaded, the child-empress banished to Lipari, and there done to death as soon as old Severus made room for his worthless son. Strange turns in Fortune's wheel, if anything could seem strange in Roman history!

It is to be regretted that we have no likeness of the prefect Papinian. When Caracalla required him to compose an apology for Geta's murder, after Seneca's model in the case of Nero and Agrippina, the great lawyer replied, "It is easier to commit than to justify a fratricide;" and so died. Pity *he* was not the author of Seneca's highly-moral treatises!

Macrinus the Moor, who had his master sent to his own place, was not much to look at, and with his beautiful son Diadumenianus soon followed. A cabal of Syrian women procured the elevation of Elagabalus as a pretended son of Caracalla. This wretched boy reigned from thirteen to seventeen—long enough for infamy. His coins are not easily distinguished from those of his reputed father, for the poor creatures called themselves alike "Marcus Aurelius Antoninus Pius," forsooth! using chiefly the last two venerable names. In this female reign ladies are all-important. Julia Mæsa, sister of the late empress Domna and chief plotter of the family, was content with more solid advantages and made no pretensions to beauty: she is a plain old woman, with (for this era) unusually marked physiognomy. Her daughter Soæmias was mother of Elagabalus. The better-known Julia Mamea ruled her son, Alexander Severus, with a rod of iron and the empire with gentleness and wisdom. After marrying the mild young prince to Miss Barbia Orbiana, she found she could bear, like the Turk, no daughter near the throne, so banished the bride

into Africa and beheaded her father. His wife's hard fate Alexander "lamented, but durst not oppose." Mamea's profile is handsome and resolute: she improved the everlasting hood with certain ribbed decorations, and pushed it behind the ear, so as to show her comely cheeks. Her son's numerous coins bear one witness with the chroniclers to his character—blameless, unless for a lack of virile force. These amiable features belong to the pure-minded and kindly scholar, who placed the statue of Our Lord in his domestic chapel with those of Abraham, Orpheus and Apollonius, and who entertained bishops and studied Cicero and Plato. His reign (or Mamea's) was long for that age, and beneficent, but not untroubled. The incurable Prætorians murdered his tutor Ulpian almost in his arms, and by and by his own turn came. We may hope Herodian's account, that he met his fate with useless cries and reproaches against his mother, is mistaken. On some previous occasions he had shown firmness: why not here?

The monster Maximin, who planned his benefactor's fall, is among the phenomena of history. A rude Thracian peasant, the progeny of Goths and Alani, he won the notice of Severus I. by superhuman feats of running and wrestling, and from that beginning made his way through the various military ranks. He was above eight feet in height, could crumble stones in his hand and consume daily forty pounds of meat and seven gallons of wine—or such is the tale. His coins imbue his coarse features with a benevolent expression: he looks a mild old man, with dubious teeth and an enormous chin. His son Maximus, who fell with him, is depicted as a beardless boy. His wife Paulina, who strove to restrain his fury, had a large nose and wore a large hood: she died in time to be deified. Three years of savage misrule, though spent outside of Italy, were all that could be endured. When Maximin heard of the rebellion in Africa and the Senate's decree against him as a public enemy, he raged like a wild beast rather than a wild man. At the siege of Aquileia his own soldiers were

easily persuaded to despatch the barbarian.

Passing by the ill-fated Africani and the senatorial rulers of scarcely longer term, we come to the grandson and nephew of the former, Gordian III., who was sixteen at his accession and twenty-two at his death. Unlike most who reached that fatal dignity in tender years, he resembles Severus II. in countenance, as in his youth, his virtues and his end. It is painful to look upon this guileless and serious child-face, and read the story which Montesquieu adopts but Gibbon doubts: "The army had elected Philip. Gordian offered to divide the power; no. He agreed to sink into cæsar; refused. He asked to be Prætorian prefect; nor that either. Finally, he begged for life. Philip was inclined to spare so much, till, recollecting that his innocence might excite a dangerous compassion, he commanded, without regard to his suppliant cries, that he be seized, stript and led away to instant execution." The latter portion of the tale must at any rate be discredited. One of poor Gordian's later coins bears the rash legend, "*Æternitate Aug.*" Brief eternity!

The ungrateful Philip, who played toward his master the same part Maximin had taken toward Alexander, was an Arab by birth, and therefore, says Gibbon, in his earlier years a robber by profession. The rest of his reign, however, seems not to have been so bad as its beginning. Perhaps a Christian in theory, he was certainly very friendly to the Church. His respectable if somewhat rugged outlines appear to be the index of ability and character. His wife, Otacilia Severa, has a pleasant countenance, though the distance between her nose and chin is unusual. One coin of hers bears a rare reverse—a hippopotamus and "*Sæcularis Augg.*," in honor of the famous and magnificent games whereby Philip celebrated the thousandth year of Rome. Their son, Philip Junior, appears an unnoticeable boy.

The next reign, though short, is of peculiar interest. Trajan Decius, a senator of eminence and repute, was sent by Philip to compose the mutinous le-

gions of Mœsia. Their force, rather than his own ambition, placed him on the throne. Over five centuries before two Decii (if not three) had successively devoted themselves for the Republic. Their glorious example was followed, A. D. 251, in substance, though vainly, by two of their remote descendants. Near the Danube the emperor and his son met the earliest Gothic invaders. The cæsar was killed by an arrow early in the battle, "in sight of his afflicted father, who, summoning all his fortitude, admonished the dismayed troops that the loss of a single soldier was of little importance to Rome." The Goths were nearly routed when the army, rashly charging over dangerous ground, sank in a great bog, and the monarch's body was never found. So ended two generous princes, who "deserve to be compared, both in life and death, with the brightest examples of ancient virtue." The memory of Decius, like that of the saintly Marcus, bears a stain which has been exaggerated by Christian partisanship; but we ought to remember that "persecution" of a supposed criminal superstition and dangerous sect affords no index to the motives of these rulers which can contradict the general tenor of their lives. Men of their stamp, the pagan view-point once allowed, would attempt from an earnest political conscience what Galerius and Maximin II. might commit long after from innate cruelty.

Natural sympathy, reinforced by a measure of respect which has not been claimed since Marcus, impels us to linger here a little. The face of Decius is that of a Roman of earlier and better days, gravely conscious of responsibility and able to resolve and execute. His wife Etruscilla, before me only in almost worthless billon, looks like all the ladies of that time. But here is a younger head, stamped with rare fulness and precision, though the lettering round it is very faulty and largely illegible. It is Herennius Etruscus, who perished untimely by that Gothic arrow. The massive forehead, the firm mouth and chin, the mild and serious eye appear to set forth one who might, had he been spared,

have dispensed with the wretched reign of Gallienus and repelled the barbaric inroads which wellnigh destroyed the empire.

But such deliverance was not to come till eighteen miserable years had passed. Hostilianus, the younger son of Decius, had not in face or mind the qualities of his father and brother, and presently died. Trebonianus Gallus—who was enthroned as a sort of guardian to this prince—and his son Volusianus look as commonplace as they were. From this time the larger bronze, on which chiefly we depend for adequate portraiture, almost wholly fails, to be revived by far inferior artists under Diocletian.

Valerian the Censor, most luckless of all emperors, has a fat, honest face, which supports his great early reputation no better than did his reign. He ended his days in a Persian dungeon, being used as a horseblock when Sapor went out to ride (so at least said the Christians, who hated him), and his skin was stuffed and long preserved—an arrogant insult which cost Persia dear, and which Rome never forgave.

The extraordinary character of Gallienus reminds one of Dryden's Buckingham,

Who in the course of one revolving moon
Was chymist, fiddler, statesman and buffoon.

"He was master of several curious but useless sciences, a ready orator and elegant poet, a skilful gardener, an excellent cook, and a most contemptible prince." His uncounted coins in small copper and billon represent him in various ages and lights, but one noble brass of the largest size is worth them all, and gives him as he was—handsome enough, with brains sufficient, had he cared to use them, but soft, smiling, light, conceited, frivolous. The reverses indicate his idle vanity and celebrate victories he never won: "Gallienus's Virtue"—Heaven save the mark!—"Peace Established," when the world was in arms; "Abundantia Aug.:" the people were starving by millions, and harried by all the barbarians from North and East. His wife Salonina is best represented, strange to say, by the colonials of Alexandria, issued before her husband

lost Egypt. She and their boy Saloninus are voluminously exhibited, the latter often as deified; but the mint-materials and art together are rapidly going down hill, with everything else.

Desertions from such a standard were excusable, even patriotic. Under Gallienus the empire literally went to pieces; and the pieces would never have been rejoined had not better men come after him. As province after province fell away, he coolly asked, "Must Rome be ruined unless supplied with linen from Egypt and arras-cloth from Gaul?" If the sovereign could not govern and protect the various portions of his empire, some of his generals could. Thus arose the "thirty tyrants," of whom Gibbon can enumerate but nineteen. Those of the West alone are memorable. "The rigid virtues of Postumus" secured his throne in Gaul for nine years. A galley on one unusual reverse indicates some naval pretensions. His rude plebeian lineaments are faithfully preserved upon a multitude of coins, but those of his associate, Victorinus, are more polished, and seem in keeping with what is said of his "shining accomplishments." For this prince, indeed, all graces are claimed save continence: "he was slain at Cologne by a conspiracy of jealous husbands." "The armorer Marius, most contemptible of all the candidates for the purple, was distinguished by intrepid courage, matchless strength and blunt honesty." He looks a blacksmith. The chroniclers say he reigned three days—too short a time to have made his dies and issues possible. After him the two Tetrici—a fine old gentleman (he was a senator) and a good-looking youth—many of whose coins are rough and barbarous far beyond anything else in the whole Roman series. Their fortune was unique and curious. Disgusted with his precarious throne and ungovernable army, the father entered into secret correspondence with Aurelian, affected resistance on the approach of that universal conqueror, and deserted to his standard at the battle of Chalons. The two ex-augusti were compelled to take part, with Zenobia, in Aurelian's splendid triumph, and then

were restored to their rank and fortunes. They built a palace, invited the monarch to supper, and entertained him with a painting setting forth their singular adventures. The father became governor of Lucania in Italy, and was once asked by his conqueror if that were not better than reigning beyond the Alps. The son long retained his rank as senator, honored by his peers and by several emperors.

Far different was the fate of Saturninus. Forced into rebellion by his soldiers, he said to them, "You have lost a useful commander and made a very wretched emperor." His anticipations were soon realized. There are, however, two different "tyrants" of this name, and a similar story is told of each.

A Roman of ancient and illustrious lineage brought the empire to the verge of dissolution: it was preserved and restored by three Illyrian peasants. The annals of that time are defective and confused, but Claudius II. seems to have known how to vanquish his own inner foes, as well as that terrible public enemy whose repulse won his momentous title *Gothicus*. His two years are crowded with solid no less than with heroic virtues. He was spare in form and sharp-featured, with a plain, soldierly bearing: his most interesting coin records his deification and displays an altar smoking to his sacred memory. It was perhaps the first time this honor had been disinterestedly and genuinely bestowed in the third century. The low-born hero who saved civilization from the fate which befell it two hundred years later died in his bed, universally beloved, revered and lamented. His brother Quintillus, who then snatched the purple with indecent haste, only to lay it down with his life a few days or weeks later, resembled Claudius more in countenance than in character. Mr. Matthews says that "after this reign *no* coins in billon are known, for at this period they were so thinly coated with silver that it has in *most* cases all worn off." The Quintillus before me is unmistakably billon.

Either the great Aurelian and the ad-

mirable Probus shared with Claudius one Pannonian type of countenance, or else the dwindling artists of that day sought in monotony the refuge of imbecility. We have nothing now to rely on but small copper. History credits Aurelian with a magnificent presence: his coins neither deny nor strongly support that allegation. An ample brow, small features and great depth of head may perhaps be ascribed to him on this imperfect authority.

The amiable Tacitus, model of filial piety at long range, deserves our kindly remembrance, if only for his reverent care for the works of his great ancestor. He rashly gave his fortune of some twelve million five hundred thousand dollars to the state, and thereby impoverished his family, which did *not* retain the throne. He was a chubby and well-preserved old gentleman, not remarkable for personal beauty or ugliness. The usurper Flavianus, I suspect, changed merely the lettering on his brother's dies, for the face appears the same.

The issues of Probus are "so numerous and diverse that the Abbé Rothlin had above two thousand different coins of him." These must have offered far less of satisfaction in the way of portraits than in variety of reverses. "Victory," "Imperial Peace," "Virtue of Probus," "Clemency of the Time," are now no idle boasts. It is a pity we have no adequate likeness of this astonishing man, who, risen from obscurity in a lawless age, revered law, order and the almost forgotten Senate; who, living by the sword, held the arts of war below the arts of peace; who, bred among soldiers, himself almost the greatest soldier of the age, dreamed of dispensing with a standing army, and undervalued the necessary evil by which Rome rose and fell. He actually tried to make the military useful as citizens—to accomplish great public improvements by their unwilling aid. This solitary weakness, which seems impossible in one of his education and position, cost Probus his life, but it adds lustre to his rare memory.

Carus, another Illyrian, is made to resemble his great predecessors, whether he

really did or not. A story told of him is curiously like the famous one of Marius. He was on his way to attack Persia when Varanes's ambassadors entered the camp at sunset. "They were conducted to a soldier who was seated on the grass. A piece of stale bacon and a few hard pease composed his supper. A coarse woollen garment of purple alone announced his dignity. 'You see this bald pate?' said he: 'I will presently make Persia as bare of trees, if your master does not own our supremacy.' The envoys trembled and retired." The scandalous Carinus, last imperial resident of Rome for a lengthened period, was sufficiently like his father to be a disgrace to the family. Very different was his brother of the East. I fancy in Numerian's visage traces of his gentle and scholarly character, but it may be merely fancy. The feeble designers of that day, if they hit a likeness once by accident, would miss it in the next die.

Carausius and Allectus, usurpers of Britain, look like pirates, as they were—one cunning, the other brutal. They come a little later, but may be dismissed here, not to disturb the harmony of the ensuing period.

That harmony is specious but deceitful. The men who rule are not Romans. The Eternal City is no longer a royal residence, and government is "Medizing" rapidly. Mr. Freeman claims the palace of Spalatro as exhibiting the perfection of classic architecture: if so, that art was as little supported by other arts as is his opinion by those of historians and critics in general. Die-sinkers and engravers have fallen below the level even of the last period: one head, or rather several, serve promiscuously for Diocletian, Maximian, Galerius and Constantius; and each is more unlike himself than different from his colleagues. Two heads of the same monarch, equal in height, may be in depth as four to three. Here, in unaccustomed clearness, is the Diocletian of the Christians, initiator of the last persecution—a terrific physiognomy, cold, animal, murderous, but on comparison with other coins it seems to show nothing beyond the mintmaster's fancy

or some accident of a die. The brutal countenance of his rival is sometimes bestowed upon humane Constantius. Maxentius and Maximin II. are caricatures; and when Licinius is not this he appears another Constantine, or nobody in particular.

Here are two pieces that set forth the abdication of the emperors. Diocletian lived six years in wealthy retirement, planting cabbages and musing over lost greatness and domestic woes, while restless Maximian retook the crown, was forced to lay it down, snatched at it again, was speedily discomfited and strangled in prison—by his own hand perhaps, but at the order of his son-in-law.

Amid this confusion we may pause a moment over three coins of comparative scarcity which severally point a moral or imply a tale. Martinianus, whose amiable countenance seems to hint desert of better things, was made Cæsar and Augustus by Licinius in his last fight with Constantine. The victor's first demands included the luckless upstart's head; and after two months of anxious dignity it was taken off three inches above where it terminates on this piece of copper. Licinius Junior, a pretty boy, was "born 315 A. D.; named Cæsar, 317; deprived of the title, 323; and put to death, 326." His motto, "Jovi Conservatori," is out of date: Jupiter was himself dethroned, and wholly unable to preserve his infant votary. The story of Valeria, daughter of Diocletian and widow of Galerius, claims a stronger hold upon our sympathies. She and her mother Prisca had received Christian instruction, and, Mosheim thinks, had been privately baptized. A bungling artist, on the last coin of large size (I believe) which delineates any princess, has attempted to depict a delicate and high-souled beauty. The reverse is of course still heathen: "Veneri Victrici." Venus's later victory was an expensive one for poor Valeria. Her mature charms and ample possessions excited the complex desires of Maximin. To his proposals, if we may trust Lactantius, she spiritedly replied, "That even if honor could permit a woman of her cha-

racter and condition to think of second nuptials, decency at least must forbid her to listen at a time when the ashes of her husband and his benefactor were still warm; and she could hardly trust a man whose cruel inconstancy had just repudiated a faithful and affectionate wife." A tyrant's lust and wrath are easily interchangeable: by one ferocious stroke she was stripped of property, servants, friends and liberty. Carted about under guard, and then confined in a Syrian village, the two empresses "exposed their shame and distress to the provinces of the East, which during thirty years had respected their august dignity." Diocletian, still alive, but no longer reigning, tried in vain to shield his wife and daughter. On Maximin's death they escaped to the court of Licinius, but birth, station, innocence, even lofty virtue, were no recommendation to him. Warned by the murder of others he was bound to protect, the unhappy ladies fled, and wandered for fifteen months disguised as peasants. Detected at Thessalonica, they were at once beheaded and cast into the sea. Such was life in "the good old times."

The great Constantine, historians say, was of lofty stature and majestic countenance: his innumerable coins show merely the soldier. Seventy years earlier, the head of Etruscus (A. D. 250) is as finely chiselled as any of Hadrian or Trajan: now, art expires with freedom. The equivocal statesmanship and dubious character of him who remodelled the world are fairly typified by the dull and wavering outlines of his degenerate coinage. As an adherent of the old religion he might pass in the imperial crowd, rising above most by generalship, though never approaching the moral glory of Probus and the Antonines; but domestic murders, provinces groaning under exhaustive taxation, and the last embers of liberty extinguished are incongruous decorations for the first *Christian* sovereign.

His eldest son, Crispus, whose noble promise was cut off by groundless paternal jealousy, bade fair to furnish worthier records than we have of that sinking age. But we seem to be indulging

in too many vain regretful speculations. If Germanicus, if Decius and his heroic son, if Crispus, had lived, how different might have been the course of history, for a while at least! *Ifs* are trees that bear no fruit.

The lengthened and effeminate features of Constantine's three younger sons are bejewelled and bediademed; and the small significance of the Christian emblems some of their reverses bear is shown by a more frequent design thereon. A very large soldier kneels upon a very small horse, who is tumbling ignominiously with his rider. The fallen Parthian stretches out a hand for quarter, but fails to stay the descending Christian spear. The customary legend, "Fel. Temp. Reparatio," is a brazen falsehood. That was far from a happy time; and it was not being repaired, except while Julian was Cæsar, by successful resistance to barbarians nor by any of the actual methods then in use.

Magnentius, the Western usurper, has a hydrocephalous head. Julian's face is manly and attractive. It does not appear why this estimable "Apostate" should not rank with the worthiest Cæsars—with his model Marcus for humanity and purity, however many steps below the spiritual altitude of that rare Stoic; for loyal devotion, with Decius, Probus and his relative Claude the Goth; for martial prowess, with Aurelian and Constantine. At least his brief reign, whatever were its faults, furnishes a record of which his greatest predecessors need not have been ashamed, and indicates qualities of brain and heart not unmingled with blemishes indeed, but such as might shine with enviable splendor in a better age. His reverses indicate the

re-establishment of heathen worship. Small blame to him for forsaking a religion which had been so vilely misrepresented in his eyes! Actions speak louder than words, he thought: his Christian relatives had all but exterminated his immediate family, had darkened his youth with bonds, anxiety and fear, had shown themselves the opposite of all his instincts taught him to value. Not by such means did the Cross really win its way, then or later. The disgraceful habit of canonizing or condemning princes simply as their attitude toward the Church might be outwardly friendly or injurious is one which Christians, of all men, should have known how to avoid. Deeper than that lie the springs of merit and demerit.

With this last pagan, last Roman, and almost last man of the imperial series our examinations may fitly close. What follows offers neither edification nor interest. Even Theodosius is indistinguishable by his coins from the rude soldiers and gemmed effeminacies who come before and after; and the enfeebled remnants of "the grandeur that was Rome" soon crumble—on the one hand into Gothic barbarism, on the other into Byzantine sloth. The world, exhausted by long revel and slaughter, sinks into troubled slumber: when she awakes after many centuries her ruling type is no longer Latin, but Teutonic; her power is transferred from sword to pen; and her directing impulse comes, not from the Seven-Hilled City, but from obscure Judea and from a Name which Constantine mispronounced, and which Julian (though the venerable legend be set aside) *might* in prophetic agony have confessed victorious.

FREDERIC M. BIRD.

CARRIE FANE.

"I BELIEVE they're poor as poison," said Mrs. Stare, glancing across to where her opposite neighbor, Miss Fane, stood tending her plants: "it's a pity that old harridan wouldn't give up the ghost and leave 'em something handsome. But, you see, she cut 'em off, so to speak, when Mrs. Fane married. She was Mrs. Fane's half-aunt, and had brought her up, though I've heard say she had to earn everything she had, and more too, waiting upon the whims of her aunt, Miss Parrott; but when it came to marriage, she took her own advice, and gave up Squire Snow and his fortune and took poor little Fane, the artist, who was always just going to surprise the world with some masterpiece, but who didn't earn his salt; which surprised nobody. But 'the whirligig of Time brings in his revenges,' I've heard; and after Miss Parrott had given Miss Fane up to poverty and hardship, and pampered her other nieces and given them her eye-teeth, what do they up and do, when they find she's in for the small-pox caught on a journey, but just leave her and the house to go to destruction together? Of course, Mrs. Fane steps in and takes care of her, and carries the disease home to Miss Carrie, who loses her good looks by that means. I say, it's an unfortunate family. Miss Parrott never got fairly over it, they tell me: you see, it left her sort of broken, and she finally took to her bed for good, and Mrs. Fane had to bring her home, for she was neglected and snubbed by her own servants in her own house. And how they live Heaven knows. The old lady's got money enough and to spare, but precious little does Mrs. Fane see of it. Miss Parrott pays her eight dollars a week for board and attendance and what not—pays it grudgingly, and tells 'em they make money at that, and they'll have to answer for taking advantage of a poor old woman's necessities. But I'm hoping she'll leave 'em some-

thing handsome yet, unless she's got a heart of stone."

"She is very feeble," said Dr. Eustis Gilbert, with his eyes on their neighbor's window, "and very irritable. Miss Carrie is a martyr to the cause."

"Yes, and how pale and half-starved she looks!" returned his landlady. "I don't believe they have half enough to eat: how can they? It stands to reason. I've seen Miss Carrie buying half a pound of steak at the butcher's time and again: how far would that go, pray? You may rely upon it, it was for the old lady's dinner: my cook tells me the rest of 'em lives on mush and milk. Pretty stuff for Miss Carrie to teach on all day and watch all night! And just you look at her gown, Dr. Gilbert, if ever you notice such things—some men-folks don't; and all the pleasure she has she gets from that handful of house-plants there. Does anybody ever see her at a concert or matinée, I'd like to know? I've noticed that the very clothes on the line were patched, and I'm not one who looks after my neighbors' affairs very sharply, neither."

"Lost all her good looks, has she?" thought Dr. Gilbert, his eyes still wandering toward his young neighbor.—"She certainly *is* thin as a shadow and pale as a spirit," he confessed aloud.

"If Miss Carrie had somebody to cosset and care for her, and lived at her ease, with no harassments and nagging, she wouldn't be so all-fired plain to my thinking, or blue and pinched-looking," continued Mrs. Stare. "I sometimes long to ask her in for a good square meal; but, Lor'! they're proud as Lucifer—poor folks mostly are, you see—and it would break their hearts to know that anybody suspected they were needy. I *did* send in some pie-plant once, just after I moved into the neighborhood: it was the first of the season, grown in my own garden. They were much obliged, you know, and all that, in a proper way, but I saw old

Bucket, who takes the swill in this street, carry it off in his pail a week later, and I reckoned they couldn't afford the sweetening for it."

"From whom was Miss Parrott's money inherited?" asked Dr. Gilbert idly. "She didn't make it, I suspect."

"Bless you! from her own father, to be sure; and there's the sin of it. Wasn't he Mrs. Fane's mother's father too, I'd like to ask? and why doesn't she have her share? I've no patience with folks who keep means that doesn't belong to 'em, even if it is left 'em in somebody's will made out of spite. You see, old lady Parrott and Mrs. Fane's mother were half-sisters: she had other sisters on her mother's side, Miss Parrott had, and the nieces who left her to the mercy of the small-pox are their daughters; and ten to one they'll have the property, instead of the Fanes, though it all came by way of Mrs. Fane's own grandfather, Grandfather Parrott. They say he was a crusty old fellow, and took offence with his daughter's husband, Mrs. Fane's father, and never got over it, but disowned the whole kit of 'em, and left all his money to his eldest daughter, that old virago over yonder. But when her sister died a poor widow, Miss Parrott took her only child—that is, Mrs. Fane—and brought her up, as I told you. Wasn't it cruel?"

"Cruel enough," said Dr. Gilbert, "but of course she will make it right in her will."

"Perhaps so, if her old heart isn't hardened like Pharaoh's. If I were in your place, Dr. Gilbert, I'd give her a hint."

"It doesn't seem to be my business to interfere."

"It's everybody's business to help the widow and the fatherless. Speaking of angels, there she is now—Miss Carrie, I mean. They want *you*, I guess: the old lady's got an ill turn: she's always breathing her last and frightening them half to death. Just you notice her poor little hands: they are all chapped, and you can almost see through 'em."

Dr. Gilbert did more than notice them when he met her in the hall: he held one of them in his own broad palm, where it trembled a moment. It seem-

ed to him, just then, that he would like to keep it longer, but she drew it away gently, and he followed her to the bedside of Miss Parrott and prescribed a composing draught.

"Have you ever heard Staccato sing, Miss Carrie?" he asked as she let him out.

"Neither Staccato nor anybody else, to speak of," laughed Carrie.

"The season is remarkably dull, as they say: everybody, with the exception of Miss Parrott, is preternaturally healthy just now; so I mean to dissipate this evening. Staccato sings here to-night. Could you, will you, make the pleasure greater by listening with me?" Dr. Gilbert found himself strangely embarrassed in speaking to this plain, poverty-stricken girl in the shabby alpaca, with chapped hands and a certain pinched expression about the lips. But how the wan, colorless face brightened at the request! what a warm tint suffused the cheek! how her eyes deepened to violet and glittered almost as if there were tears in them! while her smile grew and faded, developing new expressions and shy dimples! No one, in all her life, had ever offered her such a pleasure before; and here was Dr. Gilbert begging her to accept it as if it were a favor to him!

"I would give the world to go!" said Carrie. "How kind you are! But poor mamma has a headache, and there is nobody but me to look after Aunt Parrott. Oh dear! Well, I thank you very much: I am very glad you asked me."

"I sha'n't enjoy it half as much without you," he said.

Carrie had gone out marketing when Dr. Gilbert made his next professional call on Miss Parrott.

"Dear! dear!" cried that lady, "you were here only Wednesday: do you think I'm worse? Feel my pulse, look at my tongue: I'm not a grain weaker; my appetite's growing; I'm good for some time yet. You don't feel anxious about me? I'm an old woman, to be sure, but creaking gates, you know, hang long on their hinges."

"Yes," said Dr. Gilbert, "so they say;

but our breath is in our nostrils. If I had anything I particularly wished to do, any wrong to right, any cherished plan to fulfil, I should want to make sure of it before the breath left them."

"You mean you'd pay all your debts and make your will if you were in my situation. That's exactly what I've done. Now, wouldn't you like to know how I've disposed of my filthy lucre? Ha! ha! you'd be coming here too often if I told you. Carrie's no beauty, but I've known money to gild a plainer face."

Had he been coming to see Miss Parrott more frequently than was necessary, and had the old lynx found it out?

"Your affairs are nothing to me, Miss Parrott," he said gravely: "they are between your own conscience and yourself. At the same time, I must confess that I have no respect for those who devise their estates to Borriboola Gha, and leave their relatives as a legacy to the town. By the way, I heard of a curious case the other day: a man having come into a fortune through the estate of his wife's father, died, leaving her a paltry portion of her own money, and the bulk of it to his own sisters and brothers. There's justice for you!"

"Blood's thicker than water," said Miss Parrott peevishly. "Can't you give me a sleeping-potion, doctor?"

And then he went down and met Miss Carrie on the staircase, and asked if she could spare the time and had the inclination to drive into the country, where he had a patient. "It's a half-holiday at your school, I believe: I am going to-day instead of to-morrow, for that very reason."

What a charming drive it was through the autumn woods, away from a sick bed, from a ragged school, leaving all the dusty and sordid cares of every day behind her! What if Fortune were niggardly toward her, was not Nature rich in bounty? Leave sorrow and trouble for to-morrow, but for the present moment it was happiness enough to listen to Dr. Gilbert, to meet his kindly glance, to know that he had thought of her pleasure and planned for it. That he cared for her, that he was growing interested in her

in any but a friendly fashion, that he might fall in love with her, did not once occur to her mind: she was simply a little pauper whom he pitied. She had only known him since Aunt Parrott, having quarrelled with her old physician, had installed him in the other's place, and she had heard that he was going to be married; and now, as she drove by his side and he favored her with the familiar courtesy one accords to one's best friend, she found it hard to suppress a half-formed wish that that fortunate and probably beautiful woman did not exist.

As Carrie was preparing Miss Parrott for the night, the latter said, "Now, you'd like something interesting to read, I'll be bound. Just take the key, the skeleton key—What a hateful word! it suggests all sorts of horrors. However, it unlocks my desk. You'll find my will there: read it while I drop off to sleep: it's as good as a novel."

"I don't want to read it," said Carrie.

"Nonsense! you're dying to get it this minute. Read it aloud: perhaps it'll lull me to sleep."

Without more ado Carrie produced the document, and began: "I, Rebecca Parrott, being of sound mind, this sixth day of June, 1860, do hereby—"

"Stop! What a mess you make of it! 1860? Haven't I made a will since that? My mind's growing cloudy: I must have been dreaming. You found it in the desk?"

"Yes."

"Well, what are you waiting for? Read."

And Carrie read to the bitter end: then the will slipped from her hands upon the floor, and she sat before the slight blaze which the autumn weather demanded in a sick room—sat and gazed at it with an air of depression and hopelessness quite foreign to her, as if she had got over the habit of making the best of things.

"Only a string of gold beads," she sobbed, "and all my great-grandfather's fortune left to strangers! Only a string of miserable gold beads!"

"Hey? what did you say?" asked Miss Parrott, waking suddenly. "What have you there, Caroline Fane?"

"Your last will and testament," answered Carrie, picking it up.

"My last will and testament? Where did you get that, you hussy? Have you been ransacking my things before the breath is out of my body? Put it away safely."

"I mean to: I'm going to put it in the fire."

"And take the bread out of your own mouth? Don't be an idiot, girl: lock it up and put the key under my pillow. I'll see Lawyer Equity in the morning. There! good-night. Burn it, to be sure! What a fine bonfire it would make! Houses and what not all swept away in a single night by the devouring element! It's safe with old Equity, if he is a slow coach. There! I shall go to sleep now."

While she dozed off again Carrie held the will in the reviving blaze till it dropped into shreds and ashes upon the hearth. And crouching beside it till the brands were cold and the gray dawning looked in at the casement, trying to follow the tangled clew of right and wrong, to justify error, to make sure that her motives were unselfish—that she needed the money not so much for her own comfort as for "poor mamma," who had struggled bravely through years of poverty, and merited justice—wondering how it would seem to have enough to keep the wolf from the door, since, after all, this would only entitle her mother to share her grandfather's estate alike with the other heirs of Miss Parrott—wondering if the one whom Dr. Gilbert was going to marry would have resisted such a temptation, or if he would have loved all the same,—till her brain seemed reeling, for retribution had fairly overtaken her, "The king shall have his own again!" she cried, rising at length, benumbed and shivering. Had any one spoken, or was it the echo of her own voice through the silent chamber? She turned quickly toward the bed: Miss Parrott was sleeping—the sleep of the just, shall we say?

"You had been watching all night?" asked Dr. Gilbert when he came softly into the room after a hasty summons, regarding her haggard air, her languid

movements, the dulness of her eyes, the pallor of her face, white to the lips.

"I had been up," she answered, "not watching. I was—I was busy: that was all."

"Had she seemed worse after I left? Did you see any reason to expect a change?"

"No: she was somewhat confused at one time when she waked suddenly, but that often happened." The ashes and scorched fragments of the will were still scattered upon the hearthstone: when he had passed down stairs she gathered them up hastily and hid them away.

"I wouldn't have thought Carrie set so much by old lady Parrott," said Mrs. Stare to Dr. Gilbert after having been over to condole in neighborly fashion. "Though I felt a sight more like offering congratulations," she confessed. "She sat there with a sort of absent look in her eyes, and when you spoke to her it was as if her mind had been playing truant a thousand miles away. If she'd poisoned the old lady she couldn't have looked more wretched. I've heard say that money's mighty unsettling. Maybe they've told you that there ain't any will to be found? So Mrs. Fane shares her grandfather's means with all those hussies, who haven't a right to a red cent."

"They have told me nothing," said the doctor, who was puzzled himself by Carrie's mood.

"You were very fond of Miss Parrott?" he ventured to say when they met again.

"No," answered Carrie honestly and briefly, as if the subject were dismissed.

"Was it the near neighborhood of death," he asked himself, "which lent her that distraught air, that frozen, impassive gaze, as if the objects of to-day passed before the retina without impressing themselves upon it, or had the prospect of sudden possession wrought the spell?"

Whatever the cause, she grew daily more reserved and absorbed: one needed to address her twice before claiming her attention. A deep unnatural color burned upon her cheeks or left them white as snow; her eyes grew hollow and glittering, and a month from the

date of Miss Parrott's death Dr. Gilbert found her in a high fever.

"The king shall have his own again!" she muttered, looking into his face with no answering recognition. "It was all our own, you know—no harm done. Oh, those ugly beads! How big they've grown! as big as cannon-balls! They will crush me to death; don't let them! Pick them up—one, two, three—slippery things! pick them up. How it blazed, too! a pretty bonfire, by my life! Mamma's grandfather's. There they come again, those beads, yellow as gold. Take them away: they're like a millstone about my neck. I don't want them: I want nothing—only sleep."

"Poor child!" thought the doctor: "good fortune has worked her ill.—Miss Carrie, will you drink this—for me?"

"For you? a cup of cold poison? Oh, Dr. Gilbert!" with a gleam of intelligence, quickly fading away. "Would the woman he loves have done so if it had been her great-grandfather's? Would he have loved her just the same? Just a bit of paper to make all this coil! If I tell Aunt Parrott when she wakes she will see her mistake and do better. How cold she is!—Aunt Parrott, speak! speak! speak! Oh, the beads! If I tell him he will hate me, despise me!"

And so day after day, with occasional gleams of consciousness, with confused mutterings and references to some harassing care, at which Dr. Gilbert could only guess, the fever raged, till one morning she lay upon her pillow weak as an infant, but sane.

"Where is my mother?" she asked the nurse feebly.

"Your ma is taking a nap: we won't wake her yet. Can you taste a little wine, think?"

"Am I very ill?"

"I'm afeard you be, miss," returned her indiscreet attendant. "Your ma hasn't had her clothes off."

"I am better?"

"Not that I know of: I ain't one of them as thinks it best to hide the truth from the patient. Who knows but a body may have something to do or say

before the great change? And then, 'betwixt the saddle and the ground, if mercy's asked mercy's found;' and we all needs it."

"Am I going to die?" gasped Carrie, making a wild effort, as if she would move away from the Destroyer's grasp.

"Hush, child! not to-day, not to-day. Drink the wine, and you'll feel better. You won't go to-day, I reckon."

"Not to-day? Shall I die soon—to-morrow?"

"Who knows? Your symptoms may mend all at once. Don't fret: you'll not leave us to-day: the doctor himself said as much."

Carrie lay so still upon the pillow, like a marble image of Silence, that Mrs. Wilful thought that she had been asleep, when she spoke again: "If I am going—to die—soon, I must see Dr. Gilbert. Make haste, please."

Was it the mist of death or illness through which Carrie saw Dr. Gilbert that gave his countenance that ghastly hue, his eyes that melting tenderness, as if suffused by unshed tears? She put out her hand as he approached, and smiled faintly, as if the effort were too great for repetition. "You would have saved me—if you could," she said. "I thank you: you have always been so kind—nobody was ever so kind to me."

"Who could help being kind to you? I have been only kind to myself. I am afraid I did not so much think of you in my kindness as of myself."

"But when the secrets of all hearts are opened," she pursued—"when the secrets of all hearts are opened, you might feel sorry to find I was not so good as you thought—not worth your kindness; and I could not bear that you should have hard thoughts of me."

"Hard thoughts of you, Carrie?" repeated Dr. Gilbert, with a quiver in his tone and a great sob in his throat. "I shall never have any but the sweetest, tenderest thoughts of you, of whom I am not worthy to think at all."

"You fancy so now: wait till you hear my story. I must make it short, I am so tired! But that dreadful money is not ours at all. How much wrong-doing it

has caused! You must tell mamma. Aunt Parrott had left me only a string of gold beads—so—I—burned the will! She gave it me to read: I meant to have told her, but in the morning she was gone. And then her nieces seemed so hard I couldn't tell them, and the secret grew so big I could scarcely drag about with it."

"You might have allowed me to help you."

"I was afraid. It was all so different from what *she* would have done."

"Who?"

"The woman—you—you love, you know. But you will explain to everybody, will you not? and set it all right, and let them have the miserable money, and give my gold beads to mamma?"

"You could not remember the date of the will, Carrie? Don't try if it does not come readily," he asked.

"1860. I can't get rid of it: it's burned into my brain. I swept up the scraps: they are in my japan box. I remember the corner with the date was barely scorched."

"1860? Could you bear a little good news? At least we must try the effect. They have found a later will while you were unconscious. Old Lawyer Equity, who was away out West on a visit, happening to hear of Miss Parrott's death, hastened home and brought forward a will she had entrusted to him dated 1865. I don't think we need explain to any one, Carrie. The will you burned was already null and void."

"But it was just as wicked in me."

"I suppose so, but you have done penance enough."

"Thanks. I am so tired! Perhaps I shall sleep now."

And Dr. Gilbert held his finger on her

pulse while she slept, and when he crept down stairs in the gray of the morning he said to Mrs. Fane as he passed out. "Her heart beats stronger. She is going to live, thank Heaven!"

It was not till Carrie had been able to sit up and take short walks across her chamber-floor on Dr. Gilbert's arm that he ventured to say, "You have never asked about Miss Parrott's final will?"

"I don't care about it," she replied: "I can still keep school. I used to long so for money, but I've outlived all that."

"And there is another affair you have no curiosity about. You once spoke of 'the woman I love': why don't you ask me about her?"

"Yes, I will. She is beautiful, of course?"

"She has the sweetest eyes that were ever seen. Why do you drop my arm?"

"I must learn to do without it sooner or later. She is young and rosy, I know."

"Just now she resembles a charming ghost."

"She is very good, I suppose."

"I shall believe it when she agrees to love me."

"Oh, is she so hard to please?"

"I shall think not if I please her. There! I knew you were too young to go alone. The wilfulness of woman! Since you disdain my arm, it may seem presumptuous in me to offer my hand—to the only woman I love, have loved or shall love—even with my heart in it! Will you take it?"

"I like presumption—in some people," said Carrie; and Dr. Gilbert held her in his arms and "kissed her cheek and chin."

And when Miss Parrott's will was proved Mrs. Fane had come to her own again. MARY N. PRESCOTT.

THE LATTER DAYS OF THE BLENNERHASSETTS.

IN the present article it will be taken for granted that the reader is familiar with the early life of the Blennerhassetts. Enough has already been written of their lovely home upon their famed island in the Ohio, furnished from London with all the comfort and elegance of the present day. Enough has already been said of the wealth and literary taste, of the kindliness and hospitality, of Mr. Blennerhassett, as well as of his hypochondria and verbosity, his lack of common sense and his weakness of character. Enough has been told us of Mrs. Blennerhassett's beauty, her brilliancy in conversation, her fine education, her excellence as a housekeeper, her energy, her decision, but, above all, her winning manner, which captivated all alike. One circumstance deserves mention and remembrance. It was Mrs. Blennerhassett who introduced vaccination into the West. During one of her frequent visits to New York her children were vaccinated. She preserved the virus, invited parents to send their little ones to the island and successfully performed the operation. One of those children is now living, and although he has become a child again under the weight of almost a century, he still remembers the beautiful Mrs. Blennerhassett of his youth. Admiration, love, respect, sympathy, are all felt for her as we follow her changing life from its happy gayety upon the island to her lonely death in a New York garret.

The devotion of Mr. Blennerhassett to his wife was very deep. It has been hinted by his relatives that the reason of his emigration was the fact of his near relationship to Miss Agnew, which would have prevented his marriage with her in England. One of her letters, written during his long absence in England, might support this theory. She says in this: "To be parted from you I cannot longer bear; and if being with you should injure either your interest or reputation,

then let me be lodged somewhere in obscurity where I may sometimes see you."

Their home was all that money and taste could make it; they had society in the families of the Revolutionary officers living in Marietta and Belpré; two children gladdened their hearts, and with the aid of books and music eight glad years passed by. Then Aaron Burr came, and it is needless to repeat what followed.

On the 10th of December, 1806, a cold gloomy, snowy night, Mr. Blennerhassett, fearing an arrest, left the island at midnight to join Colonel Burr. One week later his wife followed, leaving their elegant home completely desolated by the drunken soldiers who had taken possession in the name of the government. The opening of the new year found Mrs. Blennerhassett restored to her husband. They went to Natchez upon the breaking up of the expedition, and Mr. Blennerhassett was soon after arrested there. Having stood his trial and been acquitted, he turned toward the North to gather at the island what was left of his property, but was again arrested and sent to Richmond. Here, after ten weeks of weary waiting, he was again discharged, as no evidence was found against him.

Just one year from the time Mr. Blennerhassett had left his home he was again there, but what a change! The grounds had been inundated by a heavy flood, the house had been used as public property, and even the window-frames had been torn out to get the leaden weights and the stone roller broken to pieces to obtain the iron axle; the rooms were stripped of every article of furniture, even the books and telescope having been attached and sold; those of his negroes who had not been sold to satisfy creditors had easily escaped to the Ohio side; Mrs. Blennerhassett's favorite horse Robin had been stolen; and the island itself was in the possession of a Kentucky creditor, who soon began there the cul-

tivation of hemp. Mr. Blennerhassett after a few melancholy days left the island, and, barely escaping a re-arrest, reached his family at Natchez in safety. He went at once into the cultivation of cotton, purchasing a thousand acres of land near Gibsonport, Mississippi, and for some years was quite prosperous, but the war of 1812 closed all business of this sort. It became necessary to sell the plantation, which was done, including the negroes upon it, for twenty-seven thousand dollars. The creditors were satisfied, but from their generous fortune but a moiety remained. The misfortune of the war was attended by another. A quantity of hemp had been stowed in the old house upon the island. Some of the servants returning from a merrymaking one night, their skiff was overturned and one of their number drowned. Hastening to the cellar for brandy, they passed too near the hemp with their candles. At once the building was in flames. Thus perished in an hour the home of the Blennerhassetts.

A few weeks since the writer visited Blennerhassett's Island, but found little there to remind one of its former beauty. The Ohio and Virginia hills, the beautiful river and the blue sky, are the only things which look in the least as they must have looked to the original inhabitants. The island, now owned by a gentleman of Parkersburg, is rented to a tenant who is apparently fond of cabbages, for not only did oceans of cabbages roll their billowy heads as far as the eye could reach, but the little house standing just where the mansion formerly stretched its hospitable arms was redolent of the same vulgar vegetable. The only remains are the foundation of the house, barely traceable; the old well, unusually large and still in use; two gnarled apple trees, said to have been planted by Mr. Blennerhassett; and the caps to the stone gateway, now used as steps to the humble house. The upper part of the island is strewn deep by the frequent high waters with driftwood and decaying logs, and tall, tough weeds standing very thick give the place a most uncivilized, inhospitable look.

Mr. and Mrs. Blennerhassett next moved to New York, where Mr. Blennerhassett undertook the practice of law. But little is known of their residence here, though it is doubtless true that the early friendship between Thomas Addis Emmet and Mr. Blennerhassett, begun in their school-days in Ireland, and kept up by frequent letters and visits after the arrival of Mr. Emmet in New York, was continued; and this at least, we may be sure, was always a source of unqualified pleasure.

The duke of Richmond, another old schoolfellow of Mr. Blennerhassett's, being at this time governor of Canada, heard of his old friend's misfortunes, and induced him to go to Montreal, holding out the possibility of a judgeship should such a position become vacant. They accordingly removed thither in 1819, Mr. Blennerhassett entering into a law-partnership with a Mr. Rosseter.

The following extract from a letter written in 1821 by Dudley Woodbridge, who had been partner of Mr. Blennerhassett in his early days, has some interest: "You will be surprised when I tell you that I have seen Mrs. Blennerhassett in Germantown, whither she has been to visit her grandfather's grave. You will remember that he was General Agnew, and that he was killed at the battle of Germantown. The poor woman has lost every vestige of her former elegance and beauty. At times, when engaged in conversation, I would see that interesting expression for which she was so remarkable. Mr. Blennerhassett is engaged in the profession of the law, and she speaks as though satisfied with her present condition. She tells me her whole family suffered constantly with sickness while on the Mississippi, that her two daughters fell victims to the fever, and that her own health is now wretched. Her three sons and Mr. Blennerhassett have regained their health since living in Montreal. She left Montreal to visit a sister, Mrs. Dow, who came from England almost two years since, whom she had not seen for twenty-five years; and she is now on her way back to Montreal. Her grandfa-

ther died in the house now belonging to Charles Wister of Germantown. Some of the blood from his wound, strange to tell, is now to be seen on the floor.* You will pardon this detail when you remember that Mrs. Blennerhassett was attached to my mother and sister, who are gone, and that many of the weeks of my early life had a zest given them by the hospitable attentions and lively conversation of this then interesting woman."

The business relation into which Mr. Blennerhassett had entered did not prove to be a successful one. No vacancy occurred upon the bench, and shortly after his arrival in Montreal the sympathizing friend who had hoped to help him was removed from office. Thus was poor Blennerhassett left at the age of fifty-five with a family on his hands, and no means of support, no energy, or even hope. As a last resort he bethought him of a reversionary claim existing in Ireland, which in his days of prosperity he had never thought worth while to prosecute. Setting sail for Ireland, he reached there in safety, but his quest was unsuccessful. Not only was his claim barred by the statute of limitations, but the actual possessor, Lord Rosse, was wealthy and influential, and did not propose giving up any part of his possessions unless compelled to do so. During the weary months which followed of unsuccessful endeavor Mrs. Blennerhassett, still in Montreal, was undergoing trials which so crushed her spirit that she was never again the same woman. Loss of property to persons brought up as Mr. and Mrs. Blennerhassett had been was indeed hard, but she came to think of that, in comparison with other troubles, as a slight evil.

Mrs. Blennerhassett's family now consisted of three sons—Dominick, Harmon and Joseph Lewis—together with a devoted servant, Mary, probably one of their former slaves, who refused to leave her mistress, though she was unable to pay her anything for her services. This

*The blood upon the parlor-floor of the Wister House is still visible; and this incident is only one of many most interesting reminiscences connected with this historic mansion. May it never be desecrated by the hand of change!

woman and the Emmets remained her faithful friends while she lived, and their affection must have seemed at times all that was left her. Dominick, the eldest son, was the cause of the most intense suffering to his mother. His parents had with great effort educated him liberally, and he had afterward received every facility toward preparing him to be a surgeon. He had, however, contracted such habits of dissipation as to be utterly unfitted for that or any other vocation. He had gone to Savannah soon after his father's departure, and the poor mother's heart was filled with anxious dread for his future. The second son, Harmon, appears from her letters to Mr. Blennerhassett to have been very fond of his mother and his little brother Lewis, but incapable of doing anything toward making a living either for himself or them.

Having decided that they could no longer afford to live in Montreal, Mrs. Blennerhassett visited her friends the Emmets in New York, who aided her greatly with their kindly sympathy and judicious advice. She finally decided to go for a time to her sister, Mrs. Dow, who was now living in Wilkesbarre, Pennsylvania. Mrs. Blennerhassett writes to her husband as follows, under date of July 22, 1822: "My dear kind friends the Emmets have been my greatest support. Could I tell you all the affectionate kindness they have lavished upon us, you would hardly credit even me. I went out with them to the country, where I spent three days. I did not wish to stay so long, but Lewis was with me, and so delighted with all the attention he received that I wished to indulge him: besides, I found Mrs. Emmet's advice and consolation acted powerfully in restoring me to some tranquillity, for never in my life have I been so completely wretched as since I parted from you. She would not hear of my doing anything in the way of gaining a livelihood while any prospect of your preferment remained, and cheered me with hopes of your success. My sister is delighted with the prospect of having me with her, and has engaged boarding for six dollars

a week for the boys and me. Mary resides with my sister, where she does enough to pay for her board, and washes for us. This house is only three miles from the bay, and on a still night, when I could not sleep, but listened to the roaring of the sea, oh, it was dreadful! Poor Dominick! perhaps he is yet on it. God help me! I have lived too long indeed, yet I still hope to be preserved to meet you again; and could I render the remainder of your life happy, what matter all the present sufferings I undergo?"

Some eight months later she wrote from New York as follows:

"MY EVER-DEAR HUSBAND: Your letter of August 29th, the first I have received from you since you sailed from Quebec, brings with it sensations I cannot describe. After the dreadful despondency I have endured for a period longer than I could ever have conceived myself capable, so extreme has been my wretchedness that I have often conceived myself sinking into a state that promised a speedy termination of my sorrows; yet as often have I rallied again, and struggled against such forebodings for the sake of my darling Lewis alone. . . . I have only written once since my letter from Flatbush, not knowing afterward where to direct, and have come to New York partly by the hope of being more in the way of receiving your letters, the cross-mails being very uncertain, and partly, if possible, to save poor Dominick. After getting my mind composed on his account, having received two letters from him saying he was doing well, his correspondence suddenly ceased. Some ten weeks elapsed, when I received another from New York, announcing his arrival there in the most deplorable condition, after having escaped, as he expressed it, burying his bones in the sands of Savannah, where he had had a long and repeated attack of yellow fever. His life had been saved by a friendly physician, but his protracted confinement had involved him so in debt that when scarcely able to walk he shipped himself privately for New York, rather than be taken to die, as he must certainly have

done, in jail. He had given his clothes and books to defray his passage to New York, and, but for the humanity of an Englishman who is the keeper of a small tavern here, might have lain down to rest in the streets of the city. I wrote to Robert Emmet to give him twenty dollars out of my half year's dividend I had ordered to be paid to him; with which request he complied. Afterward I received another communication from Dominick, stating that he had determined no longer to be a burden to me—that he had gone to the navy-yard to enlist as a common marine, but had been rejected on account of the critical condition of his health. Though well aware that you will blame me, I could not rest while his fate was so doubtful, but in dreadful weather, over the roughest roads, we set out, and reached this Christmas Eve. Robert Emmet was conducting me to their house when Dominick espied me, and hid, rather than excite my feelings on the street. It was well he did, for the next morning, when he came to me at Mr. Emmet's, his appearance was shocking beyond all description. It gave me, however, consolation to know that my appearance prevented his enlistment, for on that very day he had resolved to do so as the only means of escaping starvation. He said he was quite restored, but such restoration I never saw. When I witnessed my once dear child's situation, I felt indeed that I had lived too long."

Mrs. Blennerhassett at once wrote to her old friend Colonel Henderson at Washington, and succeeded in obtaining for her son a position as surgeon's assistant in Commodore Porter's expedition about to sail. She sold a portion of the little bank-stock remaining, gave the proceeds to him, and with a lightened heart bade him farewell. Colonel Henderson received the poor degraded fellow as his own son, and wrote immediately to apprise his mother of his safe arrival at his house. Mrs. Blennerhassett's own words best tell what followed:

"After Colonel Henderson's letter I heard no more from Dominick for a week, when you may guess my aston-

ishment on his entering my room like an apparition! To tell you what passed is useless, but I gathered from him enough to convince me that by the return of his old habits he had completely disgusted Colonel Henderson, who had given him thirty dollars to bring him back to his most unfortunate mother. I gather from Dominick that he received from the colonel a severe reprimand, who yet assured him that if he would give him his word that he would never again so far forget himself as to get intoxicated he should still go in the expedition. Dominick's answer was that he could not answer for himself. Thus ended the business, and thus am I burdened with this unfortunate child, whose existence I will prolong while my own lasts, whether you gain an independence or I am obliged to retire to a situation which, however humble, will yet afford me the means of getting him bread, and which I now no more expect him to gain himself than I should do had it pleased God to bring him an idiot into the world. My obligations in that event would not be greater to maintain him than they are at present: indeed, the most hopeless idiot has no more claims on a mother's care and solicitude than he, for I firmly believe he no longer has the power to refrain from drink; and did I not guard him even to the preservation and custody of his own clothes, he would be stripped at once. Yet he is as docile as a lamb, and I have placed him with a poor but excellent woman, who boards him for three dollars and a half a week. I cannot trust him with money, though there certainly never was a more devotedly affectionate son. Harmon feels just as I do, and were I to die to-morrow I should not fear to resign to him the care of his unfortunate brother. . . . I have written you a long letter, which you may never receive, but I trust, if not, you will be on the water on your return. My mind seems buoyed up now for happiness, and whether poverty or affluence await us, every effort of my declining years shall be used to make yours pass with as little uneasiness as can be expected to await on old age and disappointed hopes. For

my part, I have endured too much for upward of eight months to look forward without hope to the future that will restore you to your affectionate

"M. BLENNERHASSETT."

I find I can do no better than to make several more extracts from Mrs. Blennerhassett's letters, for though the sad story might be related in fewer words, none could tell the tale of a mother's woe more pathetically than she herself has done. From Montreal, under date of September 12th, 1823, she writes: "I had no money, having for several weeks paid my way by borrowing from Mr. Emmet, because, having looked for you, I wished not to encumber the bank-stock. I found I could do nothing in the States, and concluded to return to Montreal. The Emmets, with whom I consulted, agreed with me as to the propriety of the measure. They, being about to remove to the country, invited me to accompany them, which I did, taking Lewis with me to remain a week. Before leaving, however, I told Dominick that I must now think of his father, who had nothing, and of the other children, and that he must now maintain himself. Having remained a week in the country, where every attention was paid me by the family in the most affectionate manner, I returned to the city. Having received the money for two shares of the bank-stock which Robert sold, I paid my debts, and, leaving Harmon with my necessary baggage and money sufficient to maintain him until your arrival, my last severe task still remained—to see and bid adieu to my unfortunate though still dearly-loved son. Harmon sought him out, and found him already enlisted! He brought him to me at the steamboat hotel dressed in a common soldier's garb, but quite happy and unconcerned. O God! had I been guilty of the greatest crime, the punishment of that moment ought to have expiated it. But the subject is too painful to dwell upon. I will only add that he went with a detachment up the Mississippi, and is now acting, I believe, as surgeon's mate, and as yet I have received no communication from him."

This was the last time this poor mother saw her wretched boy. He was afterward found, by a friend of his father's, wandering through the streets of New Orleans in his chronic state of rags and destitution. A position was obtained for him as apothecary in a charity hospital, but he only remained a short time, and then wandered off to St. Louis, where he probably died in the gutter, alone and uncared for. Was ever a greater contrast between a cradle and a grave?

Once more Mrs. Blennerhassett found a home in Montreal, and it was made doubly sweet to her by her long deprivation of one, and by the hope that her husband might soon return to share it with her.

He, in the mean time, was making every effort to obtain some situation which would give his family bread. He had plied all his old friends with letters of fabulous length fairly servile in their tone. He was willing to undertake the education of several young men, with whom, he says, "I should spare no pains to arrange and elucidate the analysis, as well as the synthesis, of their ethics, which I regard as the best and most solid foundation of all the prosperity they may aim to attain in whatever vocation they may be destined for." This clear enunciation of principles obtained him no pupils, and we next have letters written in the hope of obtaining a judgeship in Canada, India, Ireland or Portugal. He was willing to become companion to Lord Clapham; he was anxious to obtain a patent upon a musket possessing all the good qualities of a rifle; he would take a position in the Church as rector or assistant; he endeavored to publish his musical compositions, but without success; he even tried to obtain money by informing certain of the nobility of a book which he said was about to be published in America by a person over whom he had some influence, entitled *Secret Memoirs of Her Serene Highness the Duchess of Quedlinburg*, a near relative of the king, containing original letters of scandalous character. But, alas! in all the various walks of life no path strewn ever so scantily with golden dust opened before him. No one

seemed to want a teacher, a lawyer, a companion, a musical composer, an inventor, a clergyman or a blackmailer. Misfortune had surely marked him for her own, and it seemed useless to struggle longer.

In the mean time, Mrs. Blennerhassett had been travelling the same weary round and trying as ineffectually to add to their means of livelihood. She had written a little volume of poetry entitled *The Widow of the Rock, and Other Poems*, with the publication of which she hoped to surprise her husband and add considerably to their income. The volume was published, and her husband's praises of it are warm, but, alas! the printing-press gave then, as now, the deathblow to many a bright fancy, many an exalted hope.

She exclaims in one of her sad letters: "Oh, I ask myself a thousand times what I can have done to deserve my present forlorn condition. Did it spring from the grave, I could bear it as the common lot of humanity, but to be a wife and the mother of two grown sons, and yet feel *alone* in the world, is a situation I sometimes wonder I can sustain; yet poor Dominick in the midst of his failings was ever kind to me, and now, after a year has elapsed without my hearing from him, bears more sadly upon my heart than anything else. You cannot remain much longer from your affectionate wife."

After an absence of almost three years Mr. Blennerhassett returned to Montreal, and after a short stay, accompanied by his wife and youngest son Lewis, returned to Cottage Crescent, England, where his maiden sister Avis offered her distressed brother and his family a home. Her income was limited, but it was faithfully and generously divided during her life.

Though leaving behind her their two elder sons, Mrs. Blennerhassett had the happiness of being once more with her husband, but the reunion so long and so earnestly desired came too late for her to have much enjoyment in it. Her health had sunk under her accumulation of troubles, and the climate of Montreal

had almost completed the ruin of the once vigorous, spirited woman, whom in her present condition we can hardly realize to be the same as the light-hearted dancer, the courageous horsewoman, the hospitable hostess of their island home. A disease to which she had been subject for some time, inflammation of the heart, had increased very rapidly during these last years, and under the physicians' advice they all, accompanied by the faithful sister, went to St. Aubin upon the island of Jersey. After a three years' residence there the family removed to the island of Guernsey, and here, on the 1st of February, 1831, in the sixty-third or fourth year of his age, Harmon Blennerhassett died of paralysis, leaving behind him the faithful woman who for thirty-five long years had loved and comforted and believed in him. She had ever had the heaviest load to bear, and for eleven more weary years she lived on, working in every way, mentally and physically, to support her family. But she was wearing out also. The long strain of gloomy years was telling sadly upon her, and in 1842, giving up the hope of doing more herself, she decided to revisit the United States, in the hope of obtaining something from a government which had reduced her from affluence to poverty. The boats and stores for which it is estimated Blennerhassett had paid from eight to ten thousand dollars had been taken possession of by the President's agents; their beautiful home and grounds had been irreparably injured by a drunken militia; Blennerhassett had been put to an enormous outlay of money at Richmond; and after all these outrages he was eventually found guilty of nothing whatever against the government.

We find Mrs. Blennerhassett once again in New York, and once again the Emmets render her every assistance, Robert Emmet interesting himself particularly in her case. In forwarding her memorial to Henry Clay, who was then in Congress, Mr. Emmet writes: "Mrs. Blennerhassett is now in this city, residing in very humble circumstances, bestowing her cares on a

son who by long poverty and sickness is reduced to utter inability both of mind and body, unable to assist her or provide for his own wants. In her present destitute situation the smallest amount of relief would be gladly received by her. Her condition is one of absolute want, and she has but a short time left in which to enjoy any better fortune."

Mrs. Blennerhassett forwarded a plea singularly mild and gentle in its tone when we remember all that she had suffered, together with a statement corroborating it from Morgan Neville of Pittsburg (who was on the island at the time of the outrages, and with whom Mrs. Blennerhassett left her home when she set out to join her husband), as well as an account of the property destroyed, made out by Dudley Woodbridge, Blennerhassett's former mercantile partner.

The claim, though it was thirty-six years since the events transpired, would without doubt have been paid, but, worn out with privation, labor and sorrow, she died just as the object for which she had been so anxious was virtually accomplished. In a dreary tenement-house, with no one by her dying bed save the imbecile Harmon and a black servant whom I believe to be the Mary before referred to, she passed away. Her husband and daughters dead, Dominick and Harmon worse than dead, let us hope God comforted her.

A grandson of Thomas Addis Emmet, now living in New York, tells the writer that his family remained the friends of Mrs. Blennerhassett to the last, and that she was buried in the family-vault of the Emmets. A reference to the death-register for 1842 confirms his statement. He, with his father, the Robert Emmet so often alluded to, and a few others, attended the funeral, and the woman whose sympathizing heart had ever been open to the cries of the distressed, whose ready hand had ever helped the disconsolate, in turn came to ask the last favor one can ever demand, and was buried by the charity of friends. All the books and late articles written upon this subject have fallen into the error of saying that Mrs. Blennerhassett died unattend-

ed save by some Sisters of Charity, and was followed to the grave only by them; but the facts as stated by the present writer are sustained by the evidence of Mr. Emmet, a living witness, as well as by an article which appeared shortly after Harmon Blennerhassett's death in the *Home Journal*, in which the writer says, quoting the words of the son: "My mother's health and heart were broken: she rapidly declined. Watched by a faithful servant and myself, she sank peacefully to rest, and was interred in Mr. Emmet's vault by a few faithful and sympathizing friends. It is false," he exclaims with the utmost indignation—"it is false that her last days were spent with an Irish nurse. It is false that Sisters of Charity followed her to the grave. She was a member of the Episcopal Church, and was buried according to their form in Mr. Emmet's vault."

This son lived on, a pitiable object. I learn from those who knew him that he used to sit in a gloomy, despondent way and think of the island and his life there, or read over his father's letters and journal, which were in his possession. Having failed long since in his endeavor to practise law, he had decided to become a portrait-painter, and an old sign is still in existence in the McLean family of New York, reading,

"HARMON BLENNERHASSETT,
Portrait-Painter."

He, however, succeeded but poorly, and from a specimen of his painting kindly shown the writer by a gentleman of New York, he could have had neither inspiration nor instruction. Finally, after moving from one poor attic to another, some kind ladies connected with the old "Brewery Mission" became interested in the old man with such an eventful history. He had been found by them in the most destitute circumstances, in an uncarpet-

ed, unwarmed room, confined by sickness to a bed which had neither pillows nor the covering necessary to keep him from suffering—a poor pallid, shaking, nervous creature, with unwashed face and matted hair, dreading paralysis, dreading insanity, most wretched in body and mind. Through the instrumentality of these kind ladies this poor despondent, miserable creature in his filth and rags was taken to the almshouse on Blackwell's Island August 10, 1854. The heat upon that day was intense, and he suffered very much from it, perspiring freely. He was washed and neatly dressed, but was taken much worse almost immediately, and died within a week, probably from the effect of the bath, an unaccustomed thing with him, and to which he had objected strongly.

The Emmets had always befriended him and frequently given him pecuniary aid, and once again, on the 18th of August, 1854, the family-vault was opened for a Blennerhassett, and the son was placed beside the mother. The negro woman remained with Harmon till he was taken to the almshouse. She was shortly after burned to death.

Not long since I stood in Marble Cemetery, a small, plain graveyard on Second street, strewn thick with vaults, with only here and there a monument—no shrubbery, no flowers, in fact nothing in the least beautiful or attractive. The loud roar of the city intrudes upon you, the thoughtless throng hurry past regardless of the wanderings and wretchedness which found an end only here, of the longings and heartaches which found surcease only in a grave bestowed by charity. MARIA P. WOODBRIDGE.

[NOTE.—Joseph Lewis, the youngest son of Harmon and Margaret Blennerhassett, moved to Missouri, and married there. He practised law in Troy, Lincoln county, was an officer in the Confederate service, and died during or soon after the war, and has, I believe, descendants living in St. Louis.]

"NOT WORTH THE WHILE."

ST. ANSELM of the ancient day,
 With fasts and vigils worn away,
 Upon his couch of hemlock lay,
 Just as the stars had seen him lie,
 With nothing, as the years swept by,
 Betwixt his forehead and the sky.
 And while the seasons came and went,
 He toiled, on Christly errands bent,
 Not thinking, in his sweet content,
 Of selfish ease, if only so
 He might, in passing to and fro,
 Make less the weight of human woe.
 This night (it may be that he dreamed),
 As on the ground he lay, there gleamed
 Such radiance round him that he deemed
 (How glad the thought!) it might be some
 Celestial stranger who had come
 To call him from his exile home.
 He saw no form, but as his ear
 He bent in reverent awe to hear,
 These words came to him, low and clear:
 "Have pity on thyself: instead
 Of aching on this roofless bed,
 Rear thou a house to shield thy head."
 The saint made answer: "It were well
 I knew what space I have to dwell
 Yet in the flesh—if thou canst tell."
 "Ten toiling years." The tender wile
 Anselm rebuked with patient smile:
 "Ten only? 'Tis not worth the while!"

MARGARET J. PRESTON.

THE DAUGHTERS OF THE LEGION OF HONOR.

I BELIEVE that I saw one thing in the neighborhood of Paris which no American traveller has ever described: and if this is not reason enough for an article, what could be?

I had not known my dear friend Madame Lefort twenty-four hours before she told me, in a pretty, conscious way, that her daughter Clarice had been educated in the School of the Legion of Honor. Did she think I had not seen the tiny bit of red ribbon that ornament-

ed Monsieur Lefort's button-hole? It was the first thing that I saw of him. It is always the most conspicuous thing about any Frenchman who happens to wear it. I was glad to know that Clarice had been in the School of the Legion of Honor, for it was one of the things which I had made up my mind to see before I left home.

I asked Madame Lefort if she would accompany me thither.

"Certainly," she replied: "we will go

on Thursday. You know Marie de Vi-mar, the colonel's daughter. Her mother is my cousin, and I will introduce you as her aunt."

"Why?" inquired I, quite bewildered.

"Because none but relatives of the pupils are admitted."

"But they would know I was not a Frenchwoman."

"Well, what is to hinder her from having an aunt in America?" rejoined Madame Lefort, laughing.

"It never occurred to me that there would be any difficulty in visiting a great public school like the Institute of the Legion of Honor. If I wished to visit a school in America, I should only have to ring the bell and ask to be shown in. I am sorry, for I had quite set my heart on seeing that school and getting a little glimpse of the manner in which girls are educated in France."

"You couldn't do that," said Clarice. "If you were the mother of all the girls, they would not let you go farther than the parlor. How tantalizing it used to be to see father and mother just one hour in that great dismal room in the shape of a new moon, with all the other girls' fathers and mothers and uncles and aunts!"

"But I never missed going once a week all the years that you were there, Clarice. It was much harder for me than it was for you."—Then addressing me: "The years are so long, mademoiselle, when a mother is parted from her only child!"

"I suppose Clarice came home sometimes?"

"One week at Easter and for the vacation in summer. During the rest of the year she never went beyond the walls of the institution. None of the girls are allowed to."

"It is like being in a cloister. If I can go no farther than the parlor, I shall hardly care to go at all."

"We will see. The secretary of the Legion of Honor is my friend: I will ask him. It is always easier for a foreigner to gain admittance anywhere than for a Frenchwoman."

A fortnight later Madame Lefort informed me that she had seen the sec-

retary, and he said it was a thing without precedent, but if the American minister would request it as a favor of the grand chancellor, it would doubtless be granted.

Like other Americans in Paris, I had had occasion to know Mr. Washburne's inexhaustible good-humor and readiness to oblige his countrywomen; and I lost no time in impressing upon him how important it was to the interests of education in the United States that I should have an opportunity to learn something of the system pursued in the celebrated Institute of the Legion of Honor.

In due time a messenger brought to 20 Rue de Ponthieu a ponderous document with the grand chancellor's seal and autograph, requiring the lady superintendent at St. Denis to conduct Mademoiselle B— through the institute, and give her any information that she might desire in reference to it. Fortified with this, we determined not to go on Thursday, when everybody was going, but to be entirely select and exclusive. Accordingly, one bright Tuesday morning in January, 1874, Madame Lefort and I took the cars for St. Denis.

Every one knows that the Legion of Honor was created by the great Napoleon. The project was formed by him while First Consul, and adopted, not without great opposition from the sturdy republicans of that time, by the Tribunal and Corps Législatif in May, 1802. Even in the Council of State, where Bonaparte supported his project with an eloquent speech, it was violently combated.

"Crosses and ribbons are the playthings of the monarchy," said Councillor Berlier.

"Well, men are led by playthings," rejoined the First Consul.

The order did not receive its definitive organization till September 23, 1804, and in the interval the First Consul had become emperor. The mocking satirical French humor did not spare the incipient order, and nothing irritated the emperor more than sarcasms on his favorite institution. Poor Moreau incurred his lasting resentment by a jest. In the midst of a dinner he sent for the cook and said

to him in the presence of the guests, "Michel, I am pleased with your dinner: you have truly distinguished yourself. I will give you a saucepan of honor."

The Marquis de La Fayette refused the decoration, which he called "ridiculous." Napoleon revenged himself by twice striking the name of his son, George Washington de La Fayette, from the roll of nomination for the Legion of Honor, where it had been placed by Grouchy on account of his distinguished bravery in the battles of Eylau and Friedland.

Napoleon, having founded the Legion of Honor in imitation of the order of St. Louis, instituted by Louis XIV., imitated him also in establishing the school of St. Denis, which is in many respects similar to the celebrated school of St. Cyr, founded by the great king for the education of the daughters of noble and impoverished families. There Napoleon's sister Élise had been educated. I have always envied that school of St. Cyr for having a Racine to write the young ladies' anniversary exercises. What a blessing it would be to brain-weary teachers and bored audiences if every young ladies' school had a Racine! Not even the good-natured reporters, who write such flattering encomiums on the essays of "sweet girl-graduates with their golden hair," will pretend that they rival *Athalie*.

Napoleon could scarcely give a better proof of his interest in the families of the brave warriors who helped to win his victories than by the foundation of a school to educate their daughters at the expense of the government. The decree was signed December 15, 1805, a fortnight after the great victory of Austerlitz. Queen Hortense was the special patroness of this institution, and the emperor always showed the utmost solicitude for its welfare. Notwithstanding all the changes and revolutions in France since his time, his order has kept its hold on the affections and aspirations of Frenchmen, and its school at St. Denis has always had its complement of pupils.

The ride by railway from Paris to St. Denis is not long, the distance being only six miles. About a mile from the

railway-station, and near the ancient church of St. Denis, is the Benedictine abbey, now occupied by "La Maison d'Éducation de la Légion d'Honneur."

We were quickly admitted into a large semi-circular parlour furnished with settees covered with red plush, arranged in rows as in a lecture-room. This is the reception-room for the Thursday-afternoon visits of parents and other relatives of the pupils, and is large enough to seat six or seven hundred persons. The order of the grand chancellor was delivered to the lady superintendent, whom we saw but a few moments. She is a woman of stately presence, between fifty and sixty years of age, with keen black eyes and strongly-marked features expressing great energy and decision. She is the widow of an admiral. The superintendent, who is appointed by the government, and holds her office for life, has always been the widow of a general, admiral or other high functionary. Under her are fifty teachers called *dames de la maison* or *dames dignitaires*, and many younger teachers, all educated in the house, who will be promoted in their turn. The *dames de la maison*, all of whom wear the cross of the Legion of Honor, hold their places till the age of fifty-two, when they retire with a small life-annuity. Each has her suite of rooms and personal servants, and, though the rigid seclusion of their lives seems almost intolerable, I was told that they generally look forward with dread to the completion of their fifty-second year. I became acquainted with one, a gentle, quiet lady, who was always looking back to La Maison de St. Denis with the longing and regret that Dante felt for his beloved Florence. No wonder. She went into the great gloomy house a little girl of ten years, and left it an elderly woman: all her life-experience was bounded by its walls. The rule is as rigid for teachers as for scholars. Except during Easter week and in the summer vacation, not even the superintendent can pass beyond the grounds without the formal permission of the grand chancellor, given for a specified reason. Perhaps it was inev-

itable that a girls' school founded by Napoleon should have a flavor of the barracks.

One of the teachers, an agreeable young woman about twenty-five years of age, accompanied us through the house. It was between one and two, a recreation-hour, and we went first into the extensive grounds, which must be beautiful in summer with their venerable trees and soft green sward. There are five hundred girls in the school, and all of them were then in the grounds, running, walking, playing games and other games, or talking in groups, rosy and merry, but far less noisy than so many American girls would have been. While I was looking curiously at the scene two or three girls whom I had met in the summer vacation came to speak with me. They had the same kind of eagerness to see and hear anything from the outside that captives have for a breath of free air. But the girls looked healthy and cheerful, and their manner toward their teachers, at once cordial and respectful, was such as never exists without strong mutual sympathy and affection. They were all dressed precisely alike. They wore gowns of black merino, fine and firm in quality, made with blouse waist and without overskirt, as simply and plainly as possible. They wear these summer and winter, the only change being in the thickness of the underclothing. Each girl has one new dress at the beginning of every year. This is kept for Sunday and fête-days: the next year it is worn steadily, and afterward given to the poor. A cape like the dress is the only outer garment, and they have round black felt hats similar to those worn by other girls, but without ornament. The only relief to this black monotony is the bright ribbon which distinguishes the classes. These ribbons pass from the right shoulder to the left side, like that worn with the grand cross of the Legion of Honor, and the effect is very pretty. The highest class wears a white ribbon; the next white with a red edge; then red; red with white edge; blue; blue with white edge; yellow; yellow with white edge; violet; violet with white edge; green;

green with white edge; and the graduates wear a broad ribbon in which all these colors are blended.

Our American school-girls, whose wardrobe would do honor to a society belle, will sympathize with pretty Marie de Vimar, who told me that she would not so much mind going back to school—she liked to study—but she got *so* tired of always wearing the same black dress. But their fathers might look more favorably on the regulation costume if they knew that the whole expense of dressing the daughter of a member of the Legion of Honor from ten years of age to eighteen is three hundred francs, or sixty dollars, paid on her entrance at St. Denis. The larger number do not enter the school at so early an age as ten, but having once entered they are not expected to leave it till eighteen, unless from ill-health. When one leaves another takes her place, so that the number of pupils, five hundred, is always complete.

By the time we had looked through the kitchen and dining-room, the chapel and the grand old cloisters where the girls have their recreation in stormy weather, frightening with gay girl-laughter the ghosts of the old monks, if any still linger there, school duties were resumed, which were for the time being drawing, painting and music. Nowhere is there a more general knowledge of art and a greater love of it than among the French people. Accordingly, I was not surprised to find that it occupies a large place in the schools, or at least in this one. We entered a large hall surrounded by excellent casts of the most famous pieces of antique sculpture, from which some forty or fifty girls were attentively engaged in drawing. In another room they were painting flowers in water-colors, some of which were beautifully executed. Still another was devoted to painting in oils; and I observed with some surprise that three or four pupils were painting the portraits of living models. In each of these rooms was a lady-teacher who had charge of the work, and who called our attention to the best specimens with a sympathetic look of approbation at the pleased pupils, but said

only, "Pas mauvais" ("Not bad"), with that chariness of compliment which is peculiarly French. This department is under the supervision of an eminent Parisian artist, who comes out from time to time to inspect and criticise the work. I think I speak advisedly when I say that there is no girls' school in our country which will compare with this in respect to art, either in facilities for learning or in thoroughness of work.

Ascending a broad stone staircase, we were next shown into the musical department. How the sound was deadened I cannot tell, but I had not perceived the horrid din till the doors were flung open, and then

The infernal doors that on their hinges grate
Harsh thunder

were harmonious in comparison. Only the shades of Hogarth and his *Enraged Musician* could do any justice to the scene. Fifty-four pianos, on which were played as many different tunes by perhaps seventy young ladies—for a considerable number were practising duets—made a universal hubbub of anything but melodious sounds. Three or four forlorn women were hovering here and there, as if they had some hopeless notion of extricating harmony from the terrific discord. I charitably hoped they were deaf, and fled lest I should be made so.

We were then shown into the dormitories, four large halls with rows of single beds on each side. They were spacious, high, well lighted, well ventilated, perfectly neat and orderly, but—only four rooms for five hundred girls! My whole being revolts against this promiscuous herding together. In the centre of each hall is a large bed, curtained round. Here sleeps the superintendent of the hall, and another hapless woman, like a sentinel on duty, watches all the long night the sleeping girls. The girls are never alone for an instant. At their play, in their prayers, in their sleep even, they are under this ceaseless supervision. But then well-bred French girls expect nothing else: it is as much a matter of course to them as day and night; they would feel quite helpless and uncared-for if they were not watched. A tithe

of this surveillance would provoke a rebellion in any school of American girls.

Up another massive stone staircase and through a succession of rooms, where school-girls were assorting clean linen as it came from the laundry, and other rooms where they were sitting in groups mending it, always glancing up at us in surprise, but not forgetting to salute us as we passed. We were then conducted through two large halls and several smaller rooms, the pleasantest and most homelike that I had yet seen. These, we were told, were for the sick, but there was no inmate at that time. I expressed some astonishment at the magnitude of these preparations for sickness. "Only consider," said the teacher, "if they should all have the measles at the same time! We must be prepared for such exigencies; and there are separate rooms for infectious diseases and for those which are not infectious, and some are for the very sick and others for the convalescent." On the lower floor we had previously visited a laboratory where medicines are prepared, and a room like an apothecary's shop. A hospital could not be better furnished.

We were afterward shown into different class-rooms, fitted up with maps and blackboards as in our schools. I asked to hear a recitation.

"I am sorry to disappoint madame, but it will be quite impossible. The only occasion on which visitors are ever present is at the annual examination, and then there are only the grand chancellor and those invited by him."

"Will you be so good as to give me a copy of your course of study?"

"I beg your pardon."

"Have you not a regular course of study?"

"Yes, but it is peculiar to our institution, and is not to be made public."

The idea of attaching secrecy to a course of study, as if it were a recipe for a patent medicine, was novel to me.

I had better success with an old pupil. According to her, the course of study in mathematics includes arithmetic and geometry, but not algebra. Geography, history, the French language and litera-

ture are studied very carefully. Great attention is paid to reading and elocution, and the girls commit to memory and are trained to recite with expression the finest passages of the great French authors. They have an outline of foreign literature, but do not spend so much time on it as on French literature. Botany, natural philosophy, astronomy, chemistry, rhetoric, logic, mental and moral philosophy, in connection with vocal and instrumental music, drawing and painting and the English language, complete the course of study. I was a little surprised that the English language should have the preference over Italian or Spanish, and made some inquiry. The young lady could not tell me if it was always so, but her class studied only English.

"Do they never study Latin?"

"Only enough to read and understand the church service. We were taught the history and doctrines of the Church and the meaning of all the symbols used in the services. Did you go into the chapel? The girls attend mass there every morning. I wish you could be there in May, when the younger girls make their first communion. It is the most beautiful sight, so many young girls with their white veils and flowers like little brides, and their sweet faces aglow with tender emotion!"

"I suppose the girls all go to confession?"

"Yes, always. There are three priests connected with the institution."

I may as well say here that in my intercourse with French ladies I had frequent occasion to note their accurate and ready knowledge of the Bible, which seems somewhat inexplicable to Protestant prejudices. I always supposed that we were much more careful to train our children in the knowledge of the Bible than Roman Catholics are; but the result of their training, so far as knowledge is concerned, in those who have come under my observation in France, is not to be surpassed in New England or elsewhere. Sacred art is one of the most efficient Sunday-school teachers. Every old cathedral is an illuminated

Bible-lesson. Bible-stories are carved in stone on the outside; they reappear in the bronze of the doors; they shine upon us from the painted windows; marble bas-reliefs tell us the story of Christ as we walk along the aisles; paintings from the walls repeat it; and these churches are open, not once a week, but every day and all day; and they are so beautiful that children like to go there "*chez le bon Dieu*." How can they help knowing a great part of the Bible if they have eyes to see?

Teachers may perhaps like to know the order of the day at St. Denis. The girls rise at half-past five in summer and at six in winter. An hour is assigned for making the bed and dressing, and half an hour for mass in the chapel. Then breakfast of milk and soup, with sweetmeats and coffee for *fête*-days. Recreation, fifteen minutes. From half-past nine to half-past twelve, recitations. At half-past twelve, dinner, consisting of soup, meat and vegetables. After dinner, recreation till two, either in the grounds or, in bad weather, in the cloisters. From two to four, drawing and music. At four, a piece of dry bread for lunch. From four to five, study and recreation; that is, study for those who have not prepared the remaining lessons of the day, and recreation for those who have. From five to seven, recitations. From seven to eight, recreation, being in summer a walk through the grounds, and afterward prayer in the chapel. At eight, supper of *ragoût*, cheese, fruit and sweetmeats. At quarter to nine, sleep. It will be noticed that there are eight hours of regular school-work, without counting the hour in the chapel; which is from one to two hours more than is usually required in our schools. The time of rising is earlier than in our boarding-schools, and that of retiring a full hour sooner.

From each class a certain number of girls who pass the best examination are permitted to remain in the house as future teachers. One of these young ladies was presented to me as having passed the finest examination that had occurred in a long series of years. Her father had

been killed in the late war with Prussia, and she was the oldest child. I shall not soon forget the noble, pure Iphigenia-like face. I remembered that a portionless girl does not easily marry in France even under the most favorable circumstances, and was weak enough to sigh over the long seclusion and loneliness of heart that would in all probability be the fate of this modern priestess of Diana.

Nothing in school-life weighs more heavily, especially upon teachers, than the daily routine, each hour bringing its

inevitable task and leaving nothing to moods and spontaneity; and this monotonous routine must be greatly intensified in the school of St. Denis, which seems to partake of the convent and the barracks. Still, I have a pleasant recollection of the red-cheeked girls in the open air, with eyes blacker than their dresses, and of their gentle, sweet-voiced teachers, and am conscious of a warmer interest in the future of France for a day spent with the Daughters of the Legion of Honor.

MARY E. BLAIR.

OUR MONTHLY GOSSIP.

PUSHKIN AND TOURGUENEFF.

THE latest word from Tourgueneff has recently appeared in the preface to a collection of hitherto unpublished letters from Pushkin to his wife. The devotion, almost passionate, with which Russia seeks, as it were, to atone for the cruel fate of the poet has made every line that he left a sort of public treasure; but these letters have been deemed too personal and intimate for publication until, as Tourgueneff says, "time has spread its reverent veil." The letters are simple, graceful and sweet—ardent too with the passion which a temperament like Pushkin's must feel for a very beautiful and much-admired woman. In playful tenderness he writes of and to the children: he describes his own life, his work, his meetings with his literary friends and the gayeties of the court. But now and again a note of pain is struck, which, like the wailing chord in the overture to a tragedy, forebodes the coming doom. Here, most of all, in the words of Tourgueneff, lies "the extraordinary interest of the letters, which, in consequence of the peculiar conditions under the influence of which they were written, throw a vivid light upon the character of Push-

kin himself, and give the key to many of the last events of his life, especially to the sad and mournful one by which it was ended."

In our remote world we are more concerned with the paragraphs in which as by a single stroke a whole picture starts into strange relief. Of twenty such, take two. In reference to the first it should be remembered that Pushkin was at the moment the idol of the Russian world, and also that whatever he wrote had to pass under the eye of the censor. He writes of a visit made by command to a grand duchess: "At the same time with myself was presented the censor Krasovski. The grand duchess said to him, 'Vous devez être bien fatigué d'être obligé de lire tout ce qui paraît.'—'Oui, votre A. I.,' replied he, 'd'autant plus que ce qu'on écrit maintenant n'a pas le sens commun.' And I stand beside him. She, like a wise woman, somehow helped him out." The other is but a word of despair at the difficulties and hinderances amid which the *Contemporary* was founded; but what a flash it sends over the dreary monotony which the stern will of Nicholas was pressing upon the brain and heart of Russia!—"It was the devil's work that

I was born in Russia with soul and with talent." These are the last words of the last letter to his wife, scarce a half year before the fatal duel.

Tourgueneff's brief preface must interest us as the judgment of a man of great fame upon the greatest of his predecessors: "Notwithstanding his French education, Pushkin was not only the most talented [sic], but also the most Russian, man of his time; and even from that single point of view his letters are worthy the attention of every cultivated Russian man. To the writer of the history of literature they are a veritable treasure: the manners, the life itself, of the well-known epoch are reflected in these brilliant though rapid sketches. I permit myself to add, in my own name, that I consider the selection of myself by the daughter of Pushkin as the editor of these letters one of the most honorable facts of my literary career. I cannot highly enough value the confidence she has shown me in laying upon me the responsibility of the needful omissions. It may be that I in some degree deserve this confidence on account of my deep reverence for the memory of her parent, whose pupil I counted myself from veriest childhood, and to this day I still repeat, 'Vestigia semper adora.'"

It is worth while to place beside this judgment of the mature man the words of enthusiastic youth from Tourgueneff's *Recollections* of society in St. Petersburg forty years ago. Calling upon a friend one day in 1837, he met a gentleman just departing. "I only caught a glimpse of his white teeth and his vivid flashing eyes. What was my regret when I learned that the man was Pushkin, whom till then I had never seen! . . . Pushkin was at that epoch for me, as for many of my equals in age, something like a demigod: we actually worshipped him. . . . I saw him but once more, some days before his death, at a morning concert. He stood by a door leaning against the pillar, and, crossing his arms on his broad breast, with a dissatisfied look gazed around. I remember his small brown face, his African lips, the shining of his large white teeth, the

hanging whiskers, the dark yellow eyes under a high forehead almost without eyebrows, and the curling hair. He cast at me a rapid glance: the unceremonious attention with which I looked at him produced perhaps on him an unpleasant impression. As if annoyed, he shrugged his shoulders—in every way he seemed out of spirits—and moved away. A few days later I saw him lying in the coffin, and involuntarily I repeated to myself,

Motionless he lay, and strange
Was the calm peace of his brow.
PUSHKIN'S *Onegin*."

To the student of Tourgueneff as an artist it is worth more than whole pages of critical dissertation to mark the contrast between the "we actually worshipped him" and Punine's exclamation of shrinking horror: "Pushkin? Pushkin is a serpent sitting hidden in the green grass, to whom is given the voice of a nightingale." Never has author stood more completely apart from his work than Tourgueneff. His characters are all true to themselves, without shadow or reflection from his own individuality. To attempt to infer from them his own theories or his own faith is useless.

C. B. M.

GRACE BEFORE MEAT.

UNDER the above title Charles Lamb has discoursed quaintly and pleasingly upon the propriety of invoking a blessing for what ought not reasonably to demand more thankfulness than any other act of daily necessity. However, a devout state of mind is not unbecoming when we accept any form of benefit, and our associations with the table, pertaining as they do as much to social and family reunion as to the mere act of eating, render thanksgiving at such seasons peculiarly appropriate. Most of us doubtless recall occasions when "grace" was no grace, but a mere surly growl of something which seemed actual unthankfulness. On the other hand, who has not heard the prefatory prayer uttered in a way which made every heart tender and grateful? Nothing can be more pleasing than to hear the blessing spoken in artless, childish accents: to see a little

girl or boy fold its undefiled hands and lift its cherub face, and hear the proffered thanks, is to have the act of benediction touchingly construed. But unless the formula carries some particular meaning with it, might it not better be left unsaid than given mechanically? Or is it perhaps well to preserve the tradition of thanksgivings and solemn gratitude for favors long forgotten?

There are some people who would so preserve it. Judge T—, for instance, although a profane, irritable and practically irreligious man, would think that the moral standard of himself and his family was tottering to its final decline unless he punctiliously asked a blessing three times every day. The judge is perhaps one of those Sadducees who believe in certain outward and visible signs of devotion without comprehending their spiritual significance. On one occasion this old gentleman entertained a fatiguing morning visitor who since the judge had last seen him had grown a little deaf. The judge found it difficult to remember his friend's infirmity, and forgot to raise his voice in speaking, so that the incomplete understanding of his talk constantly necessitated a "What is it?" "What did you say?" which soon became irritating. The deaf gentleman remained to dinner, and when the family was grouped about the table the judge, as usual, in a low tone asked a blessing. The guest, perhaps unused to such a ceremonial, and, at any rate, not catching the sense of what his host said, interrupted with his bland, "What d'ye say, judge?" The judge, wholly worn out by such deafness and such importunity, stopped short, glared at the interlocutor and shouted, "D——n it, sir! *I'm saying grace!*"

I don't ask a blessing at my own table. One of my children has a little form of words which she falters at breakfast, but for the most part we fall to eating with scant religious sentiment, I am afraid. I have a friend, however, Matthew Gray, whose zeal in these matters has in a measure illumined our usual moral darkness with light. Gray and I were friends at school and chums at college, and at that time

stood on much the same ground; but he has grown so spiritually-minded since that in his presence I feel, like Falstaff, "little better than one of the wicked." He is an Episcopal clergyman of the highest and strictest type. He wears a skirted coat of the finest black cloth, and a high, double-breasted, spiritual-looking waistcoat, while in the narrow white band which encircles his slender throat lurks a meekness which will probably lead to his inheriting the earth. His face is close-shaven, pale, grave, with an occasional melancholy smile—a smile which commits him, however, to no human sympathies which might tend to make him less immaculate. On the occasion of his first visit to my house I found some occasion for levity in his solemnity of demeanor, and my wife, who had heard me speak of him for five years as "Matt Gray," was not at the outset impelled to treat him differently from our other guests. When we sat down to tea, the three of us, Mary (my wife, that is) began clattering among her tea-cups without a thought of any benedictory preface to the meal. I saw that Gray held for a moment or two the unfulfilled hope that I should have the decency to ask him to invoke a blessing, but I remained obstinately passive. He had no intention, however, of slurring over his own duties in the matter, and presently, with a look which was a compromise between personal holiness and a wish not to make the gulf too wide between himself and us, he began to bend his meek head and to move his lips in silent prayer.

I waited, but my wife saw nothing. "Mr. Gray," said she, "will you take coffee or tea?"

It was proper that he should be polite: he raised his head. "Coffee, if you please," he said sweetly, then returned to his attempt at devotion.

"Will you take sugar in your coffee?" persisted Mary.

"Sugar, if you please;" and while she offered a temporary truce in digging out three lumps of sugar, Gray bent his saintly head again.

"Cream, Mr. Gray?"

His look was by this time a compromise between very conflicting emotions. "Cream, if you please," he said in a terrible voice.

I now hoped that, having got the cup of coffee well under way, our afflicted guest might have some opportunity to finish his thrice-interrupted prayer, but Mary was relentless: she, moreover, at a loss to divine why I sat limp and helpless, unconscious of my duties at the head of the table, gave me a glance of admonition. "Mr. Gray," she exclaimed, "Frank has oysters there, and you have cold chicken in front of you: which will you take?"

I could bear no longer to have the character of my house for religious toleration thus eclipsed. I sprang up, rolled up my sleeves and took an attitude behind my afflicted friend and guest. "Matt," said I, "don't think that I am in a conspiracy with Mary. Four times now you have tried to utter a silent grace over the food we have offered you, and four times has my wife defrauded you of the opportunity to complete your devotions. Now, Matt, go at it!—Mary, not another word until he has done.—Go at it, Matt—go at it, and *I'll see you through!*"

Since that evening Mr. Gray has frequently broken bread with us, and my wife has but one single feeling of duty in regard to the meal: he is always requested in the most serious manner to ask a blessing, and is never interrupted.

L. W.

ASPIRATIONS TOWARD PRINT.

WE are generally in the habit of commiserating the trials of unknown and obscure authors, and of condemning the attitude of distrust assumed toward them by publishers. Perhaps this want of sympathy and respectful belief in the worth of the innumerable manuscripts entrusted to these possible patrons might be proved to have a better basis than the world at large imagines. The following letter, received by one of the most prominent publishers in one of the largest Atlantic cities, may show some of the trials to which even publishers are liable. We

are assured too that this communication is by no means unique—merely one of a large and constantly-increasing class of applications. We copy it by permission, *verbatim*, merely changing the names of places and persons and correcting innumerable errors in orthography which it would be almost outrageously unfair to expose in so aspiring a poet. The italics are the poet's own:

WINDEAPOLIS, ILLINOIS.

John Smith & Co.:—

GENTLEMEN: Having frequently perused pages published by yourselves, I have formed rather a fancy or appreciation for your *exceedingly nice* printing and binding. As I have a volume of poems now almost ready for the press, I have of course my preference in regard to their publication. I have a romance entitled "*Lola's Pilgrimage*," which is of sufficient length to make a volume itself. When complete there will be about 400 stanzas, six verses to the stanza *iambic* (containing six iambuses) and also 8 stanzas of *anapestic* verse eight lines to the stanza, (two anapests): 35 stanzas *trochaic* verse containing 6 trochees: about 70 stanzas, 2 lines to the stanza, 4 anapests: this will about conclude the poem.

I write you merely to investigate your terms of publication, etc. I have been thinking of selling my manuscripts, as I shall not have *this* volume published with my name. I will sell it cheap to some responsible firm with the privilege of reserving a small royalty on the first edition subject to an increase if it should go through the second. My manuscripts have been examined by but one competent judge: he is proprietor of a large book establishment and offers to take 500 copies as soon as published. I shall desire 4 or 5 illustrations and a *frontispiece* in this volume, and also expect my publishers to be my confidential friends and keep my name from the public through the first edition; after this I expect to have a volume of miscellaneous poems published with my name and publicly claim the authorship of "*Lola's Pilgrimage*;" and should I continue to receive the encouragement here-

tofore received, I shall continue to make poetry my profession through life. Hoping to hear from you by return of mail, I am, very truly yours,

NATHAN CALDWELL.

P. S. My object in having publishing done in your city is to keep the people ignorant of the author of *Lola*. Please send me the probable cost of a vol. Duodecimo of such a manuscript as I have described. Yours, etc., N. C.

MY EXPERIENCE OF FRENCH SERVANTS.

THE servant question is one that has always more or less interest for the world at large. Civilized humanity is too often called upon to suffer and be strong through the ignorance, the caprices, the faults or the follies of our kitchen kings and queens to hold the subject in contempt. And the servant question in Paris presents certain forms of novelty as compared with its phases on our side of the Atlantic. Therefore I have thought that a brief, unvarnished tale of my own experience in the matter might not prove uninteresting.

I cannot say that that experience has been a very sensational one. On the contrary, I have none of the sad or strange incidents that often enliven the cook-stoves of the American colony to relate. My servants have not done anything very dreadful, neither have I been forced to change them frequently. In fact, during the three years that I have kept house I have employed four only.

My first essay in that line was Jeanne, a tall, strong, healthy Belgian about thirty-five years of age, who came to live with me as maid-of-all-work. Like most exceptionally vigorous workers, she had an exceedingly fiery temper, which rendered it impossible for her, as she frankly told me, to live in the same house with another servant. By the help of her husband, who was employed in the American consulate, and so had his evenings free, she managed to get through an amazing quantity of work without any apparent difficulty. Her kitchen was always a picture, the copper saucepans that form the chief feature of a French *batterie de cuisine* shining like burnished gold. She

was always herself as trim and neat as a new pin, and would cook the dinner, and afterward serve it, looking, as she brought in the dishes in her clean white apron, as though she had never seen coal or grease in her life. But oh what a temper she had! She quarrelled with everybody except myself and my family. The concierge, the maitre d'hôtel, who waited on the table when we had company, the coalman, the water-carrier, all stood in awe of Jeanne. And her temper would not flare out in one good flash and then die away into calm and coolness. When she got angry she stayed angry for days. We all knew by her lowering brow and curt replies that something or other had happened to put her out. On these occasions her wrath had two safety-valves by which to exhale itself: she would sing and she would scour. She would fly at my silverware and rub every piece violently till it shone again. Whenever, therefore, I heard the strains of a shrill, tuneless soprano, resounding from the kitchen or heard therein the clatter of my plated waiters and silver teapots, I knew that Jeanne's mental barometer was very low and that the storm-signals were flying. But after about three days of scowling looks and sullen silence the atmosphere would clear off, and all would be serene again for a month or two.

And what a good creature she was, for all the peculiarities of her temper! And what a worker! There was not a nook or corner of the whole appartement that she did not look into and take under her charge. She used to look upon it as a personal insult if any member of the family undertook to do anything. She would not even let me dust the parlor ornaments or count the wash. She rubbed up and polished and set everything to rights. She bought all the ingredients necessary for waxing the floors, and waxed carefully every corner left exposed by our Turkish rugs. I never had to tell her to do anything, for if anything was to be done she spied it out and did it.

For two years and a half she lived in my employ, and during that time there never was a cross word exchanged between us. At the end of that time the

sharp temper, so long restrained, burst forth in one tremendous torrent of impertinence, which was repeated after twenty-four hours had been allowed her for reconsideration and an apology. Of course there was then but one thing to do—namely, to give her her week's warning and let her go. That being done, she compelled her husband to give up his post at the consulate. But when the parting hour really arrived poor Jeanne broke down and wept bitterly. Then the whole truth came out. She was homesick: she had saved a good deal of money while in my service, and she meant to go back to Belgium and there open a wine-shop. And she had wanted to tell madame for a long time, but she could not bear to; and so she had unwisely sought help from her temper to carry out her design. And so we parted good friends at last.

After her departure I resolved to keep two servants. My next cook was a sunny little creature named Rosalie, with a great talent for making dainty dishes and a great delight in company. Nothing pleased her more than to have me invite two or three persons to dinner and permit her to exercise her skill in the preparation of some of her *chefs-d'œuvre*. She had originally been a cook of the plainest possible description, but a year or two before, being resolved to perfect herself in her art, she had spent some months as under-cook in one of the great clubs of the city, not only receiving no wages, but paying the head-cook a hundred francs (twenty dollars) for the privilege of profiting by his instructions. Find me a Bridget or a Gretchen in one of our American kitchens who would be willing to do as much! She is not only an accomplished cook, but she is bright, sweet-tempered and strictly honest. Her politics are Red Republican, her religion *nil*. She says that "it gives her a cold chill down her back to meet a curé in the street."

The girl whom I engaged at the same time to fill the blended functions of chambermaid, waiter and seamstress (the subdivided and easy work of a

French appartement affording employment for the servants in no other fashion) came to me, on the contrary, with a high recommendation from the curé of a fashionable church in my own neighborhood. She had been convent-bred and was exceedingly pious. She was named Eugénie, and was a white-faced, heavy-featured girl, with shifting, uneasy eyes, but her manners were perfect and she spoke the purest of Parisian French. I might fairly have imagined that I had secured a treasure. There was nothing that she could not do with her needle. She could mend and make, embroider and alter dresses. She could speak Italian, having lived for some years in Milan, and she could play on the piano. She was a model of suavity and deference. She had not been a week in the house before she expressed the most unbounded delight in her place and the profoundest attachment for the whole family, particularly for myself, declaring her intention to live and die in my service. She told me her story, which, as she related it, was pathetic and probable enough. According to her showing, she was the daughter of a well-to-do shopkeeper in one of the larger towns of Savoy. She had been placed in a convent-school with a view to being qualified for the position of governess. But before her education was completed her father died, leaving his affairs in so involved a condition that her mother was forced to withdraw her from school, being no longer able to pay her bills. She had then taken the position of companion to a young Italian marquise, who had treated her like a sister. But she became homesick, left her situation and returned to her mother. Next she had come to Paris, and after many attempts to settle herself she had chanced upon the vacancy in my household. "And now I am perfectly happy, and if only madame is pleased with me I should like to live with her always," she would conclude enthusiastically.

Well, it all seemed very nice, but somehow, as is sometimes said of remarkably pleasant tidings, it was too good to be true. I could not help feel-

ing a certain amount of mistrust respecting the Italian marchesa and the passionate attachment of Eugénie for myself. Her acquirements, too, seemed to fit her for a more important and lucrative post than that which she occupied in my household. Why was she not a nursery governess or an aid in some first-class dressmaking establishment? Then, strange to say, she brought no written recommendations or certificates of character from any former place where she had lived, except a few lines from her last one, and in that a date had been dexterously altered, changing the last figure in 1878 to a 6, and so showing that she had lived there for over two years instead of two months. However, one cannot very well discharge a servant for being too accomplished and too devoted, or even for altering a date. And then, too, she was so religious! She went to church every morning, and to confession three times a week.

But she had not been very long in my employment before my household matters began to get terribly muddled. My old washerman complained that the number of articles delivered to him had grown strangely small, and that my new chambermaid was as "pert as a page." I afterward found out that he had refused to pay her a percentage on his bills, and that she had handed over all the articles she had dared to abstract from his list to the washerwoman of the household linen (or *blanchisseuse de gros*), who did not do them up nearly so well, and tore them besides. Of course I put a stop to *that* game before it had been carried on for many weeks, but my discovery of it brought the first confirmation of my misgivings. Next my supplies of underclothing began to diminish in the oddest way, for, though the things came home every week from the wash and were duly put away, they would not "stay put." But a really important matter came to cap the climax of the whole affair.

My jolly little Republican cook delighted in teasing Eugénie about her devotion to the Church, and used to insist on reading all the squibs about the clergy

from the Republican papers to her, to the intense wrath of my pious maid. One day, on returning home from a walk, I found a letter awaiting me—an anonymous letter. It contained a long tissue of accusations against Rosalie, declaring her to be a slanderer whose great delight it was to talk against her employers. The missive was very well written and well expressed, and betrayed so intimate a knowledge of my household affairs as to surprise me greatly. It purported to come from a respectable French matron and head of a household who was scandalized at the manner in which my unworthy cook had talked against myself and all my family.

Though Rosalie had been in my employ for a very short time, she had lived for some years with a lady who was my most intimate friend, and in whose service she had always conducted herself in an irreproachable manner. I knew her character, therefore, thoroughly. So I tossed the letter into the fire, and troubled my head no more about it. A few days later Eugénie came to me in a mysterious and confidential way to show me a similar letter which she said she had just received, warning her that Rosalie was trying to prejudice me against her. I told her rather sharply that the accusation was false, that only cowards and villains ever wrote anonymous letters, and that only fools minded them. She withdrew, apparently satisfied. Next, Rosalie received a series of epistles written in the same hand, and purporting to come from an unknown but wealthy and ardent adorer, who offered her "thousands of francs" to become his mistress! Poor Rosalie, who was a very dragon of virtue, came to me in a perfect whirlwind of indignation to lay before me these insulting missives, and to ask my opinion as to the best method of obtaining redress. My method of proceeding was extremely simple as well as effectual. I took my wash-book, the lists whereof were always made out by Eugénie, and laid it, with two of the anonymous letters, before an expert in handwriting. That worthy at once pronounced the whole to have been written by the same hand. In

fact, the attempt at disguising the handwriting had been so clumsy and so ineffectual that it was merely for my own fuller satisfaction that I consulted the expert at all.

Of course, Mademoiselle Eugénie received from me at once the customary week's warning. She handed over her apron (the invariable ceremonial of a French servant's departure) with unbounded sighs and tears, and went away, leaving her meek forgiveness for everybody. It was time that she was gone. Dust lay thick in every corner that could or did escape detection. Piles of linen that I had given her to mend, and that I fondly fancied were reposing in perfect order in the linen-press, were discovered poked away untouched in the corner of an unused store-closet. Quantities of my garments came back from the wash the week following her departure, having been surreptitiously smuggled into the clothes-basket before she left. And, worse than all, a most nefarious affair, wherein the moral character of the damsel was revealed as beneath suspicion, came to my ears soon after she went away. The parties that had cognizance of it had resolved to come and tell me all about it had I not dismissed the young lady just when I did. She had been in my service not quite three months. A rosy-cheeked, bright-eyed little Swiss named Marguerite has taken Eugénie's place, and has so far proved highly satisfactory in all respects. And so ends the record of my experience of Parisian servants.

One thing in this connection may be mentioned as being odd, and that is the intellectual—or rather literary—phraseology employed by the French servants. I have already stated how my old wash-

erman complained that Eugénie was as "pert as a page." And when Rosalie and a certain Red Republican female friend of hers found out Eugénie's turpitude, they immediately bestowed upon her the nickname of "Mademoiselle Rodin." Few readers of Eugène Sue's *Wandering Jew* will have forgotten the villain of the work, the loathsome Jesuit Rodin. But only fancy a bevy of Irish or negro servants embellishing their language with any such phrases or allusions!

L. H. H.

"THE BROOK OF MILLIONS."

A SERIOUS obstacle to the development of great industries in Switzerland is the scarcity of coal in that country, but the smaller industries, profiting by the streams and natural waterfalls that abound, are the most numerous and active perhaps in the world. One little stream, the Aa—a brook, indeed, about three yards wide—supplies the motor-force for thirty considerable manufactories within a limit of about four and a half miles, its entire length. It rises in the Pfäeffiger-See, east of Zurich, and flows into the Greifen-See, and the difference between the level of the two lakes is only about three hundred feet. From the amount of wealth it has created, it is called *Le Ruisseau des Millions*. *Le Devoir*, a French paper, mentioning these facts, says that this brook illustrates the best-known example of the ingenious employment of an hydraulic force. The same journal records the fact that a Russian lady has just graduated from the Polytechnic College of Zurich as a civil engineer, being the first woman in Europe to win such honors. There are several women studying medicine and surgery in the same institution. M. H.

LITERATURE OF THE DAY.

Origin, Progress and Destiny of the English Language and Literature. By John A. Weisse, M. D. New York: J. W. Bouton.

Things are best surveyed from the outside. Introspection is hardly more barren in metaphysics, where it is almost the only available method of inquiry, than in other walks of study. As a landscape does not exist except in the eye of him who stands apart from it, so a generalized view of nations, manners and languages can be most confidently expected from the student who has least difficulty in isolating himself from direct association with them. He is cumbered with fewer prepossessions. His subject lies before him, not bewilderingly around him.

Dr. Weisse tells his readers that he was thirty years old before he knew a word of English. He has since devoted a like period to the investigation of his adopted tongue. The German aptitude for philological science has stood him in good stead, and he has avoided, in a very satisfactory degree, the German tendency to obscure modes of statement and the pursuit of fanciful analogies. He has materially aided himself in the latter purpose by bringing hard arithmetic into service, and employing figures as rigidly as possible, thus making what we may term a quantitative analysis of English speech. He presents the elements of it, with the means and time of their introduction, numerically, and points with the cool faith of a chemist to the presence and proportions of the elements and the processes of their mutual reaction. He summons side by side, before the impartial bench of addition, division and subtraction, Ethelbert's Code of A. D. 597, Piers Plowman, Dan Chaucer, Caxton, Tyndale, the translators of King James's Bible, Milton, Dryden, Pope, Scott, Byron, Macaulay, Queen Victoria and the *New York Herald*, with a number of other co-respondents in the great suit between Latin and Teuton for the best right and title in and to the English language. Determining mainly by the comparative proportion of words of Teutonic and of "Græco-Latin" origin found in extant writ-

tings of different times, he divides the history (or literature) of the tongue into three periods—one from the sixth to the end of the twelfth century; one from the year 1200 to 1600; and a third to our day. The first is termed the Anglo-Saxon, the second the Franco-English, and the last the English period. The change is alleged to have been from 94 per cent. Anglo-Saxon and 6 per cent. Græco-Latin in the sixth century to 88 and 12 per cent. respectively in the twelfth; 74 and 24 in the thirteenth, with 2 Celtic and Semitic; and 50 and 47, with 3 per cent. Celtic and Semitic, in the sixteenth. This last allotment holds generally good in our own times, varying, according to the different styles, from an exact equality in the "didactic or school-room" to 66 Germanic and 31 Southern in the poetic, 46 and 53 in the historic, and 52 and 47 in the "miscellaneous."

This wide range in the proportions leaves precision in the fixing of them still a desideratum, the more so as a like fluctuation is found in the earlier ages, according to the extracts quoted. The rate of alteration was greatest between the Conquest and the time of Chaucer. That stretch of three hundred years witnessed the creation of the English tongue; and it might be more closely condensed within the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. Better English than that of Chaucer was written at least fifty years before him, his verse being that of a courtier addressed to a French-speaking court, who was at the same time conscious that that audience had become too limited to satisfy entirely one who wished his productions to live. Into the pure well of English undefiled he poured a modicum of French which has since been pretty thoroughly eliminated. His pre-contemporary poet Barbour is nearer our standard in vocabulary, pronunciation and construction, and the few known prose-writers of that age, untrammelled by the exigences of metre and rhyme, are more familiar still to the modern ear.

It must be noted that Dr. Weisse gets at his figures by striking out of the count particles—under which term he rather sweepingly classes everything but verbs, adjectives, sub-

stantives, and some adverbs—taking in only “words of inherent meaning.” He also excludes repetitions. This is the chief reason that his results differ markedly from those attained by other gaugers of the language—Sharon Turner, for instance, who maintains that all but five per cent. is still Anglo-Saxon. If we judge by the common colloquial speech in bulk, we shall find that Turner is not far wrong. In either view, the core and substance of the English tongue remain Anglo-Saxon. If most of the original inflections—and they were not many—have been lost, those of the Latin family have not been adopted in their place, and the tendency to abandon such features entirely, being in accord with the genius of the Teutonic idioms, adds to its Saxon character. The want of uniformity in pronunciation, so annoying to the foreign student, is perhaps the most striking proof of the long process of change the language has gone through. The sounding of the same syllable in half a dozen different ways—none of them, it may be, in harmony with the letters—is peculiar to English among all tongues. The origin of the anomaly may in some cases of it be traced clearly enough, and in others plausibly inferred; but new fashions of pronunciation, operating on both old words and others constantly being imported, are increasing rather than helping the trouble. We detect no dawn of the happy day when our vernacular shall, like Italian or German, be pronounced exactly as it is written. The *pons asinorum* of cough, tough and bough will have, for an indefinite time to come, to be crossed by the continental as inevitably as the Channel or the Atlantic. To the natives themselves it is but a fanciful difficulty. We have no idea that it causes them, as alleged, to waste two extra years in learning to spell. Bad spelling is, in fact, less common than among some other peoples. Our words are shorter, and the systematic absorption of parts of them into the nose, as in French, and the throat, as in German, is unknown. That improvement in this matter is not, at least, held to be of vital and pressing moment by the ninety millions most immediately concerned is proved by the fact that the prospects of a reform in spelling were never, to all appearance, more hopeless. We are now witnessing the last gasps of the most determined and persevering attempt ever made at phonetizing the English language. Our tongue will go on, as it has gone on till now,

accumulating, annexing, and, in a greater or less degree, assimilating, whatever comes in its way and suits its purpose. Its movement is thus very much the same with the political and industrial progress of the race which speaks it. The basal character of idiom and polity will remain essentially the same when the ninety millions of to-day reach a hundred and fifty as when they numbered hardly a twentieth of the smaller figure.

It is something to say that absolute uniformity of spelling has been attained, with uniformity of pronunciation more complete than exists in any other tongue spoken by a numerous and widely-scattered race. Among fifty millions in America there are no mentionable shades of dialect. The complete harmonization of the two may come some day, but the means so far used to accomplish it have palpably failed. The end, when it becomes pressing, will perhaps create its own means. Just now it is not pressing. No adult Englishman or Anglo-American distresses himself seriously over the want of two separate words when he has to describe his enjoyment of a row or his dislike of a row. Nor is he disturbed by the reflection that such difficulties may prevent his mother-tongue from reaching the high destiny of becoming the universal language. He is not visionary as regards that point of ambition. If the world decides to adopt his vernacular, it will be because the world requires it; and that result will be the outgrowth of his own qualities exerted and carried to success with or without assistance from it, and despite its defects, real or imagined.

The proposition to eke out the English alphabet with accents, points, diæreses, cedillas and the like is one of the last to be accepted. Printers, librarians, lovers of old books, everybody who likes to read and every sensible boy who has yet to learn to read, will unite in protesting against it. Rather, they would were there any tangible ground of suspicion that it could be resorted to. To force it into effect would puzzle a host of Cadmuses and Cyrils. The framers of a new alphabet must operate on barbarism and begin at the beginning. They cannot work their will upon one centuries old, imbedded in civilization and equipped with a mighty literature. The English alphabet has long been gradually stripping itself for its great work, and is not going to handicap itself with a weight heavier than that it has thrown off.

Modern Frenchmen: Five Biographies. By Philip Gilbert Hamerton. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

Mr. Hamerton is a Peace Society of one, therefore unanimous, and for that and other reasons quite as efficient as any that ever met at Brussels or Geneva. His sessions are disturbed by no disputes, and his resolutions are carried promptly into practical effect, although they remain, like the others, on paper. His books are of solid value in international politics. They contribute to the improvement and maintenance of good feeling between France and England, and to that extent to the quieting of Europe. They address themselves to the good work in a business-like way, without any parade of their purpose or any harsh assaults upon prejudices, however unreasonable. The islanders are quietly invited to listen calmly to what can be said of the existence among their hereditary foes—as two generations ago it was the custom to style the French—of qualities usually claimed as distinctively British. The ideas of home, of duty and of fair play are shown to flourish in abundant vigor among the French. Descriptions of home-life in France must have startled the readers to whom they were addressed, all of whom had been taught that the language of that country contained no word for home, its inhabitants dwelling wholly in theatres, cafés and cow-stables. If they know better now, and have at length learned that Gallic geniality is not altogether superficial, that the domestic virtues are nowhere more generally and beautifully developed, and that religion has a living moral influence among all classes of the people, they owe the wholesome discovery to no one more than to Mr. Hamerton.

The style of this preacher of good will is quite in keeping with his mission. There is nothing of the sensational, dogmatic or obtrusive about it. One is sometimes tempted to wish that it had a slight infusion of those traits, and to deem it so subdued as to be devoid of force. At the end, however, we find that the impression left is stronger than it would have been if beaten into us with clamorous assertion and showy rhetoric. Humor and dramatic power are certainly absent. What is done is done without aid from them. And yet it may be that the effect is heightened by our perceiving that French topics, habitually and peculiarly as-

sociated as these are with the lavish use of those adjuncts, can be treated intelligently without them. Sobriety of treatment, when the subject is a race we have been in the habit of believing to be always either laughing or *en pose*, has in itself a subtle picturesqueness. We are attracted by the contradiction, and the picturesque is based on contrast.

The characters here selected for illustration are not first-class men. They are celebrities of secondary formation, examples that could have been easily extended to a long multiple of five. This mode of choice was judicious. Heroes are exceptions, and nothing can be proved with them. What there is of heroic in the naturalist and traveller Jacquemont, the cleric and orator Perreyve, the scientist J. J. Ampère, the sculptor Rude and the painter Regnault may and does exist, as we irresistibly infer from their gravely-sketched careers, in scores and hundreds of other Frenchmen. They represent different classes of their compatriots. All exhibit, in combination with the national fervor, patience, devotion, self-control and elevation of aim in a notable degree. We think the first of them is brought out with most sharpness of outline and best fills his place in the group. The placing of him in apposition to the Englishmen, civil and military, into whose company he was thrown in India while exploring that peninsula, is a skilful balancing of national characteristics. The energetic and abstemious Gaul, self-respecting and unabashed in presence of the luxurious and lordly Saxons, supplies the reader, as he obviously did the chief men among the Anglo-Indians, with a striking vindication of the best traits of his race.

The last three of these men were in one and another way involved in the political turmoils of their country. Their histories shadow forth the gradual shaping of permanent government in France and the dying out of the era of revolution. What the consummation will be precisely no one can yet predict, but that it is approaching is obvious. Our author makes this only a subordinate part of his plan. The innate qualities, moral, intellectual and social, of the people are what he endeavors to present to the eyes of his countrymen. To conquer their prepossessions he assiduously labors to suppress his own.

We know of no series of literary studies with which to compare these in design and execution.

A History of American Literature. By Moses Coit Tyler, Professor of English Literature in the University of Michigan. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Professor Tyler borrows the opening words of his preface from Macaulay. But we need not cry, "Away with the omen!" for it is clear that he does not mean to allow himself to be defeated in his broad design by bestowing overmuch space on the first part of it. In the two volumes before us he presses at a steady pace through the colonial interval beginning 1607 and ending 1765. We must give credit to his sound and catholic taste and judgment for preventing delay on his path by the vast and gloomy fastnesses of New England theology. There are many old and noted nations whose literature is not comparable in bulk and elaboration of thought to that of the New England colonies. A writer inclined by natal feeling and associations to favor it might well have been seduced into weighing down his pages with it, and darkening them with the shadow of the Geneva gown. As it is, the Puritan literati get no more than their due share of notice. Some of the chief among them scarcely get that. The Mathers are dismissed in forty-three, and Jonathan Edwards, a mightier than they, in fifteen, pages of large print. The great expounder of the mysteries of free will is accorded three pages less than that roving blade Captain John Smith, who would be astonished to find himself ranked in such company. Smith's sharp rebuke to the London Company for their ignorant and mischievous interference with the affairs of the colony is not inaptly noted as "a premonitory symptom of the Declaration of Independence." This spirit was echoed seventy years later, at the opposite end of the provinces, by Daniel Gookin, to whom is assigned the honor of having originated the principle of "No taxation without representation." It dates further back than that in the old country—earlier than Hampden. Doubtless the colonies were ready for its assertion whenever the occasion should come; and that could not be until their progress in wealth should make them worth taxing. Then and always, in the mother-country and the colonies, the conviction was instinctive that money was the means of government, and that if the people could hold the purse they would hold the sceptre.

Few song-birds are found in the primeval woods. Colonial minstrelsy does not shine.

The poetess Anne Bradstreet sank into psalmody, and we think none of her verse equal to that of Norton eulogistic of her. Bacon, the first rebel, was mourned in blank verse ambitious in tone, and not without fire, from an anonymous author. The selector of such a theme had in those days need to be anonymous. This poetry is better than Joel Barlow's. The laureate of the triumphant republic must give precedence to its herald.

The remaining volumes of Professor Tyler's work will be awaited with an interest sharpened by the unquestionable merits of the opening ones. After 1765, he justly remarks, "American literature flows in one great common stream, and not in petty rills of geographical discrimination. Our future studies will deal with the literature of one multitudinous people, variegated, indeed, in personal traits, but single in its commanding ideas and in its national destinies."

Books Received.

Shakespeare's Comedy of Much Ado about Nothing. Edited with Notes. By William J. Rolfe, A. M. New York: Harper & Brothers.

The Scarlet Oak, and Other Poems. By Julia P. Ballard and Annie L. Smith. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

A Century of American Literature. Edited by H. A. Beers. (Leisure-Hour Series.) New York: Henry Holt & Co.

A Masque of Poets, including Guy Vernon, A Novelette in Verse. (No-Name Series.) Boston: Roberts Brothers.

How to Read, and Hints in Choosing the Best Books. By Amelie V. Petit. New York: S. R. Wells & Co.

Apple-Blossoms. Verses of Two Children, Elaine and Dora R. Goodale. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

The Leavenworth Case: A Lawyer's Story. By Anna Katharine Green. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

An Essay on Free Trade. By Richard Hawley. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Percy Bysshe Shelley. By John Addington Symonds. New York: Harper & Brothers.

Oratory and Orators. By William Mathews, LL.D. Chicago: S. C. Griggs & Co.

Rock of Ages. By Augustus Montague Toplady. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

Select Poems. By Harvey Rice. Boston: Lee & Shepard.